THE

# PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

# WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

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# WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

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## VOLUME THE FIFTH.

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CONTAINING

MERCHANT OF VENICE.
AS YOU LIKE IT.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.
ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

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# MERCHANT OF VENICE.

# Perſons Repreſented[a].

*Duke of* Venice.
*Prince of* Morocco, } *Suitors to* Portia.
*Prince of* Arragon, }
Anthonio, *the Merchant of* Venice:
Baſſanio, *his friend.*
Salanio[b], }
Salarino, } *Friends to* Anthonio *and* Baſſanio.
Gratiano, }
Lorenzo, *in love with* Jeſſica.
Shylock, *a* Jew:
Tubal, *a* Jew, *his friend.*
Launcelot Gobbo, *a clown, ſervant to* Shylock.
Old Gobbo, *father to* Launcelot.
Saleiio[c], *a meſſenger from* Venice.
Leonardo, *ſervant to* Baſſanio.
Balthazar, } *ſervants to* Portia.
Stephano, }

Portia, *a rich heireſs:*
Neriſſa, *her waiting-maid.*
Jeſſica, *daughter to* Shylock.

*Magnificoes of* Venice, *Officers of the Court of Juſtice, Jailer, Servants, and other Attendants.*

*SCENE, partly at* Venice, *and partly at* Belmont, *the Seat of* Portia, *on the Continent.*

[a] In the old editions in quarto, for J. Roberts, 1600, and in the old folio, 1623, there is no enumeration of the perſons. It was firſt made by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.

[b] It is not eaſy to determine the orthography of this name. In the old editions the owner of it is called,—*Salanio*, *Salino*, and *Salanio*. STEEVENS.

[c] This character I have reſtored to the *Perſonæ Dramatis*. The name appears in the firſt folio: the deſcription is taken from the quarto. STEEVENS.

# MERCHANT OF VENICE[1].

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter* ANTHONIO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

*Ant.* In ſooth, I know not why I am ſo ſad;
It wearies me; you ſay, it wearies you;

But

[1] The reader will find a diſtinct epitome of the novels from which the ſtory of this play is ſuppoſed to be taken, at the concluſion of the notes. It ſhould however be remembered, that if our poet was at all indebted to the Italian noveliſts, it muſt have been through the medium of ſome old tranſlation, which has hitherto eſcaped the reſearches of his moſt induſtrious editors.

It appears from a paſſage in Stephen Goſſon's *School of Abuſe*, &c. 1579, that a play comprehending the diſtinct plots of Shakſpeare's *Merchant of Venice*, had been exhibited long before he commenced a writer, viz "The Jew ſhewn at the Bull, repreſenting the greedineſſe of worldly chooſers, and the bloody minds of uſurers." "Theſe plays, ſays Goſſon, (for he mentions others with it) are goode and ſweet plays," &c. It is not improbable that Shakſpeare new-wrote his piece, on the model already mentioned, and that the elder performance, being inferior, was permitted to drop ſilently into oblivion.

This play of Shakſpeare had been exhibited before the year 1598, as appears from Meres's *Wits Treaſury*, where it is mentioned with eleven more of our author's pieces. It was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, July 22, in the ſame year. It could not have been printed earlier, becauſe it was not yet licenſed. The old ſong of *Gernutus the Jew of Venice*, is publiſhed by Dr. Percy in the firſt volume of his *Reliques of ancient Engliſh poetry*. STEEVENS.

The ſtory was taken from an old tranſlation of the *Geſta Romanorum*, firſt printed by Wynkyn de Worde. The book was very popular, and Shakſpeare has cloſely copied ſome of the language: an additional argument, if we wanted it, of his track of reading.—*Three veſſels* are exhibited to a lady for her *choice*. The firſt was made of pure *gold*, well beſet with precious ſtones *without*, and *within* full of dead men's bones; and thereupon was engraven this poeſie: *Whoſo chuſeth me, ſhall find that he deſerveth.* The ſecond veſſel was made of fine *ſilver*, filled with earth and worms; the ſuperſcription was thus: *Whoſo chuſeth me, ſhall find*

But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,

I am

*that his nature deſireth.* The third veſſel was made of *lead*, full within of precious ſtones, and thereupon was inſculpt this poſie: *Whoſo chuſeth me, ſhall find that God hath diſpoſed for him.*—The lady, after a comment upon each, chuſes the *leaden veſſel.*

In a MS. of *Lidgate*, belonging to my very learned friend, Dr. *Aſkew*, I find a *Tale of two Marchants* of *Egipt* and of *Baldud*, *ex Geſtis Romanorum.* Leland therefore could not be the original author, as Biſhop Tanner ſuſpected. He lived a century after Lidgate. FARMER.

The two principal incidents of this play are to be found ſeparately in a collection of odd ſtories, which were very popular, at leaſt five hundred years ago, under the title of *Geſta Romanorum.* The firſt, *Of the bond*, is in ch. xlviii. of the copy which I chuſe to refer to, as the completeſt of any which I have yet ſeen. MS. Harl. n. 2270. A knight there borrows money of a merchant, upon condition of forfeiting *all his fleſh* for non-payment. When the penalty is exacted before the judge; *the knight's miſtreſs*, diſguiſed, *in forma viri & veſtimentis pretioſis induta*, comes into court, and, by permiſſion of the judge, endeavours to moliify the merchant. She firſt offers him his money, and then the double of it, &c. to all which his anſwer is—*Conventionem meam volo habere*—Puella, cum hoc audiſſet, ait coram omnibus, Domine mi judex, da rectum judicium ſuper his quæ vobis dixero.—Vos ſcitis quod miles nunquam ſe obligabat ad aliud per literam niſi quod mercator habeat proteſtatem carnes ab oſſibus ſcindere, *ſine ſanguis effuſione*, de quo nihil erat prolocutum. Statim mittat manum in eum; ſi vero ſanguinem effuderit, *Rex contrà eum actionem habet.* Mercator, cum hoc audiſſet, ait, date mihi pecuniam & omnem actionem ei remitto. Ait puella, Amen dico tibi, nullum denarium habebis;—pone ergo manum in eum, ita ut ſanguinem non effundas. Mercator vero videns ſe confuſum abſceſſit; & ſic vita militis ſalvata eſt, & nullum denarium dedit.

The other incident, *of the caſkets*, is in ch. xcix. of the ſame collection. A king of Apulia ſends his daughter to be married to the ſon of an emperor of Rome. After ſome adventures, (which are nothing to the preſent purpoſe,) ſhe is brought before the emperor; who ſays to her, "Puella, propter amorem filii mei multa adverſa ſuſtinuiſti. Tamen ſi digna fueris ut uxor ejus ſis cito probabo. Et fecit fieri tria vaſa. PRIMUM fuit *de auro puriſſimo* & lapidibus pretioſis interius ex omni parte, & plenum *oſſibus mortuorum*; & exterius erat ſubſcriptio: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod meruit.* SECUNDUM vas erat *de argento* puro & gemmis pretioſis, plenum *terra*; & exterius erat ſubſcriptio; *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod natura appetit.* TERTIUM vas *de plumbo* plenum *lapidibus pretioſis interius & gemmis nobiliſſimis*; & exterius erat ſubſcriptio talis: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod Deus diſpoſuit.* Iſta tria oſtendit puellæ, & dixit, ſi unum ex iſtis elegeris in quo commodum, & proficuum eſt, filium meum habebis. Si vero elegeris quod nec tibi nec aliis eſt commodum, pium non habebis." The young lady, after mature conſideration of the veſſels and their inſcriptions, chuſes the *leaden*, which being opened, and found to be full of gold and precious ſtones, the emperor ſays: "Bona puella, bene elegiſti;—ideo filium meum habebis."

From

I am to learn;
And ſuch a want-wit ſadneſs makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myſelf.

*Salar.* Your mind is toſſing on the ocean;
There, where your argoſies [2] with portly ſail,—
Like ſignors and richer burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the ſea,—
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curt'ſy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

*Salan.* Believe me, ſir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſs [3], to know where ſits the wind;
Peering [4] in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me ſad.

From this abſtract of theſe two ſtories, I think it appears ſufficiently plain that they are the *remote* originals of the two incidents in this play. That *of the caſkets* Shakſpeare might take from the Engliſh *Geſta Romanorum*, as Dr. Farmer has obſerved; and that *of the bond* might come to him from the *Pecorone*; but upon the whole I am rather inclined to ſuſpect, that he has followed ſome hitherto unknown noveliſt, who had ſaved him the trouble of working up the two ſtories into one.

TYRWHITT.

This comedy, I believe, was written in the beginning of the year 1598. Meres's book was not publiſhed till the end of that year. See *An attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol I.

MALONE.

2 —*argoſies*] A name given in our author's time to ſhips of great burthen, probably galleons, ſuch as the Spaniards now uſe in their Weſt India trade. JOHNSON.

In Ricaut's *Maxims of Turkiſh Polity*, ch. xiv. is ſaid, "Thoſe vaſt carracks called *argoſies*, which are ſo much famed for the vaſtneſs of their burthen and bulk, were corruptly ſo denominated from *Ragoſies*," i. e. ſhips of *Raguſa*, a city and territory on the gulph of Venice, tributary to the Porte. Shakſpeare, as Mr. Heath obſerves, has given the name of *Ragozine* to the pirate in *Meaſure for Meaſure*. STEEVENS.

3 *Plucking the graſs*, &c.] By holding up the graſs, or any light body that will bend by a gentle blaſt, the direction of the wind is found. *This way I uſed in ſhooting. When I was in the mydde* way *betwixt the markes, which was an open place, there I toke a fethere, or* a lyttle graſſe, *and ſo learned how the wind ſtood.*" Aſcham JOHNSON.

4 *Peering*—] Thus the quarto printed by Hayes, that by Roberts, and the firſt folio. The quarto of 1637, a book of no authority, reads —*prying*. MALONE.

*Salar.*

*Salar.* My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy hour-glaſs run,
But I ſhould think of ſhallows and of flats;
And ſee my wealthy Andrew [5] dock'd in ſand [6],
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs [7],
To kiſs her burial. Should I go to church,
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethink me ſtraight of dangerous rocks?
Which touching but my gentle veſſel's ſide,
Would ſcatter all her ſpecies on the ſtream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my ſilks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and ſhall I lack the thought,
That ſuch a thing, bechanc'd, would make me ſad?
But, tell not me; I know, Anthonio
Is ſad to think upon his merchandize.

*Ant.* Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Upon the fortune of this preſent year:
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not ſad.

*Salan.* Why then you are in love.

*Ant.* Fie, fie!

*Salan.* Not in love neither? Then let's ſay, you are ſad,
Becauſe you are not merry: and 'twere as eaſy
For you, to laugh and leap, and ſay, you are merry,
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now, by two-headed Janus [8],
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes [9],

5 *Andrew*] The name of the ſhip. JOHNSON.

6 — dock'd *in ſand*] The old copies have—*docks*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe MALONE.

7 Vailing *her high top lower than her ribs*,] In Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616, *to vail*, is thus explained: "It means *to put off the hat*, to *ſtrike ſail*, to *grve ſign of ſubmiſſion*." STEEVENS.

8 — *by two headed Janus*,] Here, ſays Dr. Warburton, Shakſpeare ſhews his knowledge in the antique: and ſo does Taylor the water-poet, who deſcribes Fortune, "Like a *Janus* with a *double-face*."
FARMER.

9 — *peep through their eyes*,] This gives us a very picturesque image of the countenance in laughing, when the eyes appear half ſhut.
WARBURTON.

And

And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of ſuch vinegar aſpect,
That they'll not ſhew their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though Neſtor ſwear the jeſt be laughable.

*Enter* BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

*Salan.* Here comes Baſſanio, your moſt noble kinſman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.
*Salar.* I would have ſtaid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
*Ant.* Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own buſineſs calls on you,
And you embrace the occaſion to depart.
*Salar.* Good morrow, my lords.
*Baſſ.* Good ſigniors both, when ſhall we laugh? Say, when?
You grow exceeding ſtrange; Muſt it be ſo?
*Salar.* We'll make our leiſures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.
*Lor.* My lord Baſſanio, ſince you have found Anthonio,
We two will leave you *: but, at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we muſt meet.
*Baſſ.* I will not fail you.
*Gra.* You look not well, ſignior Anthonio;
You have too much reſpect upon the world:
They loſe it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellouſly chang'd.
*Ant.* I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A ſtage, where every man muſt play a part,
And mine a ſad one.
*Gra.* Let me play the Fool[1]:

* *My lord Baſſanio*, &c.] *Lorenzo* (who, with Gratiano, had only accompanied *Baſſanio*, till he ſhould find Anthonio,) prepares now to leave Baſſanio to his buſineſs; but is detained by *Gratiano*, who enters into a converſation with *Anthonio*. TYRWHITT.

[1] *Let me play the Fool:*] Alluding to the common compariſon of human life to a ſtage-play. So that he deſires his may be the fool's or buffoon's part, which was a conſtant character in the old farces; from whence came the phraſe, *to play the fool*. WARBURTON.

With

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why ſhould a man, whoſe blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandſire cut in alabaſter?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peeviſh? I tell thee what, Anthonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that ſpeaks;—
There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
Do cream and mantle, like a ſtanding pond;
And do a wilful ſtillneſs * entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who ſhould ſay, *I am Sir Oracle,*
*And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark* [2]*!*
O, my Anthonio, I do know of theſe,
That therefore only are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing; who, I am very ſure [3],
If they ſhould ſpeak, would almoſt damn thoſe ears [4],
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers, fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fiſh not, with this melancholy bait,
For this foul gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner [5].

*Lor.* Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time.
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumb wiſe men,
For Gratiano never let's me ſpeak.

*Gra.* Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine own tongue.

* —*a wilful* ſtillneſs.—] i. e. an obſtinate ſilence. MALONE.

2 —*let no dog bark!*] This ſeems to be a proverbial expreſſion. STEEVENS.

3 — who, *I am very ſure,*] The old copies read—*when*, I am very ſure. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

4 —*would almoſt* damn *thoſe ears,*] Some people are thought wiſe, whilſt they keep ſilence; who, when they open their mouths, are ſuch ſtupid praters, that the hearers cannot help calling them *fools*, and ſo incur the judgment in the Goſpel. THEOBALD.

5 *I'll end my exhortation after dinner* ] The humour of this conſiſts in its being an alluſion to the practice of the puritan preachers of thoſe times; who, being generally very long and tedious, were often forced to put off that part of their ſermon called the *exhortation*, till after dinner. WARBURTON.

*Ant.*

*Ant.* Fare well: I'll grow a talker for this gear[6].

*Gra.* Thanks, i'faith; for ſilence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt* GRATIANO *and* LORENZO.

*Ant.* Is that any thing now[7]?

*Baſſ.* Gratiano ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: His reaſons are as two grains of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaff; you ſhall ſeek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the ſearch.

*Ant.* Well; tell me now, what lady is the ſame,
To whom you ſwore a ſecret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

*Baſſ.* 'Tis not unknown to you, Anthonio,
How much I have diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſomething ſhewing a more ſwelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, ſomething too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged: To you, Anthonio,
I owe the moſt, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purpoſes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

*Ant.* I pray you, good Baſſanio, let me know it;
And, if it ſtand, as you yourſelf ſtill do,
Within the eye of honour, be aſſur'd,
My purſe, my perſon, my extremeſt means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occaſions.

6 —*for this* gear.] Any emendation of this paſſage is unneceſſary, the old copy being certainly right. So, in *Sapho and Phao*, a comedy by Lily, 1598: "As for you, Sir boy, I will teach you how to run away; you ſhall be ſtript from top to toe, and whipt with nettles; I will handle you for this *geare* well: I ſay no more." Again, in Naſhe's Epiſtle Dedicatory to his *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſs*, 1593: "I meane to trounce him a ter twenty in the hundred, and have a bout with him, with two ſtaves and a pike, *for this geare*." MALONE.

7 *Is that any thing now?*] Does what he has juſt ſaid amount to any thing, or mean any thing? STEEVENS.

So, in *Othello*: "Can any thing be made of this?" The old copies, by a manifeſt error of the preſs, read—*It* is that &c. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

*Baſſ.* In my ſchool-days, when I had loſt one ſhaft,
I ſhot his fellow of the ſelf-ſame flight
The ſelf-ſame way, with more adviſed watch,
To find the other forth; and by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Becauſe what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is loſt: but if you pleaſe
To ſhoot another arrow that ſelf way
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully reſt debtor for the firſt.

*Ant.* You know me well; and herein ſpend but time,
To wind about my love with circumſtance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making queſtion of my uttermoſt,
Than if you had made waſte of all I have,
Then do but ſay to me what I ſhould do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt unto it[8]: therefore, ſpeak.

*Baſſ.* In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And ſhe is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues; ſometimes from her eyes[9]
I did receive fair ſpeechleſs meſſages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coaſt
Renowned ſuitors: and her ſunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which make her ſeat of Belmont, Colchos' ſtrand,
And many Jaſons come in queſt of her.
O my Anthonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind preſages me ſuch thrift,
That I ſhould queſtionleſs be fortunate.

[8] — preſt *unto it:*] *Ready. Prêt.* Fr. STEEVENS.
The word is uſed in this ſenſe (as Mr. Steevens has ſhewn) by many of our ancient writers. MALONE.

[9] — ſometimes *from her eyes*] In old Engliſh, *ſometimes* is ſynonymous with *formerly*. Nothing is more frequent in title pages, than "*ſometimes* fellow of ſuch a college." FARMER.

*Ant.*

*Ant.* Thou know'ſt, that all my fortunes at ſea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raiſe a preſent ſum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That ſhall be rack'd, even to the uttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, preſently inquire, and ſo will I,
Where money is; and I no queſtion make,
To have it of my truſt, or for my ſake. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

*Enter* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

*Por.* By my troth, Neriſſa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

*Ner.* You would be, ſweet madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame abundance as your good fortunes are: And yet, for aught I ſee, they are as ſick, that ſurfeit with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing: It is no mean happineſs therefore, to be ſeated in the mean; ſuperfluity comes ſooner by white hairs [1], but competency lives longer.

*Por.* Good ſentences, and well pronounced.

*Ner.* They would be better, if well follow'd.

*Por.* If to do were as eaſy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine, that follows his own inſtructions: I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may deviſe laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: ſuch a hare is madneſs the youth, to ſkip o'er the meſhes of good counſel the cripple. But this reaſoning is not in the faſhion to chooſe me a huſband:——O me, the word chooſe! I may neither chooſe

[1] *Superfluity* comes *ſooner* by *white hairs*,] i. e. Superfluity ſooner *acquire* white hairs; becomes old. We ſtill ſay, How did he *come by* it? MALONE.

whom

whom I would, nor refuſe whom I diſlike; ſo is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Neriſſa, that I cannot chooſe one, nor refuſe none?

*Ner.* Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inſpirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath deviſed in theſe three cheſts, of gold, ſilver, and lead, (whereof who chooſes his meaning, chooſes you,) will, no doubt, never be choſen by any rightly, but one who you ſhall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of theſe princely ſuitors that are already come?

*Por.* I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou nameſt them, I will deſcribe them; and, according to my deſcription, level at my affection.

*Ner.* Firſt, there is the Neapolitan prince [2].

*Por.* Ay, that's a colt, indeed [3], for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can ſhoe him himſelf: I am much afraid my lady his mother play'd falſe with a ſmith.

*Ner.* Then, is there the county Palatine [4].

*Por.* He doth nothing but frown: as who ſhould ſay, *An you will not have me, chooſe:* he hears merry tales, and ſmiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philoſopher when he grows old, being ſo full of unmannerly ſadneſs in

[2] —*the* Neapolitan *prince*] Though our author, when he compoſed this play, could not have read the following paſſage in Florio's tranſlation of Montaigne's *Eſſaies*, 1603, he had perhaps met with the relation in ſome other book of that time: "While I was a young lad, (ſays old Montaigne,) I ſaw the *prince* of Salmona, at *Naples*, manage a young, a rough, and fierce horſe, and ſhew all manner of horſemanſhip: to hold teſtons or reals under his knees and toes ſo faſt as if they had been nailed there, and all to ſhew his ſure, ſteady, and unmoveable ſitting." MALONE

[3] *Ay, that's a* colt, *indeed.*] *Colt* is uſed for a witleſs, heady, gay youngſter: whence the phraſe uſed of an old man too juveniſe, that he ſtill retains his *colt's teeth*. See *Henry VIII.* JOHNSON.

[4] —*is there the county Palatine*] I am always inclined to believe, that Shakſpeare has more alluſions to particular facts and perſons than his readers commonly ſuppoſe. The count here mentioned was, perhaps, Albertus a Laſco, a Poliſh Palatine, who viſited England in our author's time, was eagerly careſſed, and ſplendidly entertained; but running in debt, at laſt ſtole away, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by enchantment. JOHNSON.

*County* and *Count* in old language were ſynonymous.—The Count Alaſco was in London in 1583 MALONE.

his

his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of theſe. God defend me from theſe two!

*Ner.* How ſay you by the French Lord, Monſieur Le Bon?

*Por.* God made him, and therefore let him paſs for a man. In truth, I know it is a ſin to be a mocker; But, he! why, he hath a horſe better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throſtle [5] ſing, he falls ſtraight a capering; he will fence with his own ſhadow: if I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty huſbands: If he would deſpiſe me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madneſs, I ſhall never requite him.

*Ner.* What ſay you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

*Por.* You know, I ſay nothing to him; for he underſtands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian [6]; and you will come into the court and ſwear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the Engliſh. He is a proper man's picture [7]; But, alas! who can converſe with a dumb ſhow? How oddly he is ſuited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hoſe in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

*Ner.* What think you of the Scottiſh lord [8], his neighbour?

*Por.* That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrow'd a box of the ear of the Engliſhman, and ſwore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his ſurety [9], and ſeal'd under for another.

5 — *if a* throſtle—] Old Copies—*traſſel.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. The *throſtle* is the thruſh. The word occurs again, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"The *throſtle* with his note ſo true—." MALONE.

6 — *he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian;*] A ſatire on the ignorance of the young Engliſh travellers in our author's time. WARB.

7 — *a* proper *man's picture:*] One of the ſenſes of *proper* in our author's time was *handſome.* In Stowe's *Survey of London,* quarto, 1598, we meet with "a faire *proper* church" in almoſt every page. MALONE.

8 — *Scottiſh lord,*] Scottiſh, which is in the quarto, was omitted in the firſt folio, for fear of giving offence to king James's countrymen. THEOBALD.

9 *I think, the Frenchman became his ſurety,*] Alluding to the conſtant aſſiſtance, or rather conſtant promiſes of aſſiſtance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the Engliſh. This alliance is here humourouſly ſatirized. WARBURTON.

*Ner.*

*Ner.* How like you the young German [1], the duke of Saxony's nephew?

*Por.* Very vilely in the morning, when he is ſober; and moſt vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is beſt, he is a little worſe than a man; and when he is worſt, he is little better than a beaſt: an the worſt fall that ever fell, I hope, I ſhall make ſhift to go without him.

*Ner.* If he ſhould offer to chooſe, and chooſe the right caſket, you ſhould refuſe to perform your father's will, if you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

*Por.* Therefore, for fear of the worſt, I pray thee, ſet a deep glaſs of Rheniſh wine on the contrary caſket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will chooſe it I will do any thing, Neriſſa, ere I will be marry'd to a ſpunge.

*Ner* You need not fear, lady, the having any of theſe lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more ſuit; unleſs you may be won by ſome other ſort than your father's impoſition, depending on the caſkets.

*Por.* If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaſte as Diana, unleſs I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are ſo reaſonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very abſence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

*Ner.* Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a ſcholar, and a ſoldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

*Por.* Yes, yes, it was Baſſanio; as I think, ſo was he call'd.

*Ner.* True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my fooliſh eyes look'd upon, was the beſt deſerving a fair lady.

*Por.* I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praiſe.—How now! what news?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* The four ſtrangers ſeek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the

[1] *How like you the young German*, &c.] In Shakſpeare's time the duke of Bavaria viſited London, and was made knight of the garter. Perhaps in this enumeration of Portia's ſuitors, there may be ſome covert alluſion to thoſe of queen Elizabeth. JOHNSON.

prince

prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his maſter, will be here to-night.

*Por.* If I could bid the fifth welcome with ſo good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I ſhould be glad of his approach: if he have the condition [2] of a ſaint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he ſhould ſhrive me than wive me. Come, Neriſſa.—Sirrah, go before—Whiles we ſhut the gate upon one wooer another knocks at the door.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

Venice. *A public Place.*

*Enter* BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.

*Shy.* Three thouſand ducats,—well.

*Baſſ.* Ay, ſir, for three months.

*Shy.* For three months,—well.

*Baſſ.* For the which, as I told you, Anthonio ſhall be bound.

*Shy.* Anthonio ſhall become bound,—well.

*Baſſ.* May you ſtead me? Will you pleaſure me? Shall I know your anſwer?

*Shy.* Three thouſand ducats, for three months, and Anthonio bound.

*Baſſ.* Your anſwer to that.

*Shy.* Anthonio is a good man.

*Baſſ.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

*Shy.* Ho, no, no, no;—my meaning, in ſaying he is a good man, is to have you underſtand me, that he is ſufficient: yet his means are in ſuppoſition: he hath an argoſy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I underſtand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath, ſquander'd

[2] —*the* condition—] i. e. the temper, qualities. So, in *Othello*: "—and then, of ſo gentle a *condition!*" MALONE.

abroad:

abroad: But ſhips are but boards, ſailors but men: there be land rats, and water rats, water thieves, and land thieves; I mean pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithſtanding, ſufficient:—three thouſand ducats;—I think, I may take his bond.

*Baſſ.* Be aſſured, you may.

*Shy.* I will be aſſured, I may; and, that I may be aſſured, I will bethink me: May I ſpeak with Anthonio?

*Baſſ.* If it pleaſe you to dine with us.

*Shy.* Yes, to ſmell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into [3]: I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and ſo following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

*Enter* ANTHONIO.

*Baſſ.* This is ſignior Anthonio.

*Shy.* [*aſide.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a chriſtian:
But more, for that, in low ſimplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of uſance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip [4],
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our ſacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants moſt do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls intereſt: Curſed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

*Baſſ.* Shylock, do you hear?

3 — *which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into:*] Perhaps there is no character through Shakſpeare, drawn with more ſpirit, and juſt diſcrimination, than Shylock's. His language, alluſions, and ideas, are every where ſo appropriate to a Jew, that Shylock might be exhibited for an exemplar of that peculiar people. HENLEY.

4 — *catch him once upon the hip,*] A phraſe taken from the practice of wreſtlers. JOHNSON.

This is an alluſion to the angel's thus laying hold on Jacob when he wreſtled with him. See Gen. xxxii. 24, &c. HENLEY.

*Shy.*

*Shy.* I am debating of my preſent ſtore;
And, by the near gueſs of my memory,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the groſs
Of full three thouſand ducats: What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furniſh me: But ſoft; How many months
Do you deſire?—Reſt you fair, good ſignior;
[*To* ANTHONIO.
Your worſhip was the laſt man in our mouths.

*Ant.* Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of exceſs.
Yet, to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend [5],
I'll break a cuſtom:—Is he yet poſſeſs'd,
How much you would?

*Shy.* Ay, ay, three thouſand ducats.

*Ant.* And for three months.

*Shy.* I had forgot,—three months, you told me ſo.
Well then, your bond; and, let me ſee,—But hear you;
Methought, you ſaid, you neither lend, nor borrw,
Upon advantage.

*Ant.* I do never uſe it.

*Shy.* When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's ſheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wiſe mother wrought in his behalf)
The third poſſeſſor; ay he was the third.

*Ant.* And what of him? did he take intereſt?

*Shy.* No, not take intereſt; not, as you would ſay,
Directly intereſt: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himſelf were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings [6], which were ſtreak'd, and py'd,
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between theſe wooly breeders in the act,
The ſkilful ſhepherd peel'd me certain wands [7],
And, in the doing of the deed of kind [8],

5 — *the* ripe wants *of my friend*,] *Ripe wants* are wants *come to the height*, wants that come thick upon him. JOHNSON.
*Ripe* is, I believe, the true reading. So afterwards:
"But ſtay the very *riping* of the time." MALONE.

6 — *the* eanlings,] Lambs juſt dropt; from *ean*, *eniti*. MUSGRAVE.

7 — *certain wands*,] A *wand* in our author's time was the uſual term for what we now call a *ſwitch*. MALONE.

8 — *of* kind,] i. e. of nature. COLLINS.

He

He ſtuck them up before the fulſome ewes [9];
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and thoſe were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was bleſt;
And thrift is bleſſing, if men ſteal it not.

*Ant.* This was a venture, ſir, that Jacob ſerv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to paſs,
But ſway'd, and faſhion'd, by the hand of heaven.
Was this inſerted to make intereſt good?
Or is your gold, and ſilver, ewes and rams?

*Shy.* I cannot tell; I make it breed as faſt [1]:—
But note me, ſignior.

*Ant.* Mark you this, Baſſanio,
The devil can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe.
An evil ſoul, producing holy witneſs,
Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outſide falſhood hath [2]!

*Shy.* Three thouſand ducats,—'tis a good round ſum.
Three months from twelve, then let me ſee the rate.

*Ant.* Well, Shylock, ſhall we be beholden to you?

*Shy.* Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my uſances [3]:

9 —*the* fulſome *ewes*;] *Fulſome*, I believe, in this inſtance, means, laſcivious, obſcene. In the play of *Mùleaſſes the Turk*, Madam *Fulſome* a *Bawd* is introduced. The word, however, ſometimes ſignifies offenſive in ſmell. It is likewiſe uſed by Shakſpeare in *K. John*, to expreſs ſome quality offenſive to nature:

"And ſtop this gap of breath with *fulſome* duſt." STEEVENS.

Minſheu ſuppoſes it to mean *nauſeous* in ſo high a degree as to excite vomiting. MALONE.

1 —*I make it breed as faſt:*] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

"Foul cank'ring ruſt the hidden treaſure frets;
"But gold that's put to uſe more gold *begets*." MALONE.

2 *O, what a goodly outſide* falſhood *hath!*] *Falſehood*, which as *truth* means *honeſty*, is taken here for *treachery* and *knavery*, does not ſtand for *falſhood* in general, but for the diſhoneſty now operating. JOHNSON.

3 —*my* uſances:] *Uſance* in our author's time, I believe, ſignified *intereſt of money*. It has been already uſed in this play in that ſenſe:

"He lends out money gratis, and brings down
"The rate of *uſance* with us here in Venice."

Again in a ſubſequent part, he ſays, he will take "no *doit* of *uſance* for his monies." Here it muſt mean *intereſt*. MALONE.

Still

Still have I borne it with a patient ſhrug [4];
For ſufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me—miſbeliever, cut throat dog,
And ſpit upon my Jewiſh gaberdine,
And all for uſe of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you ſay,
*Shylock* [5], *we would have monies*; You ſay ſo;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you ſpurn a ſtranger cur
Over your threſhold; monies is your ſuit.
What ſhould I ſay to you? Should I not ſay,
*Hath a dog money? is it poſſible,*
*A cur can lend three thouſand ducats?* or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whiſpering humbleneſs,
Say this,—*Fair Sir, you ſpit on me on wedneſday laſt;*
*You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day; another time*
*You call'd me—dog; and for theſe courteſies*
*I'll lend you thus much monies.*

*Ant.* I am as like to call thee ſo again,
To ſpit on thee again, to ſpurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendſhip take
A breed for barren metal of his friend [6]?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;

4 *Still have I borne it with a patient ſhrug*;] So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, (written and acted before 1593,) printed in 1633:

"I learn'd in Florence how to kiſs my hand,
"*Heave up my ſhoulders* when they call me *dogge*." MALONE.

5 *Shylock*,] Our author, as Dr. Farmer informs me, took the name of his Jew from an old pamphlet entitled, "Caleb *Shillocke*, his propheſie, or the Jewes Prediction." London, printed for T. P. (Thomas Pavyer.) No date. STEEVENS.

6 *A* breed for barren *metal of his friend?*] A *breed*, that is intereſt money bred from the principal. By the epithet *barren*, the author would inſtruct us in the argument on which the advocates againſt uſury went, which is this; that money is a *barren* thing, and cannot, like corn and cattle, multiply itſelf. And to ſet off the abſurdity of this kind of uſury, he put *breed* and *barren* in oppoſition. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton very truly interprets this paſſage. Old Meres ſays, "Uſurie and encreaſe by gold and ſilver is unlawful, becauſe againſt nature; nature hath made them *ſterill* and *barren*, and uſurie makes them *procreative*." FARMER.

Thus both the quarto printed by Roberts, and that by Heyes, in 1600. The folio has—a breed *of*. MALONE.

Who

Who if he break, thou may'ſt with better face
Exact the penalty.

*Shy.* Why, look you, how you ſtorm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the ſhames that you have ſtain'd me with,
Supply your preſent wants, and take no doit
Of uſance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

*Ant.* This were kindneſs.

*Shy.* This kindneſs will I ſhow:—
Go with me to a notary, ſeal me there
Your ſingle bond; and, in a merry ſport,
If you repay me not on ſuch a day,
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſum, or ſums, as are
Expreſs'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaſeth me.

*Ant.* Content, in faith; I'll ſeal to ſuch a bond,
And ſay, there is much kindneſs in the Jew.

*Baſſ* You ſhall not ſeal to ſuch a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my neceſſity[7].

*Ant.* Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within theſe two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

*Shy.* O father Abraham, what theſe Chriſtians are;
Whoſe own hard dealings teaches them ſuſpect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he ſhould break his day, what ſhould I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's fleſh, taken from a man,
Is not ſo eſtimable, profitable neither,
As fleſh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I ſay,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendſhip:
If he will take it, ſo; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

*Ant.* Yes, Shylock, I will ſeal unto this bond.

*Shy.* Then meet forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,

7 — *dwell in my neceſſity.*] To *dwell* ſeems in this place to mean the ſame as to *continue*. To *abide* has both the ſenſes of *habitation* and *continuance*. JOHNSON.

And

And I will go and purſe the ducats ſtraight;
See to my houſe, left in the fearful guard [8]
Of an unthrifty knave; and preſently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*

*Ant.* Hie then, gentle Jew.—
This Hebrew will turn Chriſtian; he grows kind.

*Baſſ.* I like not fair terms [9], and a villain's mind.

*Ant.* Come on; in this there can be no diſmay,
My ſhips come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt*

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## ACT II. SCENE I.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

*Flouriſh of Cornets. Enter the Prince of* Morocco [1], *and his train;* PORTIA, NERISSA, *and other of her attendants.*

*Mor.* Miſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadow'd livery of the burniſh'd ſun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the faireſt creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire ſcarce thaws the iſicles,
And let us make inciſion for your love,

8 — *left in the* fearful *guard* &c.] *Fearful guard*, is a guard that is not to be truſted, but gives cauſe of fear. To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel terrours*. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV* P. I.

" A mighty and and a *fearful* h ad they are." STEEVENS.

9 *I like not* fair terms,] Kind words, good language. JOHNSON.

1 The old ſtage-direction enjoins that the Prince and followers ſhould be all dreſs'd in white. MALONE.

To

To prove whoſe blood is reddeſt, his, or mine [2].
I tell thee, lady, this aſpect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant [3]; by my love, I ſwear,
The beſt-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

*Por.* In terms of choice I am not ſolely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Beſides, the lottery of my deſtiny
Bars me the right of voluntary chooſing:
But, if my father had not ſcanted me,
And hedg'd me by his will [4], to yield myſelf
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourſelf, renowned prince, then ſtood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

*Mor.* Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caſkets,
To try my fortune. By this ſcimitar,—
That ſlew the Sophy [5], and a Perſian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would out-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart moſt daring on the earth,
Pluck the young ſucking cubs from the ſhe bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady [6]: But, alas the while!

2 *To prove whoſe blood is reddeſt, his, or mine*] To underſtand how the tawny prince, whoſe ſavage dignity is very well ſupported, means to recommend himſelf by this challenge, it muſt be remembered that *red* blood is a traditionary ſign of courage: Thus Macbeth calls one of his frighted ſoldiers, a *lilly-liver'd* lown; again, in this play, cowards are ſaid to *have livers as white as milk*; and an effeminate and timorous man is termed a *milkſop*. JOHNSON.

3 *Hath* fear'd *the valiant*;] i. e. *terrify'd*. To *fear* is often uſed by our old writers, in this ſenſe. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

"For Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all." STEEVENS.

4 *And hedg'd me by his* wit—] I ſuppoſe we may ſafely read: *and hedg'd me by his* will. Confined me by his will. JOHNSON.

5 *That ſlew the Sophy*, &c.] Shakſpeare ſeldom eſcapes well when he is entangled with geography. The prince of Morocco muſt have travelled far to kill the Sophy of Perſia. JOHNSON.

It were well, if Shakſpeare had never *entangled* himſelf *with geography* worſe than in the preſent caſe. If the prince of Morocco be ſuppoſed to have ſerved in the army of ſultan *Soliman (the ſecond*, for inſtance,) I ſee no *geographical* objection to his having killed the Sophi of Perſia. See *D'Herbelot* in *Soliman Ben Selim*. TYRWHITT.

6 *To win* thee, *lady*;] The old copies read—*the* lady. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

If

If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page [7];
And ſo may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miſs that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

*Por.* You muſt take your chance;
And either not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſwear, before you chooſe,—if you chooſe wrong,
Never to ſpeak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd [8].

*Mor* Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

*Por.* Firſt, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.

*Mor.* Good fortune then! [*Cornets.*
To make me bleſt, or curſed'ſt among men. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter* Launcelot Gobbo.

*Laun.* Certainly, my conſcience will ſerve me to run from this Jew my maſter: The fiend is at mine elbow; and tempts me, ſaying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, uſe your legs, take the ſtart, run away:* My conſcience ſays,—*no*; *take heed, honeſt Launcelot*; *take heed, honeſt Gobbo*; *or*, as aforeſaid,

[7] *So is Alcides beaten by his* page;] The old copies read—by his *rage*. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's Lichas was the boy by whom Deianira ſent an envenomed ſhirt to Hercules. MALONE.

[8] — *therefore be advis'd.*] Therefore be not precipitant; conſider well what we are to do. *Advis'd* is the word oppoſite to *raſh*. JOHNSON.

*honeſt*

*honeſt Launcelot Gobbo; do not run, ſcorn running with thy heel* [9]: Well, the moſt courageous fiend bids me pack; *via!* ſays the fiend; *away!* ſays the fiend, *for the heavens* [1]; *rouſe up a brave mind*, ſays the fiend, *and run.* Well, my conſcience hanging about the neck of my heart, ſays very wiſely to me,—*my honeſt friend Launcelot, being an honeſt man's ſon*, or rather an honeſt woman's ſon;—for, indeed, my father did ſomething ſmack, ſomething grow to, he had a kind of taſte;—well, my conſcience ſays,—*Launcelot, budge not*; *budge*, ſays the fiend; *budge not*, ſays my conſcience: Conſcience, ſay I, you counſel well; fiend, ſay I, you counſel well: to be ruled by my conſcience, I ſhould ſtay with the Jew my maſter, who, God bleſs the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who, ſaving your reverence, is the devil himſelf: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conſcience, my conſcience is but a kind of hard conſcience, to offer to counſel me to ſtay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counſel; I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

*Enter old* Gobbo [2], *with a baſket.*

*Gob.* Maſter, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to maſter Jew's?

9 —*ſcorn running with thy heels:*] Mr. Steevens propoſes to read and point thus:—"ſcorn running; *withe* thy heels; i. e. connect them with a *withe* (a band made of oziers) as the legs of cattle are hampered in ſome counties to prevent their ſtraggling from home. So Chapman:

"Till I of curious oziers did imply
"A *withe* a fathom long, with which his feete
"I made together in a ſure league meet."

I perceive no need of alteration. The pleonaſm appears to me conſiſtent with the general tenour of Launcelot's ſpeech. He had juſt before expreſſed the ſame thing in three different ways:—"Uſe your legs; take the ſtart; run away." MALONE.

1 —away! *ſays the fiend*, for the heavens;] i. e. *Begone* to the heavens. So again, in *Much ado about Nothing:* "So I deliver up my apes, [to the *devil*,] and *away* to St. Peter, *for the heavens.*" MALONE.

2 *Enter old* Gobbo,] It may be inferred from the name of Gobbo, that Shakſpeare deſigned this character to be repreſented with a *humpback.* STEEVENS.

*Laun.* [*aſide.*] O heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than ſand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try concluſions [3] with him.

*Gob.* Maſter young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to maſter Jew's?

*Laun.* Turn up on your right hand [4], at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's houſe.

*Gob.* By God's ſonties [5], 'twill be a hard way to hit.—Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

*Laun.* Talk you of young maſter Launcelot?—Mark me now; [*aſide.*] now will I raiſe the waters:—Talk you of young maſter Launcelot?

*Gob.* No maſter, ſir, but a poor man's ſon; his father, though I ſay it, is an honeſt exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

*Laun.* Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young maſter Launcelot.

*Gob.* Your worſhip's friend, and Launcelot, ſir [6].

*Laun* But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beſeech you; Talk you of young maſter Launcelot?

*Gob.* Of Launcelot, an't pleaſe your maſterſhip.

*Laun. Ergo*, maſter Launcelot; talk not of maſter Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and deſtinies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the ſiſters three, and

3 —*try concluſions*] To *try concluſions* is to try experiments. STEEV. So quarto R.—Quarto H. and folio—*confuſions*. MALONE.

4 *Turn up on your right hand*, &c] This arch and perplexed direction to puzzle the enquirer, ſeems to imitate that of Syrus to Demea in the *Brothers* of Terence:

" ——————*ubi eas præterieris*,
" *Ad* ſiniſtram *hac* rectâ *platea: ubi ad Dianæ veneris*,
" *Ito ad* dextram: *prius quam ad portam venias*, &c. THEOB.

5 —*God's ſonties*,] I know not exactly of what oath this is a corruption. I meet with *God's ſanty* in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635:—Again, in *The longer thou liveſt, the more Fool thou art*, a comedy, bl. l. without date. Perhaps it was once cuſtomary to ſwear by the *ſanté*, i. e. *health* of the Supreme Being. Oaths of ſuch a turn are not unfrequent among our ancient writers. All, however, ſeem to have been ſo thoroughly convinced of the crime of prophane ſwearing, that they were content to diſguiſe their meaning by abbreviations which were permitted ſilently to terminate in irremediable corruptions. STEEVENS.

6 —*and Launcelot, ſir.*] i. e. plain Launcelot; and not, as you term him, *maſter* Launcelot. MALONE.

ſuch branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceaſed; or, as you would ſay, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

*Gob.* Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very ſtaff of my age, my very prop.

*Laun.* Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-poſt, a ſtaff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God reſt his ſoul!) alive, or dead?

*Laun.* Do you not know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack, ſir, I am ſand-blind, I know you not.

*Laun.* Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing of me: it is a wiſe father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your ſon: Give me your bleſſing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's ſon may; but, in the end, truth will out.

*Gob.* Pray you ſir, ſtand up; I am ſure, you are not Launcelot my boy.

*Laun.* Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your bleſſing [7]; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your ſon that is, your child that ſhall be [8].

*Gob.* I cannot think, you are my ſon.

*Laun.* I know not what I ſhall think of that: But I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am ſure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

*Gob.* Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be ſworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own fleſh and blood.—— Lord worſhipp'd might he be! what a beard haſt thou got!

7 —*give me your bleſſing:*] In this converſation between Launcelot and his blind father, there are frequent references to the deception practiſed on the blindneſs of Iſaac, and the bleſſing obtained in conſequence of it. HENLEY.

8 —*your child that ſhall be.*] Launcelot probably here indulges himſelf in ta king nonſenſe. So afterwards:—"you may tell every finger I have with my ribs." An anonymous critick ſuppoſes, he means to ſay, I *was* your *child*, I *am* your *boy*, and *ſhall ever be* your *ſon*." But *ſon* not being firſt mentioned, but placed in the middle member of the ſentence, there is no ground for ſuppoſing ſuch an inverſion intended by our author. Beſides; if Launcelot is to be ſeriouſly defended, what would his father learn, by being told that *he* who was his *child*, ſhall be his *ſon?* MALONE.

thou

thou haſt got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin's my phil-horſe has on his tail [9].

*Laun.* It ſhould ſeem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am ſure, he had more hair of his tail, than I have of my face, when I laſt ſaw him.

*Gob.* Lord, how art thou changed! How doſt thou and thy maſter agree? I have brought him a preſent; How 'gree you now?

*Laun.* Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have ſet up my reſt to run away, ſo I will not reſt till I have run ſome ground; My maſter's a very Jew; Give him a preſent! give him a halter; I am famiſh'd in his ſervice; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your preſent to one maſter Baſſanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I ſerve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am Jew, if I ſerve the Jew any longer.

*Enter* BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO, *and other followers.*

*Baſſ.* You may do ſo;—but let it be ſo haſted, that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by five of the clock: See theſe letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and deſire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a* ſerv.

*Laun.* To him, father.

*Gob.* God bleſs your worſhip!

*Baſſ.* Gramercy; Would'ſt thou aught with me?

*Gob.* Here's my ſon, ſir, a poor boy,—

*Laun.* Not a poor boy, ſir, but the rich Jew's man; that would ſir, as my father ſhall ſpecify,—

*Gob.* He hath a great infection, ſir, as one would ſay, to ſerve—

*Laun.* Indeed, the ſhort and the long is, I ſerve the Jew, and have a deſire, as my father ſhall ſpecify,—

9 —*my phil*-horſe] *Thill* or *fill* means the ſhafts of a cart or waggon. STEEVENS.

All the ancient copies have *phil*-horſe, but no dictionary that I have met with acknowledges the word. It is, I am informed, a corruption uſed in ſome counties for the proper term, *thill*-horſe. MALONE.

*Gob.* His maſter and he (ſaving your worſhip's reverence) are ſcarce cater-couſins:

*Laun.* To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cauſe me, as my father, being I hope an old man, ſhall frutify unto you,—

*Gob.* I have here a diſh of doves, that I would beſtow upon your worſhip; and my ſuit is,—

*Laun.* In very brief, the ſuit is impertinent to myſelf, as your worſhip ſhall know by this honeſt old man; and, though I ſay it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

*Baſſ.* One ſpeak for both; what would you?

*Laun.* Serve you, ſir.

*Gob.* This is the very defect of the matter, ſir.

*Baſſ.* I know thee well, thou haſt obtain'd thy ſuit:
Shylock, thy maſter, ſpoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's ſervice to become
The follower of ſo poor a gentleman.

*Laun.* The old proverb is very well parted between my maſter Shylock and you, ſir; you have the grace of God, ſir, and he hath enough.

*Baſſ.* Thou ſpeak'ſt it well: Go, father, with thy ſon:
Take leave of thy old maſter, and enquire
My lodging out:—Give him a livery [*to his followers.*
More guarded [1] than his fellows: See it done.

*Laun.* Father, in:—I cannot get a ſervice, no;——I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well; [*looking on his palm.*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to ſwear upon a book—[2]. I ſhall have good fortune [3]; go

1 —*more* guarded] i. e. more ornamented. STEEVENS.

2 *Well; if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to ſwear upon a book—*] *Table* is the palm of the hand extended. Launcelot congratulates himſelf upon his dexterity and good fortune, and, in the height of his rapture, inſpects his hand, and congratulates himſelf upon the felicities in his table. The act of expanding his hand puts him in mind of the action in which the palm is ſhewn, by raiſing it to lay it on the book, in judicial atteſtations. *Well*, ſays he, *if any man in Italy have a fairer table, that doth offer to ſwear upon a book*—Here he ſtops with an abruptneſs very common, and proceeds to particulars. JOHNS.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation thus far appears to me perfectly juſt. In ſupport of it, it ſhould be remembered, that *which* is frequently uſed by our author and his cotemporaries, for the perſonal pronoun, *who*. It is ſtill ſo uſed in our Liturgy. In the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Mrs. Quickly addreſſes Fenton in the ſame language as is here uſed by Launcelot:

go to, here's a ſimple line of life! here's a ſmall trifle of wives: Alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a ſimple coming-in for one man: And then, to 'ſcape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with

celot:—"I'll be *ſworn on a book* ſhe loves you:" a vulgariſm that is now ſuperſeded by another of the ſame import—"I'll take my bible-oath of it." MALONE.

Without examining the expoſitions of this paſſage, given by the three learned annotators, [Mr. T. Dr. W. and Dr. J.] I ſhall briefly ſet down what appears to me to be the whole meaning of it. Launcelot, applauding himſelf for his ſucceſs with Baſſanio, and looking into the palm of his hand, which by fortune-tellers is called *the table*, breaks out into the following reflection: *Well: if any man in Italy have a fairer table; which doth offer to ſwear upon a book, I ſhall have good fortune*—i. e. a table, *which doth* (not only *promiſe*, but) *offer to ſwear* (and to ſwear *upon a book* too) that *I ſhall have good fortune.*—(He omits the concluſion of the ſentence which might have been) *I am much miſtaken*; or, *I'll be hanged*, &c. TYRWHITT.

3 *I ſhall have good fortune*;] The whole difficulty of this paſſage (concerning which there is a great difference of opinion among the commentators) aroſe, as I conceive, from a word being omitted by the compoſitor or tranſcriber. I am perſuaded the author wrote—I ſhall have *no* good fortune. Theſe words, are not, I believe, connected with what goes before, but with what follows; and begin a new ſentence. Shakſpeare, I think, meant, that Launcelot, after this abrupt ſpeech—*Well; if any man* that *offers to ſwear upon a book, has a fairer table than mine*—[I am much miſtaken:] ſhould proceed in the ſame manner in which he began:—"I ſhall have *no* good fortune; go to; here's a *ſimple* line of life! &c." So before: I can *not* get a ſervice, *no*;—I have *ne'er* a tongue in my head."— And afterwards: "Alas! fifteen wives is *nothing*." The Nurſe, in *Romeo and Juliet*, expreſſes herſelf exactly in the ſame ſtyle: "Well, you have made a *ſimple* choice; you know *not* how to chooſe a man; Romeo! *no*, *not* he;—he is *not* the flower of courteſy, &c." So alſo in *K. Hen. IV.* "Here's *no* fine villainy!" Again, more appoſitely, in the anonymous play of *K. Henry V*: "Ha! me have *no* good luck." Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*: "We are *ſimple* men; we do *not* know what's brought about under the profeſſion of fortune-telling."

Almoſt every paſſage in theſe plays, in which the ſenſe is abruptly broken off, as I have more than once obſerved, has been corrupted.

It is not without ſome reluctance that I have excluded this emendation from a place in the text. Had it been propoſed by any former editor or commentator, I ſhould certainly have adopted it; being convinced that it is juſt. But the danger of innovation is ſo great, and partiality to our own conceptions ſo deluſive, that it becomes every editor to diſtruſt his own emendations; and I am particularly inclined to do ſo in the preſent inſtance, in which I happen to differ from that moſt reſpectable and judicious critick, whoſe name is ſubjoined to the preceding note. According to his idea, the mark of an abrupt ſentence ſhould not be after the word *book*, but *fortune*. MALONE.

the

the edge of a feather-bed [4];—here are ſimple 'ſcapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, ſhe's a good wench for this geer.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exeunt* Launcelot *and old* Gobbo.

*Baſſ.* I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;
Theſe things being bought, and orderly beſtow'd,
Return in haſte, for I do feaſt to-night
My beſt-eſteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

*Leon.* My beſt endeavours ſhall be done herein.

*Enter* GRATIANO.

*Gra* Where is your maſter?

*Leon.* Yonder, ſir, he walks. [*Exit* Leonardo.

*Gra.* Signior Baſſanio,—

*Baſſ.* Gratiano!

*Gra.* I have a ſuit to you.

*Baſſ.* You have obtain'd it.

*Gra.* You muſt not deny me; I muſt go with you to Belmont.

*Baſſ.* Why, then you muſt;—But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they ſhew
Something too liberal [5];—pray thee, take pain
To allay with ſome cold drops of modeſty
Thy ſkipping ſpirit; leſt, through thy wild behaviour,
I be miſconſtrued in the place I go to,
And loſe my hopes.

*Gra.* Signior Baſſanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a ſober habit,
Talk with reſpect, and ſwear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely:

4 — *in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed*;] A cant phraſe to ſignify the danger of marrying.—A certain French writer uſes the ſame kind of figure: "*O mon Ami, j'aimerois mieux être tombée ſur la pointe d'un Oreiller, & m' être rompû le Cou.*"— WARBURTON.

5 *Something too* liberal;] Liberal I have already ſhewn to be mean, groſs, coarſe, licentious. JOHNSON.

Nay

Nay more, while grace is ſaying, hood mine eyes [6]
Uſe all the obſervance of civility,
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent [7]
To pleaſe his grandam, never truſt me more
*Baſſ.* Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing [8].
*Gra.* Nay, but I bar to-night; you ſhall not gage me
By what we do to night.
*Baſſ.* No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldeſt ſuit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpoſe merriment: But fare you well,
I have ſome buſineſs.
*Gra.* And I muſt to Lorenzo, and the reſt;
But we will viſit you at ſupper-time. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*The ſame. A Room in* Shylock's *Houſe.*

*Enter* JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

*Jeſ.* I am ſorry, thou wilt leave my father ſo;
Our houſe is hell, and thou a merry devil,
Didſt rob it of ſome taſte of tediouſneſs:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, ſoon at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenzo, who is thy new maſter's gueſt;

6 — hood *mine eyes*] Alluding to the manner of covering a hawk's eyes. STEEVENS.

7 — *ſad oſtent*] Grave appearance; ſhew of ſtaid and ſerious behaviour. JOHNSON.

*Oſtent* is a word very commonly uſed for *ſhew* among the old dramatick writers. STEEVENS.

8 — *your* bearing.] *Bearing* is demeanour, or deportment. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" How I may formally in perſon *bear* me,
" Like a true friar." MALONE.

Give

Give him this letter; I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

*Laun.* Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—Moſt beautiful pagan,—moſt ſweet Jew! If a Chriſtian do not play the knave, and get thee[9], I am much deceived: But, adieu! theſe fooliſh drops do ſomewhat drown my manly ſpirit; adieu! [*Exit.*

*Jeſ.* Farewell, good Launcelot.—
Alack, what heinous ſin is it in me,
To be aſham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promiſe, I ſhall end this ſtrife;
Become a chriſtian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.

*The ſame. A Street.*

*Enter* GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

*Lor.* Nay we will ſlink away in ſupper-time;
Diſguiſe us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

*Gra.* We have not made good preparation.

9 *If a chriſtian* do *not play the knave, and get thee*, &c.] "If a chriſtian (ſays Launcelot, on receiving a love-letter for Lorenzo,) do not play the knave, and carry thee away from thy father's houſe, I am much deceived." I ſhould not have attempted to explain ſo eaſy a paſſage, if the ignorant editor of the ſecond folio, thinking probably that the word *get* muſt neceſſarily mean *beget*, had not altered the text, and ſubſtituted *did* in the place of *do*, the reading of all the old and authentick editions; in which he has been copied by every ſubſequent editor. Launcelot is not talking about Jeſſica's father, but about her future huſband. I am aware that, in a ſubſequent ſcene, he ſays to Jeſſica, "Marry, you may partly hope your *father got you not*;" but he is now on another ſubject. MALONE.

*Salar.*

*Salar.* We have not ſpoke us yet of torch-bearers [1].
*Salan.* 'Tis vile, unleſs it may be quaintly order'd;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.
*Lor.* 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have two hours
To furniſh us:—

*Enter* LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?
*Laun.* An it ſhall pleaſe you to break up this [2], it ſhall ſeem to ſignify.
*Lor.* I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.
*Gra.* Love-news, in faith.
*Laun.* By your leave, ſir.
*Lor.* Whither goeſt thou?
*Laun.* Marry, ſir, to bid my old maſter the Jew to ſup to-night with my new maſter the Chriſtian.
*Lor.* Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jeſſica,
I will not fail her;—ſpeak it privately; go—
Gentlemen, [*Exit* Launcelot.
Will you prepare you for this maſque to night?
I am provided of a torch bearer.
*Salar.* Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it ſtraight.
*Salan.* And ſo will I.
*Lor.* Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging ſome hour hence.
*Salar.* 'Tis good we do ſo. [*Exeunt* Salar. *and* Salan.
*Gra.* Was not that letter from fair Jeſſica?
*Lor.* I muſt needs tell thee all: She hath directed,

[1] — *torch-bearers* ] See the note in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. ſc. iv. We have not *ſpoke as yet*, &c. i. e. *we have not yet beſpoke us*, &c. Thus the old copies. It may, however, mean, we have not as yet conſulted on the ſubject of torch-bearers. Mr. Pope reads—"ſpoke *as* yet" STEEVENS.

[2] — to break up *this*,] To *break up* was a term in carving. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act III ſc. i:
"——Boyet, you can carve;
"*Break up* this capon." See the note on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

How I ſhall take her from her father's houſe;
What gold, and jewels, ſhe is furniſh'd with;
What page's ſuit ſhe hath in readineſs.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's ſake:
And never dare misfortune croſs her foot,
Unleſs ſhe do it under this excuſe,—
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſs Jew.
Come, go with me; peruſe this, as thou goeſt:
Fair Jeſſica ſhall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*The ſame. Before* Shylock's *Houſe.*

*Enter* SHYLOCK, *and* LAUNCELOT.

*Shy.* Well, thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Baſſanio:—
What, Jeſſica!—thou ſhalt not gormandize,
As thou haſt done with me;—What, Jeſſica!—
And ſleep and ſnore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jeſſica, I ſay!

*Laun.* Why, Jeſſica!

*Shy.* Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

*Laun.* Your worſhip was wont to tell me, I could do nothing without bidding.

*Enter* JESSICA.

*Jeſ.* Call you? what is your will?

*Shy.* I am bid forth [3] to ſupper, Jeſſica;

3 *I am* bid *forth*—] I am invited. To *bid* in old language meant to *pray*. MALONE.

There

There are my keys:—But wherefore ſhould I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Chriſtian[4].—Jeſſica, my girl,
Look to my houſe:—I am right loth to go;
There is ſome ill a brewing towards my reſt,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

*Laun.* I beſeech you, ſir, go; my young maſter doth expect your reproach.

*Shy.* So do I his.

*Laun.* And they have conſpired together,—I will not ſay, you ſhall ſee a maſque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on Black-monday laſt[5], at ſick o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Aſh Wedneſday was four year in the afternoon.

*Shy.* What! are there maſques? Hear you me, Jeſſica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum[6],
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the publick ſtreet,
To gaze on Chriſtian fools with varniſh'd faces:
But ſtop my houſe's ears, I mean, my caſements;

4 ——— *to feed upon*
*The prodigal Chriſtian.*] Shylock forgets his reſolution. In a former ſcene he declares he will neither *eat, drink*, nor *pray* with Chriſtians. Of this circumſtance the poet was aware, and meant only to heighten the malignity of the character, by making him depart from his moſt ſettled reſolve, for the proſecution of his revenge. STEEVENS.

5 — *then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on* Black-Monday *laſt,*] "*Black-Monday* is *Eaſter-Monday*, and was ſo called on this occaſion: In the 34th of Edward III. (1360) the 14th of April, and the morrow after Eaſter-day, king Edward, with his hoſt, lay before the city of Paris; which day was full dark of miſt and hail, and ſo bitter cold, that many men died on their horſes' backs with the cold. Wherefore, unto this day, it hath been called the *Blacke-Monday*." Stowe, p. 261—6. GREY.

It appears from a paſſage in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1592, that ſome ſuperſtitious belief was annexed to the accident of *bleeding at the noſe*: "As he ſtood gazing, *his noſe on a ſudden bled*, which made him conjecture it was ſome friend of his." STEEVENS.

—"with that mine noſe bled, &c." MALONE.

6 *Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,*
*And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neck'd fife,* &c.]
Primâ nocte domum claude; neque in vias
Sub cantu querulæ deſpice tibiæ. HOR. Lib. iii. Od. 7.
MALONE.

The folio and one of the quartos read *ſquealing*. STEEVENS.

Let

Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe.—By Jacob's ſtaff, I ſwear,
I have no mind of feaſting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, ſirrah;
Say, I will come.

*Laun.* I will go before, ſir.—
Miſtreſs, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Chriſtian by,
Will be worth a Jeweſs' eye [7]. [*Exit* Laun.

*Shy.* What ſays that fool of Hagar's offſpring, ha?

*Jeſ.* His words were, Farewell, miſtreſs; nothing elſe.

*Shy.* The patch is kind enough [8]; but a huge feeder,
Snail-ſlow in profit, and he ſleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me:
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waſte
His borrow'd purſe.—Well, Jeſſica, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do, as I bid you,
Shut doors [9] after you: Faſt bind, faſt find;
A proverb never ſtale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

*Jeſ.* Farewell; and if my fortune be not croſt,
I have a father, you a daughter, loſt. [*Exit.*

7 *Will be worth a* Jeweſs' eye.] *It's worth a Jew's eye*, is a proverbial phraſe. WHALLEY.

8 *The* patch *is kind enough*;] This term ſhould ſeem to have come into uſe from the name of a celebrated fool. This I learn from Wilſon's *Art of Rhetorique*, 1553: "A word-making, called of the Grecians Onomatopeia, is when we make words of our own mind, ſuch as be derived from the nature of things;—as to call one *Patche*, or Cowlſon, whom we ſee to do a thing fooliſhly; becauſe theſe two in their time were notable fools."

Probably the dreſs which the celebrated *Patche* wore, was, in alluſion to his name, patched or parti-coloured. Hence the ſtage fool has ever ſince been exhibited in a motley coat. *Patche*, of whom Wilſon ſpeaks, was Cardinal Wolſey's fool. MALONE.

9 *Shut* doors—] *Doors* is here uſed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

SCENE

## SCENE VI.

*The ſame.*

*Enter* GRATIANO, *and* SALARINO, *maſqued.*

*Gra.* This is the pent-houſe, under which Lorenzo
Deſir'd us to make ſtand.
*Salar.* His hour is almoſt paſt.
*Gra.* And it is marvel he out dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.
*Salar.* O, ten times faſter Venus' pigeons fly [1],
To ſeal love's bonds new made, that they are wont,
To keep obliged faith unforfeited.
*Gra.* That ever holds: Who riſeth from a feaſt,
With that keen appetite that he ſits down?
Where is the horſe, that doth untread again
His tedious meaſures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them firſt? All things that are,
Are with more ſpirit chaſed than enjoy'd.
How like a younker [2], or a prodigal,
The ſkarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet wind [3]!
How like a prodigal doth ſhe return;
With over-weather'd ribs [4], and ragged ſails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the ſtrumpet wind!

1 *O, ten times faſter Venus'* pigeons *fly,*] Lovers have in poetry been always called *Turtles* or *Doves*, which in lower language may be pigeons JOHNSON.

2 — *a younker,*] All the old copies read *a younger.* STEEVENS.
The word *younker* is uſed by Florio in his tranſlation of Montagne, and by our author himſelf in *King Henry IV.* MALONE.

3 — *embraced by the ſtrumpet wind!*] So, in *Othello:*
"The bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meets." MALONE.

4 *With over-*weather'd *ribs,*] Thus both the quartos. The folio has over-*wither'd.* MALONE.

*Enter* LORENZO.

*Salar.* Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this hereafter
*Lor.* Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then —Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's within?

*Enter* JESSICA *above, in boy's cloaths.*

*Jeſ.* Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll ſwear that I do know your tongue.
*Lor.* Lorenzo, and thy love.
*Jeſ.* Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I ſo much? And now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
*Lor.* Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witneſs that thou art.
*Jeſ.* Here, catch this caſket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himſelf would bluſh
To ſee me thus transformed to a boy.
*Lor.* Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.
*Jeſ.* What, muſt I hold a candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelves, good ſooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of diſcovery, love;
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.
*Lor.* So are you, ſweet,
Even in the lovely garniſh of a boy.
But come at once;
For the cloſe night doth play the runaway,
And we are ſtaid for at Baſſanio's feaſt.
*Jeſ.* I will make faſt the doors, and gild myſelf
With ſome more ducats, and be with you ſtraight.
[*Exit, from above.*

*Gra.* Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew [5].
*Lor.* Beſhrew me, but I love her heartily:
For ſhe is wiſe, if I can judge of her;
And fair ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath proved herſelf;
And therefore, like herſelf, wiſe, fair, and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoul.

*Enter* JESSICA, *below.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our maſquing mates by this time for us ſtay.
[*Exit, with* JESSICA *and* SALARINO.

*Enter* ANTHONIO.

*Ant.* Who's there?
*Gra.* Signior Anthonio?
*Ant.* Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the reſt?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all ſtay for you:—
No maſque to-night; the wind is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will go aboard:
I have ſent twenty out to ſeek for you.
*Gra.* I am glad on't; I deſire no more delight,
Than to be under ſail, and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VII.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

*Flouriſh of Cornets. Enter* PORTIA, *with the Prince of* Morocco, *and both their trains.*

*Por.* Go, draw aſide the curtains, and diſcover
The ſeveral caſkets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice.

5 *Now, by my* hood, *a* Gentile, *and no Jew.*] A jeſt ariſing from the ambiguity of *Gentile*, which ſignifies both a *Heathen*, and *one well born.* JOHNSON.

To underſtand Gratiano's oath, it ſhould be recollected that he is in a maſqued habit, to which it is probable that formerly, as at preſent, a large cape or hood was affixed. MALONE.

*Mor.*

*Mor.* The firſt, of gold, who this inſcription bears;—
*Who chooſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.*
The ſecond, ſilver, which this promiſe carries;—
*Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.*
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt[6];—
*Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.*—
How ſhall I know if I do chooſe the right?

*Por.* The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you chooſe that, then I am yours withal.

*Mor.* Some god direct my judgment! Let me ſee,
I will ſurvey the inſcriptions back again:
What ſays this leaden caſket?
*Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.*
Muſt give,—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This caſket threatens: Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind ſtoops not to ſhows of droſs;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What ſays the ſilver, with her virgin hue?
*Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.*
As much as he deſerves?—Pauſe there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'ſt rated by thy eſtimation,
Thou doſt deſerve enough; and yet enough
May not extend ſo far as to the lady;
And yet to be afeard of my deſerving,
Were but a weak diſabling of myſelf.
As much as I deſerve!—Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deſerve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But, more than theſe, in love I do deſerve.
What if I ſtray'd no farther, but choſe here?
Let's ſee once more this ſaying grav'd in gold.
*Who chooſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.*
Why, that's the lady; all the world deſires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiſs this ſhrine, this mortal breathing ſaint.
The Hyrcanian deſerts, and the vaſty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watry kingdom, whoſe ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar

[6] — *as blunt*;] That is, as groſs as the dull metal. JOHNSON.

To

To ſtop the foreign ſpirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to ſee fair Portia.
One of theſe three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation,
To think ſo baſe a thought; it were too groſs
To rib her cerecloth in the obſcure grave.
Or ſhall I think, in ſilver ſhe's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold?
O ſinful thought! Never ſo rich a gem
Was ſet in worſe than gold. They have in England
A coin, that bears the image of an angel
Stamped in gold; but that's inſculp'd upon [7];
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I chooſe, and thrive I as I may!

*Por.* There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*he unlocks the golden caſket.*

*Mor.* O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whoſe empty eye
There is a written ſcroll? I'll read the writing.

*All that gliſters is not gold;*
*Often have you heard that told:*
*Many a man his life hath ſold,*
*But my outſide to behold:*
*Gilded tombs do worms infold* [8].
*Had you been as wiſe as bold,*
*Young in limbs, in judgment old,*
*Your anſwer had not been inſcrol'd:*
*Fare you well; your ſuit is cold.*

7 — *inſculp'd* upon;] To *inſculp* is to engrave. STEEVENS.

8 *Gilded* tombs *do worms infold.*] The old copies read—Gilded *timber*. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnſon, who obſerves, that "a tomb is the proper repoſitory of a death's head." *Tombes* (for ſuch was the old ſpelling) and *timber* were eaſily confounded. Yet perhaps the old reading may be right. The conſtruction may be—Worms do infold gilded timber. This, however, is very harſh, and the ear is offended. In a poem entitled, *Of the Silke Wormes and their flies*, 4to. 1599, is this line:

"Before thou waſt, were *timber worms* in price."

Dr. Johnſon's emendation is ſupported by Shakſpeare's 101ſt Sonnet:

"———it lies in thee
"To make thee much out-live a *gilded tomb*." MALONE.

Cold,

Cold, indeed; and labour loſt:
Then, farewell, heat; and, welcome, froſt.—
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus loſers part. [*Exit.*
*Por.* A gentle riddance:—Draw the curtains, go:—
Let all of his complexion chooſe me ſo[9], [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VIII.

Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

*Salar.* Why man, I ſaw Baſſanio under ſail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ſhip, I am ſure, Lorenzo is not.
*Salan.* The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;
Who went with him to ſearch Baſſanio's ſhip.
*Salar.* He came too late, the ſhip was under ſail:
But there the duke was given to underſtand,
That in a gondola were ſeen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jeſſica:
Beſides, Anthonio certify'd the duke,
They were not with Baſſanio in his ſhip.
*Salan.* I never heard a paſſion ſo confus'd,
So ſtrange, outrageous, and ſo variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the ſtreets:
*My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!*
*Fled with a Chriſtian?—O my chriſtian ducats!—*
*Juſtice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!—*
*A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of ducats,*
*Of double ducats, ſtol'n from me by my daughter!*
*And jewels; two ſtones, two rich and precious ſtones,*
*Stol'n by my daughter!—Juſtice! find the girl!*
*She hath the ſtones upon her, and the ducats!*

9 — *chooſe me ſo.*] Here Dr. Johnſon would cloſe the ſecond Act, to give time for Baſſanio's paſſage to Belmont. MALONE.

*Salar.*

*Salar.* Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—his ſtones, his daughter, and his ducats.
*Salan.* Let good Anthonio look he keep his day,
Or he ſhall pay for this.
*Salar.* Marry, well remember'd:
I reaſon'd [1] with a Frenchman yeſterday;
Who told me,—in the narrow ſeas, that part
The French and Engliſh, there miſcarried
A veſſel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Anthonio, when he told me;
And wiſh'd in ſilence, that it were not his.
*Salan.* You were beſt to tell Anthonio what you hear;
Yet do not ſuddenly, for it may grieve him.
*Salar.* A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I ſaw Baſſanio and Anthonio part:
Baſſanio told him, he would make ſome ſpeed
Of his return; he anſwer'd,—*Do not ſo,*
*Slubber not* [2] *buſineſs for my ſake, Baſſanio,*
*But ſtay the very riping of the time;*
*And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,*
*Let it not enter in your mind of love* [3]*:*
*Be merry; and employ your chiefeſt thoughts*
*To courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of love*
*As ſhall conveniently become you there:*
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him [4],

And

[1] *I* reaſon'd—] i. e. I converſed. So, in *King John*:
" Our griefs, and not our manners, *reaſon* now." STEEVENS.

[2] Slubber *not*—] To *ſlubber* is to do any thing careleſly, imperfectly. STEEVENS.

[3] —*your mind of love:*] *Of love*, is an abjuration ſometimes uſed by Shakſpeare. So, in *Merry Wives*, Act II. ſc. vii: " *Quick.*—deſires you to ſend her your little page, of *all loves:*" i. e. ſhe deſires you to ſend him *by all means.*

*Your mind of love* may, however, in this inſtance, mean—*your loving mind.* So, in the *Tragedie of Cræſus*, 1604, a *mind of treaſon* is a *treaſonable mind.*

" Thoſe that ſpeak freely, have no *mind of treaſon.*" STEEVENS.

If the phraſe is to be underſtood in the former ſenſe, there ſhould be a comma after *mind*, as Mr. Langton and Mr. Heath have obſerved. MALONE.

[4] *And even three, his eye being big with tears,*
*Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,* &c.] So curious an obſerver of nature was our author, and ſo minutely had he traced the operation of the paſſions, that many paſſages of his works might furniſh

And with affection wondrous ſenſible
He wrung Baſſanio's hand, and ſo they parted.
*Salan.* I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heavineſs [5]
With ſome delight or other.
*Salar.* Do we ſo. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IX.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

*Enter* NERISSA, *with a Servant.*

*Ner.* Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain ſtraight;
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election preſently.

*Flouriſh of Cornets. Enter the Prince of* Arragon, PORTIA, *and their trains.*

*Por.* Behold, there ſtand the caſkets, noble prince:
If you chooſe that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight ſhall our nuptial rites be ſolemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more ſpeech, my lord,
You muſt be gone from hence immediately.
*Ar.* I am enjoin'd by oath to obſerve three things:
Firſt, never to unfold to any one

niſh hints to painters. It is indeed ſurprizing that they do not ſtudy his plays with this view. In the paſſage before us, we have the outline of a beautiful picture. MALONE.

5 — embraced *heavineſs*] The heavineſs which he indulges, and is fond of. EDWARDS.

So we ſay of a man now that he *hugs* his ſorrows. JOHNSON.

So, in this play, Act III. ſc. ii:

" —doubtful thoughts and raſh-*embrac'd deſpair.* STEEVENS.

Which

Which caſket 'twas I choſe; next, if I fail
Of the right caſket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; laſtly
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

*Por.* To theſe injunctions every one doth ſwear,
That comes to hazard for my worthleſs ſelf.

*Ar.* And ſo have I addreſt me[6]: Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, ſilver, and baſe lead.
*Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath:*
You ſhall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What ſays the golden cheſt? ha! let me ſee:—
*Who chooſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.*
What many men deſire.—That many may be meant
By the fool multitude[7], that chooſe by ſhow,

6 *And ſo have I addreſt me:*] To *addreſs* is to *prepare*. The meaning is, I have prepared myſelf by the ſame ceremonies. STEEVENS.

I believe we ſhould read:

" And ſo have I. *Addreſs* me, Fortune, now,
" To my heart's hope!"

So, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act III. ſcene the laſt, Falſtaff ſays, " I will then *addreſs me to* my appointment. TYRWHITT.

7 ——— *That many may be meant*
*By the fool multitude,*—] i. e. By that many may be meant the fooliſh multitude, &c. The fourth folio firſt introduced a phraſeology more agreeable to our ears at preſent,—" *Of* the fool multitude,"—which has been adopted by all the ſubſequent editors;—but change merely for the ſake of elegance is always dangerous. Many modes of ſpeech were familiar in Shakſpeare's age, that are now no longer uſed.

I have reaſon to congratulate myſelf on having here adhered to the ancient copies, having, ſince this note was printed, met with many examples of this kind of phraſeology. So, in Plutarch's Life of Cæſar, as tranſlated by North, 1575: " ——he aunſwered, that theſe fair long-heared men made him not affrayed, but the lean and whitely-faced fellows; *meaning that by* Brutus and Caſſius." i. e. meaning by that, &c. Again, in Sir Thomas More's Life of Edward the Fifth:—Holinſhed, p. 1374: " ——that *meant he by the lordes* of the queene's kindred that were taken before," i. e. by that he meant the lords, &c. Again, *ibidem*, 1371: " My lord, quoth Haſtings, on my life, never doubt you; for while one man is there,—never can there be, &c. This *meant he by Cateſby*, which was of his near ſecrete counſaile." i. e. by this he meant Cateſby, &c.

Again, Puttenham in his *Arte of Poeſie*, 1589, p. 157, after citing ſome enigmatical verſes, adds, " —the good old gentleman would tell us that were children, how *it was meant by* a furr'd glove." i. e. a furr'd glove was meant by it,—i. e. by the enigma. Again *ibidem*, p. 161: " Any ſimple judgment might eaſily perceive *by whom it was meant*, that is, by lady Elizabeth, queene of England. MALONE.

Not

Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force [8] and road of caſualty.
I will not chooſe what many men deſire,
Becauſe I will not jump with common ſpirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou ſilver-treaſure-houſe;
Tell me once more what title thou doſt bear:
*Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves;*
And well ſaid too; For who ſhall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the ſtamp of merit! Let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity.
O, that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then ſhould cover, that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peaſantry would then be glean'd
From the true ſeed of honour [9]? and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varniſh'd? Well, but to my choice:
*Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves;*
I will aſſume deſert;—Give me a key for this,
And inſtantly unlock my fortunes here.

*Por.* Too long a pauſe for that which you find there.

*Ar.* What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Preſenting me a ſchedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia?
How much unlike my hopes, and my deſervings?
*Who chooſeth me, ſhall have as much as deſerves.*
Did I deſerve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deſerts no better?

8 —*in the force*] i. e. the power. STEEVENS.

9 *How much low pleaſantry would then be glean'd*
*From the true ſeed of honour?*] The meaning is, *How much meaning would be found among the great, and how much greatneſs among the mean.* But ſince men are always ſaid to *glean* corn though they may *pick* chaff, the ſentence had been more agreeable to the common manner of ſpeech if it had been written thus:

*How much low pleaſantry would then be* pick'd
*From the true ſeed of honour? how much honour*
Glean'd *from the chaff?* JOHNSON.

*Por.*

*Por.* To offend, and judge, are diſtinct offices,
And of oppoſed natures.
*Ar.* What is here?

*The fire ſeven times tried this;*
*Seven times try'd that judgment is,*
*That did never chooſe amiſs:*
*Some there be, that ſhadows kiſs;*
*Such have but a ſhadow's bliſs;*
*There be fools alive, I wis* [1],
*Silver'd o'er; and ſo was this.*
*Take what wife you will to bed* [2],
*I will ever be your head:*
*So be gone, ſir* [3], *you are ſped.*

Still more fool I ſhall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth [4].

[*Exeunt* Arragon *and train.*

*Por.* Thus hath the candle ſing'd the moth.
O theſe deliberate fools! when they do chooſe,
They have the wiſdom by their wit to loſe.
*Ner.* The ancient ſaying is no hereſy;—
Hanging and wiving goes by deſtiny.
*Por.* Come, draw the curtain, Neriſſa.

*Enter a* Servant.

*Serv.* Where is my lady?
*Por.* Here; what would my lord [5]?

[1] — *I* wis,] I know. *Wiſſen*, German. *Sydney*, *Aſcham*, and *Waller* uſe the word. STEEVENS.

[2] *Take what wife you will to bed,*] Perhaps the poet had forgotten that he who miſſed Portia was never to marry any woman. JOHNSON.

[3] *So be gone*, Sir,—] *Sir*, which is not in the old copies, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio, for the ſake of the metre. MALONE.

[4] — *to bear my* wroth.] The old editions read——"to bear my *wreath*." *Wroath* is uſed in ſome of the old books for *misfortune*; and is often ſpelt *ruth*, which at preſent ſignifies only *pity*, or *ſorrow for the miſery of another*. The modern editors read—my *wrath*. STEEV.

[5] Por. *Here*; *what would my lord?*] Would not this ſpeech to the ſervant be more proper in the mouth of *Neriſſa*? TYRWHITT.

*Serv.*

*Serv.* Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To ſignify the approaching of his lord:
From whom he bringeth ſenſible regreets [6];
To wit, beſides commends, and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not ſeen
So likely an ambaſſador of love;
A day in April never came ſo ſweet,
To ſhew how coſtly ſummer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his lord.

*Por.* No more, I pray thee; I am half afeard,
Thou wilt ſay anon, he is ſome kin to thee,
Thou ſpend'ſt ſuch high-day wit in praiſing him.—
Come, come, Neriſſa; for I long to ſee
Quick Cupid's poſt, that comes ſo mannerly.

*Ner.* Baſſanio, lord love, if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT III. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter* SALANIO *and* SALARINO.

*Salan.* Now, what news on the Rialto?

*Salar.* Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Anthonio hath a ſhip of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow ſeas; the Goodwins, I think, they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcaſſes of many a tall ſhip lie buried, as they ſay, if my goſſip report be an honeſt woman of her word.

6 — regreets;] i. e. ſalutations. So, in another of Shakſpeare's plays; "Unyoke this ſeizure, and this kind *regreet.*" STEEVENS.

*Salan.*

*Salan.* I would ſhe were as lying a goſſip in that, as ever knapt ginger [1], or made her neighbours believe ſhe wept for the death of a third huſband: But it is true,—without any ſlips of prolixity, or croſſing the plain high-way of talk,—that the good Anthonio, the honeſt Anthonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

*Salar.* Come, the full ſtop.

*Salan.* Ha,—what ſay'ſt thou?—Why, the end is, he hath loſt a ſhip.

*Salar.* I would it might prove the end of his loſſes!

*Salan.* Let me ſay amen betimes, leſt the devil croſs my prayer [2]; for here he comes in the likeneſs of a Jew.—

*Enter* SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

*Shy.* You knew, none ſo well, none ſo well as you, of my daughter's flight.

*Salar.* That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings ſhe flew withal.

*Salan.* And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledge; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

*Shy.* She is damn'd for it.

*Salar.* That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

*Shy.* My own fleſh and blood to rebel!

*Salan.* Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at theſe years?

*Shy.* I ſay, my daughter is my fleſh and blood.

*Salar.* There is more difference between thy fleſh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red and rheniſh:—But tell us, do you hear, whether Anthonio have had any loſs at ſea or no?

[1] —knapt *ginger*,] To *knap* is to break ſhort. The word occurs in the *Pſalms*. STEEVENS.

[2] — my *prayer*;] i. e. the prayer or wiſh, which you have juſt now uttered, and which I devoutly join in by ſaying amen to it. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton unneceſſarily, I think, read—*thy* prayer. MALONE.

The people pray as well as the prieſt, though the latter only pronounces the words, which the people make their own by ſaying *Amen* to them. It is, after this, needleſs to add, that the Devil (in the ſhape of a Jew) could not croſs *Salarino's* prayer, which as far as it was ſingle his, was already ended. HEATH.

*Shy.* There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal [3], who dare ſcarce ſhew his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was uſed to come ſo ſmug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me uſurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Chriſtian courteſy;—let him look to his bond.

*Salar.* Why, I am ſure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his fleſh; What's that good for?

*Shy.* To bait fiſh withal: if it will feed nothing elſe, it will feed my revenge. He hath diſgraced me, and hinder'd me half a million; laughed at my loſſes, mock'd at my gains, ſcorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies: And what's his reaſon? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands; organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions? fed with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, heal'd by the ſame means, warm'd and cool'd by the ſame winter and ſummer, as a Chriſtian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed [4]? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poiſon us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge? If we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Chriſtian, what is his humility? revenge: If a Chriſtian wrong a Jew, what ſhould his ſufferance be by Chriſtian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it ſhall go hard, but I will better the inſtruction.

*Enter a* Servant.

*Serv.* Gentlemen, my maſter Anthonio is at his houſe, and deſires to ſpeak with you both.

*Salar.* We have been up and down to ſeek him.

3 — *a bankrupt, a prodigal.*] Dr. Warburton aſks, "Why a prodigal?" and capriciouſly reads, a bankrupt *for* a prodigal. MALONE.

There could be, in Shylock's opinion, no prodigality more culpable than ſuch liberality as that by which a man expoſes himſelf to ruin for his friend. JOHNSON.

His lending money without intereſt, "*for a chriſtian courteſy*," was [likewiſe] a reaſon for the Jew to call Anthonio prodigal. EDWARDS.

4 *If you prick us, do we not bleed?*] Thus Plutarch's Life of Cæſar, p. 140, quarto, v. iv. "Cæſar does not conſider that his ſubjects are mortal, and *bleed when* they are *pricked*." οὐδὲ ἀπὸ τῶν τραυμάτων λογίζεται Καίσαρ ἐλι θνητῶν μὲν ἀρχει. S. W.

*Enter*

*Enter* TUBAL.

*Salan.* Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unleſs the devil himſelf turn Jew.

[*Exeunt* SALAN. SALAR. *and* Servant.

*Shy.* How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? haſt thou found my daughter?

*Tub.* I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

*Shy.* Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, coſt me two thouſand ducats in Frankfort! The curſe never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thouſands ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. —I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would ſhe were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why ſo:—and I know not what's ſpent in the ſearch. Why, thou loſs upon loſs! the thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the thief; and no ſatisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck ſtirring, but what lights o' my ſhoulders; no ſighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my ſhedding.

*Tub.* Yes, other men have ill luck too; Anthonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

*Shy.* What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

*Tub.* — hath an argoſy caſt away, coming from Tripolis.

*Shy.* I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true.

*Tub.* I ſpoke with ſome of the ſailors that eſcaped the wreck.

*Shy.* I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa[5]?

*Tub.* Your daughter ſpent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourſcore ducats.

*Shy.* Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me:—I ſhall never ſee my gold again: Fourſcore ducats at a ſitting! fourſcore ducats!

*Tub.* There came divers of Anthonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that ſwear he cannot chooſe but break.

*Shy.* I am very glad of it; I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

5 —Where? *in Genoa?*] The old copies read—*Here* in Genoa. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

*Tub.* One of them ſhewed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

*Shy.* Out upon her! Thou tortureſt me, Tubal: it was my turquoiſe; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor [6]: I would not have given it for a wilderneſs of monkies.

*Tub.* But Anthonio is certainly undone.

*Shy.* Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, ſee me an officer, beſpeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our ſynagogue; go, good Tubal; at our ſynagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

*Enter* BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and Attendants. The caſkets are ſet out.*

*Por.* I pray you, tarry; pauſe a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in chooſing wrong,
I loſe

[6] — *it was my* turquoiſe; *I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor:*] A *turquoiſe* is a precious ſtone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Perſia to the eaſt, ſubject to the Tartars. As Shylock had been married long enough to have a daughter grown up, it is plain he did not value this turquoiſe on account of the money for which he might hope to ſell it, but merely in reſpect of the imaginary virtues formerly aſcribed to the ſtone. It was ſaid of the Turkey ſtone, that it faded or brightened in its colour, as the health of the wearer encreaſed or grew leſs. To this Ben Jonſon refers, in his *Sejanus:*

" And true as *Turkiſe* in my dear lord's ring,
" Look well or ill with him."

Again, Edward Fenton in *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, bl. l. quarto, 1569: " The *Turkeys* doth move when there is any peril prepared to him that weareth it." P. 51. b.

But

I loſe your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There's ſomething tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not loſe you; and you know yourſelf,
Hate counſels not in ſuch a quality:
But leſt you ſhould not underſtand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)
I would detain you here ſome month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chooſe right, but then I am forſworn;
So will I never be: ſo may you miſs me;
But if you do, you'll make me wiſh a ſin,
That I had been forſworn. Beſhrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
Mine own, I would ſay; but if mine, then yours,
And ſo all yours [7]: O, theſe naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And ſo, though yours, not yours.—Prove it ſo,
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I [8].
I ſpeak too long; but 'tis to peize the time [9];
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To ſtay you from election.

*Baſſ.* Let me chooſe;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

*Por.* Upon the rack, Baſſanio? then confeſs

But Leah (if we may believe Thomas Nicols, ſometimes of Jeſus College in Cambridge, in his *Lapidary*, &c.) might have preſented Shylock with his *Turquoiſe* for a better reaſon; as this ſtone "is likewiſe ſaid to take away all enmity, and to reconcile man and wife."

Other ſuperſtitious qualities are imputed to it, all of which were either monitory, or preſervative of the wearer. STEEVENS.

7 *And ſo all* yours:—] The latter word is here uſed as a diſſyllable. In the next line but one below, where the ſame word occurs twice, our author, with his uſual licence, employs one as a word of two ſyllables, and the other as a monoſyllable. MALONE.

8 *Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.*] The meaning is, "If the worſt I fear ſhould happen, and it ſhould prove in the event, that I, who am juſtly yours by the free donation I have made you of myſelf, ſhould yet not be yours in conſequence of an unlucky choice, let fortune go to hell for robbing you of your juſt due, not I for violating my oath." HEATH.

9 — *to* peize *the time*;] To *peize* is from *peſer*, Fr. So, in *King Richard III*:

"Leſt leaden ſlumber *peize* me down to-morrow."

To *peize the time*, therefore, is *to retard it by hanging weights upon it*. STEEVENS.

What

What treaſon there is mingled with your love.

*Baſſ.* None, but that ugly treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my love.

*Por.* Ay, but I fear, you ſpeak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do ſpeak any thing.

*Baſſ.* Promiſe me life, and I'll confeſs the truth.

*Por.* Well then, confeſs, and live.

*Baſſ* Confeſs, and love,
Had been the very ſum of my confeſſion:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me anſwers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caſkets.

*Por.* Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Neriſſa, and the reſt, ſtand all aloof.—
Let muſick ſound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he loſe, he makes a ſwan-like end,
Fading in muſick: that the compariſon
May ſtand more proper, my eye ſhall be the ſtream,
And wat'ry death-bed for him: He may win;
And what is muſick then? then muſick is
Even as the flouriſh when true ſubjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: ſuch it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no leſs preſence [1], but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the ſea-monſter [2]: I ſtand for ſacrifice;
The reſt aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared viſages, come forth to view
The iſſue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!

[1] *With no leſs preſence,*] With the ſame *dignity of mien.* JOHNSON.

[2] *To the ſea-monſter:*] See Ovid. Metamorph. Lib. XI. ver. 199, et ſeq. Shakſpeare however, I believe, had read an account of this adventure in *The Deſtruction of Troy:*—"Laomedon caſt his eyes all bewept on him, [Hercules] and was all abaſhed to ſee his *greatneſs* and his *beauty.*" See B. I. p. 221, edit. 1617. MALONE.

Live

Live thou, I live:—With much much more diſmay
I view the ſight, than thou that mak'ſt the fray.

*Muſick, whilſt* BASSANIO *comments on the caſkets to himſelf.*

SONG.

1. *Tell me, where is fancy* * *bred,*
*Or in the heart, or in the head?*
*How begot, how nouriſhed?*

Reply.

2. *It is engender'd in the eyes,*
*With gazing fed; and fancy dies*
*In the cradle where it lies:*
*Let us all ring fancy's knell;*
*I'll begin it,—Ding dong, bell.*

All. *Ding dong, bell.*

*Baſſ.*—So may the outward ſhows be leaſt themſelves [3];
The world is ſtill deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But, being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice [4],
Obſcures the ſhow of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the groſſneſs with fair ornament?
There is no vice [5] ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtairs of ſand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward ſearch'd, have livers white as milk?
And theſe aſſume but valour's excrement [6],

* —*fancy*] here, as in many other places, ſignifies *love.* MALONE.

3 *So may the outward ſhows*, &c.] He begins abruptly; the firſt part of the argument has paſſed in his mind. JOHNSON.

4 — *gracious voice,*] Pleaſing; winning favour. JOHNSON.

5 *There is no* vice—] The old copies read—*voice.* The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

6 — *valour's* excrement,] i. e. what a little higher is called the *beard* of Hercules. So, " pedler's *excrement*," in *the Winter's Tale.* MALONE.

To

To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee 'tis purchas'd by the weight [7];
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that wear moſt of it:*
So are thoſe criſped [8] ſnaky golden locks,
Which make ſuch wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon ſuppoſed fairneſs, often known
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſcull that bred them, in the ſepulchre [9].
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore [1]
To a moſt dangerous ſea; the beauteous ſcarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wiſeſt. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threatneſt, than doſt promiſe aught,

7 — *by the weight*;] That is, *artificial beauty* is purchaſed ſo; as falſe hair, &c. STEEVENS.

* *Making them* lighteſt, *which wear moſt of it.*] *Lighteſt* is here uſed in a wanton ſenſe. So afterwards:

"Let me be light, but let me not ſeem *light*." MALONE.

8 — criſped—] i. e. curled. STEEVENS.

9 — *in the ſepulchre.*] See a note on *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. ſc. iii. Shakſpeare has likewiſe ſatirized this yet prevailing faſhion in *Love's Labour's Loſt*. STEEVENS.

The prevalence of this faſhion in Shakſpeare's time is evinced by the following paſſage in an old pamphlet entitled *The Honeſtie of this Age, proving by good circumſtance that the world was never honeſt till now*, by Barnabe Rich, quarto, 1615:—"My lady holdeth on her way, perhaps to the tire-maker's ſhop, where ſhe ſhaketh her crownes to beſtow upon ſome new faſhioned attire, upon ſuch artificial deformed *periwigs*, that they were fitter to furniſh a theatre, or for her that in a ſtage-play ſhould repreſent ſome hag of hell, than to be uſed by a chriſtian woman." Again, ibid: "Theſe attire-makers within theſe fortie yeares were not known by that name; and but now very lately they kept their lowzie commodity of *periwigs*, and their monſtrous attires cloſed in boxes;—and thoſe women that uſed to weare them would not buy them but in ſecret. But now they are not aſhamed to ſet them forth upon their ſtalls,—ſuch a monſtrous mop-powles of haire, ſo proportioned and deformed, that but within theſe twenty or thirty yeares would have drawne the paſſers-by to ſtand and gaze, and to wonder at them."
MALONE.

1 — *the* guiled *ſhore*] i. e. the *treacherous* ſhore. STEEVENS.
*Guiled* for *beguiling*; the paſſive for the active participle.
MALONE.

Thy paleneſs moves me more than eloquence [2],
And here chooſe I; Joy be the conſequence!
*Por.* How all the other paſſions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and raſh-embrac'd deſpair,
And ſhudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealouſy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecſtaſy,
In meaſure rain thy joy [3], ſcant this exceſs;

I feel

2 *Thy* paleneſs *moves me more than eloquence,*] Baſſanio is diſpleaſed at the golden *caſket* for its *gaudineſs*, and the ſilver one for its *paleneſs*; but what! is he charmed with the leaden one for having the very ſame quality that diſpleaſed him in the ſilver? The poet certainly wrote—*Thy* plainneſs *moves me*, &c. This characterizes the lead from the ſilver, which *paleneſs* does not, they being both *pale*. Beſides, there is a beauty in the antitheſis between *plainneſs* and *eloquence*; between *paleneſs* and *eloquence* none. So it is ſaid before of the *leaden caſket*:

*This third, dull lead*, with warning all as blunt WARBURTON.

It may be that Dr. Warburton has altered the wrong word, if any alteration be neceſſary. I would rather give the character of *ſilver*, " — thou *ſtale*, and common drudge, &c The *paleneſs* of *lead* is for ever alluded to. " Diane declining, *pale* as any *ledde*," ſays *Stephen Hawes*. In *Fairfax's Taſſo*, we have

" The lord Tancredie, *pale* with rage as *lead*."

As to the antitheſis, Shakſpeare has already made it in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*. " When (ſays Theſeus) I have ſeen great clerks look *pale*,

" I read as much as from the rattling tongue
" Of ſaucy and audacious *eloquence*." FARMER.

Our author again mentions the *paleneſs* of lead in *Romeo and Juliet*

" Unwieldy, ſlow, heavy, and *pale* as *lead*."

By laying an emphaſis on *Thy*, [*Thy* paleneſs moves me, &c.] Dr. W's. objection is obviated. Though Baſſanio might object to ſilver, that " pale and *common drudge*," lead, though *pale* alſo, yet not being in daily uſe, might, in his opinion, deſerve a preference. I have therefore great doubts concerning Dr. Warburton's emendation. MALONE.

3 *In meaſure* rain *thy joy*,] The folio and one of the quartos read —*raine*. The other quarto—*range*. Dr. Johnſon once thought that *rein* was the word intended by the author. The words *rein* and *rain* (he obſerves) were not at that time diſtinguiſhed by regular orthography. Having frequent occaſion to make the ſame obſervation in the peruſal of the firſt folio, I am alſo ſtrongly inclined to the former word; but as the text is intelligible, have made no change. *Rein* in the ſecond inſtance quoted below by Mr Steevens is ſpelt in the old copy as it is here;—*raine*. So, in *the Tempeſt*, edit. 1623:

" —— do not give dalliance
" Too much the *raigne*." MALONE.

When this note was written, the following paſſage in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. did not occur to me. It is ſtrongly in favour of the reading of the text:

I feel too much thy bleſſing, make it leſs,
For fear I ſurfeit!

*Baſſ.* What find I here[4]? [*opening the leaden caſket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit[5]? What demy-god
Hath come ſo near creation? Move theſe eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are ſever'd lips,
Parted with ſugar-breath; ſo ſweet a bar
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the ſpider; and hath woven
A golden meſh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faſter than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he ſee to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it ſhould have power to ſteal both his,
And leave itſelf unfurniſh'd[6]: Yet look, how far
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In underprizing it, ſo far this ſhadow
Doth limp behind the ſubſtance.—Here's the ſcroll,
The continent and ſummary of my fortune.

" —— but in ſhort ſpace
" It *rain'd* down *fortune* ſhow'ring on thy head,
" And ſuch a flood of greatneſs fell on you," &c.
MALONE.

I believe Shakſpeare alluded to the well known proverb, *It cannot rain, but it pours* So, in the *Laws of Candy*, by B and Fletcher:

" —— pour not too faſt joys on me,
" But ſprinkle them ſo gently, I may ſtand them."

Mr. Tollet is of opinion that *rein* is the true word, as it better agrees with the context: and more eſpecially on account of the following paſſage in *Coriolanus*, which approaches very near to the preſent reading:

" —— being once chaſ'd, he cannot
" Be *rein'd* again to temperance."

So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act V. ſc. ii:

" *Rein* thy tongue." STEEVENS.

4 *What find I here?*] The latter word is here employed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

5 *Fair Portia's* counterfeit?] *Counterfeit*, which is at preſent uſed only in a bad ſenſe, anciently ſignified a *likeneſs*, a *reſemblance*, without comprehending any idea of fraud STEEVENS.

6 *And leave itſelf* unfurniſh'd:] i. e. and leave itſelf incomplete; unaccompanied with the other uſual component parts of a portrait, viz. another eye, &c. The various features of the face our author ſeems to have conſidered as the *furniture* of a picture. So, in *As you like it*: "—he was *furniſh'd* like a huntſman;" i. e. had all the appendages belonging to a huntſman. MALONE.

Perhaps it might be—And leave *himſelf* unfurniſh'd. JOHNSON.

You

*You that chooſe not by the view,*
*Chance as fair, and chooſe as true!*
*Since this fortune falls to you,*
*Be content, and ſeek no new.*
*If you be well pleas'd with this,*
*And hold your fortune for your bliſs,*
*Turn you where your lady is,*
*And claim her with a loving kiſs.*

A gentle ſcroll;—Fair lady, by your leave; [*kiſſing her.*
I come by note, to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applauſe, and univerſal ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, ſtill gazing, in a doubt
Whether thoſe peals of praiſe[7] be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, ſtand I, even ſo;
As doubtful whether what I ſee be true,
Until confirm'd, ſign'd, ratify'd by you.

*Por.* You ſee me, lord Baſſanio, where I ſtand,
Such as I am: though for myſelf alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh myſelf much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myſelf;
A thouſand times more fair, ten thouſand times
More rich;
That only to ſtand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſum of me
Is ſum of ſomething[8]; which, to term in groſs,
Is an unleſſon'd girl, unſchool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn[9]; happier than this,

7 — peals *of praiſe*] The ſecond quarto reads—*pearles* of praiſe. JOHNSON.

This reading may be the true one. So, in Whetſtone's *Arbour of Virtue*, 1576:—"The *pearles of praiſe* that deck a noble name."

Again, in R. C's verſes in praiſe of the ſame author's *Rock of Regard*:

"But that that beares the *pearle of praiſe* away." STEEVENS.

8 *Is* ſum *of ſomething*;] i. e. is not entirely ideal, but amounts to as much as can be found in—*an unleſſon'd girl*, &c. STEEVENS.

9 *But ſhe may* learn;] The latter word is here uſed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

She

She is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learn;
Happieſt of all, is, that her gentle ſpirit
Commits itſelf to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myſelf, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair manſion, maſter of my ſervants,
Queen o'er myſelf; and even now, but now,
This houſe, theſe ſervants, and this ſame myſelf,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, loſe, or give away,
Let it preſage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

*Baſſ.* Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood ſpeaks to you in my veins:
And there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
As, after ſome oration fairly ſpoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude;
Where every ſomething, being blent together[1],
Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy,
Expreſt, and not expreſt: But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to ſay, Baſſanio's dead.

*Ner.* My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have ſtood by, and ſeen our wiſhes proſper,
To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord, and lady!

*Gra.* My lord Baſſanio, and my gentle lady,
I wiſh you all the joy that you can wiſh;
For, I am ſure, you can wiſh none from me[2]:
And, when your honours mean to ſolemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beſeech you,
Even at that time I may be marry'd too

*Baſſ.* With all my heart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.

*Gra.* I thank your lordſhip; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as ſwift as yours:
You ſaw the miſtreſs, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermiſſion[3]

[1] — *being* blent *together*,] i. e. *blended*. STEEVENS.

[2] — *you can wiſh none from me*:] That is, none *away from* me; none that I ſhall loſe, if you gain it. JOHNSON.

[3] — *for* interm ſſion—] *Intermiſſion* is *pauſe*, *intervening time*, *delay*. So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——— gentle heaven,
" Cut ſhort all *intermiſſion!*" STEEVENS.

No

No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune ſtood upon the caſkets there;
And ſo did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I ſweat again;
And ſwearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at laſt,—if promiſe laſt,—
I got a promiſe of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her miſtreſs.

*Por.* Is this true, Neriſſa?

*Ner.* Madam, it is, ſo you ſtand pleas'd withal.

*Baſſ.* And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

*Gra.* Yes, 'faith, my lord.

*Baſſ.* Our feaſt ſhall be much honour'd in your marriage.

*Gra.* We'll play with them, the firſt boy, for a thouſand ducats.

*Ner.* What, and ſtake down?

*Gra.* No; we ſhall ne'er win at that ſport, and ſtake down —
But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

*Enter* LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALERIO.

*Baſſ.* Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new intereſt here
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave,
I bid my very friends, and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

*Por.* So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.

*Lor.* I thank your honour:—For my part, my lord,
My purpoſe was not to have ſeen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did intreat me, paſt all ſaying nay,
To come with him along.

*Sale.* I did, my lord;
And I have reaſon for it. Signior Anthonio
Commends him to you. [*gives* Baſſanio *a letter.*

*Baſſ* Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

*Sale.*

*Sale.* Not ſick, my lord, unleſs it be in mind;
Nor well, unleſs in mind: his letter there
Will ſhew you his eſtate.

*Gra.* Neriſſa, cheer yon' ſtranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio; What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Anthonio?
I know, he will be glad of our ſucceſs;
We are the Jaſons, we have won the fleece.

*Sale.* Would you had won the fleece that he hath loſt!

*Por.* There are ſome ſhrewd contents in yon' ſame paper,
That ſteal the colour from Baſſanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; elſe nothing in the world
Could turn ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What, worſe and worſe?—
With leave, Baſſanio; I am half yourſelf,
And I muſt freely have the half of any thing
That this ſame paper brings you.

*Baſſ.* O ſweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleaſant'ſt words,
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did firſt impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myſelf at nothing, you ſhall ſee
How much I was a braggart: When I told you
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then have told you
That I was worſe than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myſelf to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body [4] of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Iſſuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Liſbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one veſſel 'ſcape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

[4] *The paper* as *the body*—] I believe, the author wrote—*is* the body—. The two words are frequently confounded in the old copies. So, in the firſt quarto edition of this play, Act IV. "Is dearly bought, *as* mine," &c. inſtead of—*is* mine. MALONE.

*Sale.*

*Sale.* Not one, my lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appear, that if he had
The preſent money to diſcharge the Jew,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the ſhape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the ſtate,
If they deny him juſtice: twenty merchants,
The duke himſelf, and the magnificoes
Of greateſt port, have all perſuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of juſtice, and his bond.
*Jeſ.* When I was with him, I have heard him ſwear,
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Anthonio's fleſh,
Than twenty times the value of the ſum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antnonio.
*Por.* Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?
*Baſſ.* The deareſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
The beſt condition'd and unweary'd ſpirit
In doing courteſies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
*Por.* What ſum owes he the Jew?
*Baſſ.* For me, three thouſand ducats.
*Por.* What, no more?
Pay him ſix thouſand, and deface the bond;
Double ſix thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this deſcription
Shall loſe a hair through Baſſanio's fault.
Firſt, go with me to church, and call me wife;
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never ſhall you lie by Portia's ſide
With an unquiet ſoul. You ſhall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Neriſſa, and myſelf, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come away;
For you ſhall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, ſhew a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Baſſ.

Baſſ. [reads.] *Sweet Baſſanio, my ſhips have all miſcarry'd, my creditors grow cruel, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and ſince, in paying it, it is impoſſible I ſhould live, all debts are clear'd between you and I*, if I might but ſee you at my death: notwithſtanding, uſe your pleaſure: if your love do not perſuade you to come, let not my letter.*

*Por.* O love, diſpatch all buſineſs, and be gone.

*Baſſ.* Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haſte: but, till I come again,
No bed ſhall e'er be guilty of my ſtay,
No reſt be interpoſer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter* SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTHONIO, *and* Jailer.

*Shy.* Jailer, look to him;—Tell not me of mercy;—
This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—
Jailer, look to him.

*Ant.* Hear me yet, good Shylock.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond; ſpeak not againſt my bond;
I have ſworn an oath, that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dſt me dog, before thou had'ſt a cauſe;
But, ſince I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke ſhall grant me juſtice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty Jailer, that thou art ſo fond [5]
To come abroad with him at his requeſt.

*Ant.* I pray thee, hear me ſpeak.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee ſpeak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore ſpeak no more.
I'll not be made a ſoft and dull ey'd fool,

* — *and* I,] This inaccuracy, I believe, was our author's. Mr. Pope reads—and *me*. MALONE.

5 — *ſo fond*] i. e. ſo fooliſh. STEEVENS.

To

To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh, and yield
To chriſtian interceſſors. Follow not;
I'll have no ſpeaking; I will have my bond. [*Exit* SHY.

*Salan.* It is the moſt impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

*Ant.* Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootleſs prayers.
He ſeeks my life; his reaſon well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

*Salan.* I am ſure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

*Ant.* The duke cannot deny the courſe of law;
For the commodity that ſtrangers have
With us in Venice, if it be deny'd[6],
Will much impeach the juſtice of the ſtate;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Conſiſteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
Theſe griefs and loſſes have ſo 'bated me,
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a pound of fleſh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
Well, jailer, on:—Pray God, Baſſanio come
To ſee me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

*Enter* PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHAZAR.

*Lor.* Madam, although I ſpeak it in your preſence,
You have a noble and a true conceit

6 *For the* commodity *that ſtrangers have*
*With us in Venice, if it be denied*, &c.] i. e. for the denial of thoſe rights to ſtrangers, which render their abode at Venice ſo commodious and agreeable to them, would much impeach the juſtice of the ſtate. The conſequence would be, that ſtrangers would not reſide or carry on traffick here; and the wealth and ſtrength of the ſtate would be diminiſhed.—In *The Hiſtorye of Italye*, by W. Thomas, quarto, 1567, there is a ſection *On the libertee of ſtraungers* at Venice. MALONE.

Of

Of god-like amity; which appears moſt ſtrongly
In bearing thus the abſence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you ſhew this honour,
How true a gentleman you ſend relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your huſband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than cuſtomary bounty can enforce you.

*Por.* I never did repent for doing good,
Nor ſhall not now: for in companions
That do converſe and waſte the time together,
Whoſe ſouls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There muſt be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of ſpirit;
Which makes me think, that this Anthonio,
Being the boſom lover of my lord [7],
Muſt needs be like my lord: If it be ſo,
How little is the coſt I have beſtow'd,
In purchaſing the ſemblance of my ſoul
From out the ſtate of helliſh cruelty?
This comes too near the praiſing of myſelf;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things [8].—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The huſbandry and manage of my houſe,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a ſecret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Neriſſa here,
Until her huſband and my lord's return:
There is a monaſtery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do deſire you,
Not to deny this impoſition;
The which my love, and ſome neceſſity,
Now lays upon you.

*Lor.* Madam, with all my heart;
I ſhall obey you in all fair commands.

*Por.* My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jeſſica

7 — *the boſom* lover *of my lord,*] In our author's time this term was applied to thoſe of the ſame ſex who had an eſteem for each other. Ben Jonſon concludes one of his letters to Dr. Donne, by telling him, "he is his true *lover*." So, in *Coriolanus:* "I tell thee, fellow, thy general is my *lover*." Many more inſtances might be added. See our author's Sonnets, paſſim. MALONE.

8 — hear *other things*] The old copies, by an evident miſprint, read—*here.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

In

In place of lord Baſſanio and myſelf.
So fare you well, till we ſhall meet again.
*Lor.* Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you!
*Jeſ.* I wiſh your ladyſhip all heart's content.
*Por.* I thank you for your wiſh, and am well pleas'd
To wiſh it back on you: fare you well, Jeſſica —
[*Exeunt* JESSICA, *and* LORENZO.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honeſt, true,
So let me find thee ſtill: Take this ſame letter,
And uſe thou all the endeavour of a man,
In ſpeed to Padua [9]; ſee thou render this
Into my couſin's hands, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd ſpeed
Unto the tranect [1], to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice:—waſte no time in words,
But get thee gone; I ſhall be there before thee.
*Balth.* Madam, I go with all convenient ſpeed. [*Exit.*
*Por.* Come on, Neriſſa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll ſee our huſbands
Before they think of us.
*Ner.* Shall they ſee us?
*Por.* They ſhall, Neriſſa; but in ſuch a habit,
That they ſhall think we are accompliſhed
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accouter'd [2] like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,

9 *In ſpeed to* Padua;] The old copies read—*Mantua*. The correction, which was made by Mr. Theobald, is fully ſupported by ſeveral ſubſequent paſſages. MALONE.

1 *Unto the* tranect,] The old copies concur in this reading, which appears to be derived from *tranare*, and was probably a word current in the time of our author, though I can produce no example of it. STEEVENS.

Mr. Rowe reads—*traject*, which was adopted by all the ſubſequent editors.—Twenty miles from Padua, on the river Brenta there is a dam or ſluice, to prevent the water of that river from mixing with that of the marſhes of Venice Here the paſſage-boat is drawn out of the river, and lifted over the dam by a crane. From hence to Venice the diſtance is five miles. Perhaps ſome novel-writer of Shakſpeare's time might have called this dam by the name of the *tranect*. See Du Cange in v. *Trana*. MALONE.

2 — *accouter'd*—] So the earlieſt quarto, and the folio. The other quarto—*apparel'd*. MALONE.

And

And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And ſpeak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride; and ſpeak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies ſought my love,
Which I denying, they fell ſick and dy'd;
I could not do with all [4];—then I'll repent,
And wiſh, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of theſe puny lies I'll tell,
That men ſhall ſwear, I have diſcontinued ſchool
Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging Jacks,
Which I will practiſe.

*Ner.* Why, ſhall we turn to men?

*Por.* Fie, what a queſtion's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which ſtays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haſte away,
For we muſt meaſure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*The ſame. A Garden.*

*Enter* LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

*Laun.* Yes, truly:—for, look you, the ſins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promiſe you, I fear you [5]. I was always plain with you, and ſo now I ſpeak

4 *with all,*] The old copy reads—*withall.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

5 — *I fear you* ] I ſuſpect *for* has been inadvertently omitted; and would read—"I fear *for* you." MALONE.

my

my agitation of the matter: Therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of baſtard hope neither.

*Jeſ.* And what hope is that, I pray thee?

*Laun.* Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

*Jeſ.* That were a kind of baſtard hope, indeed; ſo the ſins of my mother ſhould be viſited upon me.

*Laun.* Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother: thus when I ſhun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother[6]: well, you are gone both ways.

*Jeſ.* I ſhall be ſaved by my huſband[7]; he hath made me a Chriſtian.

*Laun.* Truly, the more to blame he: we were Chriſtians enough before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another: This making of Chriſtians will raiſe the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly have a raſher on the coals for money.

*Enter* LORENZO.

*Jeſ.* I'll tell my huſband, Launcelot, what you ſay; here he comes.

*Lor.* I ſhall grow jealous of you ſhortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

*Jeſ.* Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven,

6 *Thus when I ſhun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother:*] Alluding to the well known line of a modern Latin poet, Philippe Gualtier, in his poem entitled ALEXANDREIS, Lib. V. v. 301:

——— Quo tendis inertem
Rex periture fugam? Neſcis, heu! perdite, neſcis
Quem fugias; hoſtes incurris dum fugis hoſtem:
*Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim.* MALONE.

Shakſpeare might have met with a tranſlation of this line in many places. Among others in "A Dialogue between *Cuſtom and Veritie*, concerning the uſe and abuſe of Dauncing and Minſtrelſie." bl. l. no date:

"While *Silla* they do ſeem to ſhun,
"In *Charybd* they doo fall, &c" STEEVENS.

7 *I ſhall be ſaved by my huſband*;] From St. Paul:—"The unbelieving wife is ſanctified by the huſband." HENLEY.

heaven, becauſe I am a Jew's daughter: and he ſays, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Chriſtians, you raiſe the price of pork.

*Lor.* I ſhall anſwer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

*Laun.* It is much, that the Moor ſhould be more [8] than reaſon: but if ſhe be leſs than an honeſt woman, ſhe is, indeed, more than I took her for.

*Lor.* How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turn into ſilence; and diſcourſe grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, ſirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

*Laun.* That is done, ſir; they have all ſtomachs.

*Lor.* Goodly lord [9], what a wit-ſnapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

*Laun.* That is done too, ſir; only, cover is the word.

*Lor.* Will you cover then, ſir?

*Laun.* Not ſo, ſir, neither; I know my duty.

*Lor.* Yet more quarrelling with occaſion! Wilt thou ſhew the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant? I pray thee, underſtand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, ſerve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

*Laun.* For the table, ſir, it ſhall be ſerved in; for the meat, ſir, it ſhall be cover'd; for your coming in to dinner, ſir, why, let it be as humours and conceits ſhall govern.

[*Exit* Launcelot.

*Lor.* O dear diſcretion, how his words are ſuited [1]!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words! And I do know
A many fools, that ſtand in better place,

8 — *that the* Moor *ſhould be* more, &c.] This reminds us of the quibbling epigram of Milton, which has the ſame kind of humour to boaſt of:

" *Galli* ex concubitu gravidam te *Pontia Mori*,
Quis bene *moratum morigeramque* negat?

So, in the *Fair Maid of the Weſt*, 1615:

" And for you *Moors* thus much I mean to ſay,
" I'll ſee if *more* I eat the *more* I may." STEEVENS.

9 *Goodly lord*,] Surely this ſhould be corrected *Good lord!* as it is in Theobald's edition. TYRWHITT.

1 — *how his words are ſuited!*] I believe the meaning is:—What a *ſeries* or *ſuite* of *words* he has independent of meaning; how one word draws on another without relation to the matter. JOHNSON.

Garniſh'd

Garniſh'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter. How cheer'ſt thou Jeſſica?
And now, good ſweet, ſay thy opinion,
How doſt thou like the lord Baſſanio's wife?
*Jeſ.* Paſt all expreſſing: It is very meet,
The lord Baſſanio live an upright life;
For, having ſuch a bleſſing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reaſon he ſhould never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.
*Lor.* Even ſuch a huſband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.
*Jeſ.* Nay, but aſk my opinion too of that.
*Lor.* I will anon; firſt, let us go to dinner.
*Jeſ.* Nay, let me praiſe you, while I have a ſtomach.
*Lor.* No, pray thee, let it ſerve for table talk;
Then, howſoe'er thou ſpeak'ſt, 'mong other things
I ſhall digeſt it.
*Jeſ.* Well, I'll ſet you forth. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT IV. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Court of Juſtice.*

*Enter the* Duke, *the Magnificoes*; ANTHONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, *and others.*

*Duke.* What, is Anthonio here?
*Ant.* Ready, ſo pleaſe your grace.

*Duke.*

*Duke.* I am ſorry for thee; thou art come to anſwer
A ſtony adverſary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

*Ant.* I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous courſe; but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach [2], I do oppoſe
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To ſuffer, with a quietneſs of ſpirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

*Duke.* Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

*Salan.* He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

*Enter* SHYLOCK.

*Duke.* Make room, and let him ſtand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think ſo too,
That thou but lead'ſt this faſhion of thy malice
To the laſt hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt ſhew thy mercy, and remorſe [3], more ſtrange
Than is thy ſtrange apparent [4] cruelty:
And, where [5] thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's fleſh,)
Thou wilt not only loſe the forfeiture,
But touch'd with human gentleneſs and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his loſſes,
That have of late ſo huddled on his back;
Enough to preſs a royal merchant down [6],
And pluck commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſy boſoms, and rough hearts of flint,

2 — *his* envy's *reach*,] *Envy* in this place means *hatred* or *malice*. STEEVENS.

3 — *thy mercy and* remorſe,] *Remorſe* in our author's time generally ſignified *pity*, *tenderneſs*. MALONE.

4 — *apparent*] That is, *ſeeming*; not real. JOHNSON.

5 — *where*] for *whereas*. JOHNSON.

6 *Enough to preſs a* royal merchant *down*,] This epithet was in our poet's time more ſtriking and better underſtood, becauſe Greſham was then commonly dignified with the title of the *royal merchant*. JOHNSON.

From

From ſtubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courteſy.
We all expect a gentle anſwer, Jew.

*Shy.* I have poſſeſs'd your grace of what I purpoſe;
And by our holy Sabbath have I ſworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll aſk me, why I rather chooſe to have
A weight of carrion fleſh, than to receive
Three thouſand ducats: I'll not anſwer that:
But, ſay, it is my humour [7]; Is it anſwer'd?
What if my houſe be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thouſand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you anſwer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig [8];
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i' the noſe,
Cannot contain their urine for affection [9]:

Maſters

7 —— *I'll* not *anſwer that:*
*But, ſay, it is my humour;*——] The Jew being aſked a queſtion which the law does not require him to anſwer, ſtands upon his right, and refuſes; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by ſuch anſwers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the enquirer, I will not anſwer, ſays he, as to a legal or ſerious queſtion, but ſince you want an anſwer, will this ſerve you? JOHNSON.

—*ſay*, it is my humour;] ſuppoſe it is my particular fancy. HEATH.

8 — *a gaping pig*;] So, in the *Maſtive*, &c. or, *A Collection of Epigrams and Satires:*

" Darkas cannot endure to ſee a cat,
" A breaſt of mutton, or a *pig's head gaping.*" STEEVENS.

By a *gaping* pig, Shakſpeare, I believe, meant a pig prepared for the table; for in that ſtate is the epithet, *gaping*, moſt applicable to this animal. So, in Fletcher's *Elder Brother*:

" And they ſtand *gaping* like a *roaſted pig.*"

A paſſage in one of Nathe's pamphlets, (which, perhaps furniſhed our author with his inſtance) may ſerve to confirm the obſervation: " The cauſes conducting unto wrath are as diverſe as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like a madman, if they ſee a *pig come to the table.* Sotericus the ſurgeon was cholerick at the ſight of ſturgeon, &c." *Pierce Pennyleſs his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592. MALONE.

9 *Cannot contain their urine for affection*, &c.] Of this much controverted paſſage, my opinion was formerly very different from what it is at preſent. *Sways*, the reading of the old copies, I conceived, could not agree with *maſters* as a ſubſtantive: but very ſoon after my former

Maſters of paſſion ſway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths: Now, for your anſwer:
As there is no firm reaſon to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmleſs neceſſary cat;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe [1]; but of force

Muſt

note on theſe words was printed, I found that this was not only our author's uſual phraſeology, but the common language of the time. Innumerable inſtances of the ſame kind occur in theſe plays; in all of which I have followed the practice of my predeceſſors, and ſilently reduced the ſubſtantive and the verb to concord. This is the only change that is now made in the preſent paſſage; for all the ancient copies read —*affection*, not *affections*, as the word has been printed in late editions, in order to connect it with the following line

" Cannot contain their urine for *affection*," I believe, means only—Cannot &c. on account of *their being affected* by the noiſe of the bagpipe; or, in other words, on account of an involuntary antipathy to ſuch a noiſe. In the next line, which is put in appoſition with that preceding, the word *it* may refer either to *paſſion*, or *affection*. To explain it, I ſhall borrow Dr. Johnſon's words, with a ſlight variation: " Thoſe who know how to operate on the paſſion of men, rule it, (or rule the ſympathetick feeling,) by making it operate in obedience to the notes which pleaſe or diſguſt it." *It*, (" ſway *it*") in my opinion, refers to *affection*, that is, to the ſympathetick feeling. MALONE.

The true meaning undoubtedly is,—The maſters of paſſion, that is, ſuch as are poſſeſſed of the art of engaging and managing the human paſſions, influence them by a ſkilful application to the particular likings, or loathings of the perſon they are addreſſing; this is a proof that men are generally governed by their likings and loathings, and therefore it is by no means ſtrange or unnatural that I ſhould be ſo too in the preſent inſtance. HEATH.

[1] *Why he, a woollen* bag-pipe;—] This incident Shakſpeare ſeems to have taken from J. C. Scaliger's *Exot. Exercit* againſt Cardan. In his 344 *Exercit.* ſect. 6. he has theſe words: " *Narrabo nunc tibi jocoſam* ſympathiam *Reguli Vaſconis equitis. Is dum viveret, audito phormingis ſono, urinam illico facere cogebatur.*"—And to make this jocular ſtory ſtill more ridiculous, Shakſpeare, I ſuppoſe, tranſlated *phorminx* by *bag-pipe*. But what I would chiefly obſerve from hence is this, that as Scaliger uſes the word *ſympathiam*, which ſignifies, and ſo he interprets it, *communem* AFFECTIONEM *duabus rebus*, ſo Shakſpeare tranſlates it by AFFECTION:

*Cannot contain their urine for* AFFECTION.

which ſhews the truth of the preceding emendation of the text according to the old copies; which have a full ſtop at *affection*, and read—*Maſters of paſſion*. WARBURTON.

In an old tranſlation from the French of Peter de Loier, intitled, *A Treatiſe of Spectres, or ſtrange Sights, Viſions*, &c. we have this identical ſtory from Scaliger; and what is ſtill more, a marginal note gives us in all probability the very fact alluded to, as well as the *word* of

Shakſpeare.

Muſt yield to ſuch inevitable ſhame,
As to offend, himſelf being offended;
So can I give no reaſon, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Anthonio, that I follow thus
A loſing ſuit againſt him. Are you anſwer'd?

*Baſſ.* This is no anſwer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuſe the current of thy cruelty.

*Shy.* I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwers.

*Baſſ.* Do all men kill the things they do not love?

*Shy.* Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

*Baſſ.* Every offence is not a hate at firſt.

*Shy.* What, would'ſt thou have a ſerpent ſting thee twice?

*Ant.* I pray you, think you queſtion [2] with the Jew:
You may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his uſual height;
You may as well uſe queſtion with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe,
When they are fretted with the guſts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeek to ſoften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewiſh heart:—Therefore, I do beſeech you,
Make no more offers, uſe no farther means,

Shakſpeare. "Another gentleman of this quality lived of late in Devon, neere Exceſter, who could not endure the playing on a *bag-pipe*." We may juſtly add, as ſome obſervation has been made upon it, that *affection* in the ſenſe of *ſympathy* was formerly *technical*; and ſo uſed by lord Bacon, Sir K. Digby, and many other writers. FARMER.

I never ſaw a *woollen bag-pipe*, nor can well conceive it. I ſuppoſe the author wrote *wooden* bag pipe, meaning that the bag was of leather, and the pipe of *wood*. JOHNSON.

Sir John Hawkins propoſes to read—*ſwelling* or *ſwollen* bag-pipe. An anonymous writer, in ſupport of the old reading, obſerves, that the ſkin or bladder of a bag-pipe is frequently covered with flannel.

The ſtory of the Devonſhire gentleman, I believe, firſt appeared in the margin of De Loier's book in 1605, ſome years after this play was printed; but it might have been current in converſation before.

I had inadvertently omitted the following lines in Turberville's *Epitaphes*, p. 13, which have been pointed out by Dr. Farmer, in ſupport of the emendation propoſed *(ſwollen)*:

"Firſt came the ruſtick forth,
"With pipe and *puffed bag*."

I am, however, of opinion that the old is the true reading. MALONE.

[2] —*you* queſtion, &c.] To queſtion is to converſe. STEEVENS.

But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

*Baſſ.* For thy three thouſand ducats here is ſix.

*Shy.* If every ducat in ſix thouſand ducats
Were in ſix parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

*Duke.* How ſhalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

*Shy.* What judgment ſhall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd ſlave [3],
Which, like your aſſes, and your dogs, and mules,
You uſe in abject and in ſlaviſh parts,
Becauſe you bought them:—Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs;
Why ſweat they under burdens; let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their palates
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch viands? You will anſwer,
The ſlaves are ours:—So do I anſwer you:
The pound of fleſh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine [4], and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I ſtand for judgment: anſwer; ſhall I have it?

*Duke.* Upon my power, I may diſmiſs this court,
Unleſs Bellario, a learned doctor [5],
Whom I have ſent for to determine this,
Come here to day.

*Salar.* My lord, here ſtays without
A meſſenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

3 — *many a purchas'd ſlave,*] This argument conſidered as uſed to the particular perſons, ſeems concluſive. I ſee not how Venetians or Engliſhmen, while they practiſe the purchaſe and ſale of ſlaves, can much enforce or demand the law of *doing to others as we would that they ſhould do to us.* JOHNSON.

4 — is *mine,*] The firſt quarto reads—*as* mine, evidently a miſprint for *is.* The other quarto and the folio—*'tis* mine. MALONE.

5 — *Bellario, a learned doctor,*] The doctor and the court are here ſomewhat unſkilfully brought together. That the duke would, on ſuch an occaſion, conſult a doctor of great reputation, is not unlikely; but how this ſhould be foreknown by Portia? JOHNSON.

I do not ſee any neceſſity for ſuppoſing that *this* was *foreknown by Portia.* She conſults Bellario as an eminent lawyer, and her relation. If the Duke had not conſulted him, the only difference would have been, that ſhe would have come into court, as an advocate perhaps, inſtead of a judge. TYRWHITT.

*Duke.*

*Duke.* Bring us the letters; Call the meſſenger.
*Baſſ.* Good cheer, Anthonio! What, man? courage yet!
The Jew ſhall have my fleſh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou ſhalt loſe for me one drop of blood.
*Ant.* I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meeteſt for death; the weakeſt kind of fruit,
Drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Baſſanio,
Than to live ſtill, and write mine epitaph.

*Enter* NERISSA, *dreſs'd like a lawyer's clerk.*

*Duke.* Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
*Ner.* From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace.
[*preſents a letter.*
*Baſſ.* Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly!
*Shy.* To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
*Gra.* Not on thy ſoal, but on thy ſoul, harſh Jew[6],
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keen: but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenneſs
Of thy ſharp envy[7]. Can no prayers pierce thee?
*Shy.* No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.
*Gra.* O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog[8]!
And for thy life let juſtice be accus'd.
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That ſouls of animals infuſe themſelves
Into the trunks of men: thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human ſlaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell ſoul fleet,
And, whilſt thou lay'ſt in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itſelf in thee; for thy deſires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd and ravenous.

6 *Not on thy ſcal, but on thy ſoul, harſh Jew,*] The conceit is, that his ſoul was ſo hard that it had given an edge to his knife. WARBUR.

7 *Of thy ſharp* envy.] *Envy* again in this place ſignifies *hatred* or *malice.* STEEVENS.

8 — inexorable *dog!*] The old copies read—*inexecrable.* Corrected by the editor of the third folio; perhaps, however, unneceſſarily. *In* was ſometimes uſed in our author's time, in compoſition, as an augmentative or intenſive particle. MALONE.

*Shy.*

*Shy.* Till thou canſt rail the ſeal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'ſt thy lungs to ſpeak ſo loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureleſs ruin.—I ſtand here for law.

*Duke.* This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court:—
Where is he?

*Ner.* He attendeth here hard by,
To know your anſwer, whether you'll admit him.

*Duke.* With all my heart:—ſome three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Mean time, the court ſhall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk *reads.*] *Your grace ſhall underſtand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very ſick: but in the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in loving viſitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthaſar: I acquainted him with the cauſe in controverſy between the Jew and Anthonio the merchant: we turn'd o'er many books together: he is furniſh'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatneſs whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend eſtimation; for I never knew ſo young a body with ſo old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe trial ſhall better publiſh his commendation.*

*Duke.* You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

*Enter* PORTIA, *dreſs'd like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

*Por.* I did, my lord.

*Duke.* You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this preſent queſtion in the court?

*Por.* I am informed throughly of the cauſe.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

*Duke.* Anthonio and old Shylock, both ſtand forth.

*Por.* Is your name Shylock?

*Shy.* Shylock is my name.

*Por.*

*Por.* Of a ſtrange nature is the ſuit you follow;
Yet in ſuch rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you [9], as you do proceed.—
You ſtand within his danger [1], do you not? [*To* Ant.

*Ant.* Ay, ſo he ſays.

*Por.* Do you confeſs the bond?

*Ant.* I do.

*Por.* Then muſt the Jew be merciful.

*Shy.* On what compulſion muſt I? tell me that.

*Por.* The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bleſs'd;
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His ſcepter ſhews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this ſcepter'd ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice [2]: Therefore, Jew,
Though juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,—
That, in the courſe of juſtice, none of us
Should ſee ſalvation [3]: we do pray for mercy;

9 *Cannot* impugn *you*,] To *impugn* is to oppoſe, to controvert. STEEVENS.

1 *You ſtand* within his danger,] So, in the *Coventry Play*, among the collection of Whitſun Myſteries repreſented at Cheſter. See Mſ. Harl. 1013, p. 106:

"Two detters ſome tyme there were
"Oughten money to one uſurere,
"The one was *in his daungere*
"Fyve hundred poundes tolde." STEEVENS.

Again, in Powel's *Hiſtory of Wales*, 1587: "—laying for his excuſe that he had offended manie noblemen of England, and therefore would not come *in their danger*." MALONE.

2 *And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt God's,*
*When mercy ſeaſons juſtice:*] So, in *K. Edw. III.* a tragedy, 1596:

"And kings approach the neareſt unto God,
"By giving life and ſafety unto men." MALONE.

3 — *in the courſe of juſtice, none of us*
*Should ſee ſalvation.*] Portia's referring the *Jew* to the Chriſtian doctrine of ſalvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a little out of character. BLACKSTONE.

And

And that ſame prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have ſpoke thus much,
To mitigate the juſtice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this ſtrict court of Venice
Muſt needs give ſentence 'gainſt the merchant there.
*Shy.* My deeds upon my head[4]! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
*Por.* Is he not able to diſcharge the money?
*Baſſ.* Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the ſum: if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appear
That malice bears down truth[5]. And I beſeech you,
Wreſt once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
*Por.* It muſt not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, for the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate: it cannot be.
*Shy.* A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!—
O wiſe young judge, how I do honour thee!
*Por.* I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
*Shy.* Here 'tis, moſt reverend doctor, here it is.
*Por.* Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
*Shy.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my ſoul?
No, not for Venice.
*Por.* Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neareſt the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
*Shy.* When it is paid according to the tenour.—
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your expoſition

4 *My deeds upon my head!*] An imprecation adopted from that of the Jews to Pilate: "His blood be on us, and our children!" HENLEY.

5 — *malice bears down truth.*] Malice oppreſſes honeſty. *A true man* in old language is an *honeſt man*. We now call the jury *good men and true*. JOHNSON.

Hath

Hath been moſt ſound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deſerving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my ſoul I ſwear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I ſtay here on my bond.
*Ant.* Moſt heartily I do beſeech the court
To give the judgment.
*Por.* Why then, thus it is.
You muſt prepare your boſom for his knife:
*Shy.* O noble judge! O excellent young man!
*Por.* For the intent and purpoſe of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
*Shy.* 'Tis very true: O wiſe and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
*Por.* Therefore, lay bare your boſom.
*Shy.* Ay, his breaſt:
So ſays the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Neareſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.
*Por.* It is ſo. Are there balance here, to weigh
The fleſh?
*Shy.* I have them ready.
*Por.* Have by ſome ſurgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To ſtop his wounds, leſt he do bleed to death.
*Shy.* Is it ſo nominated in the bond?
*Por.* It is not ſo expreſs'd; But what of that?
'Twere good, you do ſo much for charity.
*Shy.* I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
*Por.* Come, merchant, have you any thing to ſay?
*Ant.* But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Baſſanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune ſhews herſelf more kind
Than is her cuſtom: it is ſtill her uſe,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of ſuch miſery doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the proceſs of Anthonio's end,
Say, how I lov'd you, ſpeak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Baſſanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you ſhall loſe your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;

For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it inſtantly with all my heart.
*Baſſ.* Anthonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itſelf;
But life itſelf, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd above thy life:
I would loſe all, ay, ſacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
*Por.* Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by to hear you make the offer.
*Gra.* I have a wife, whom, I proteſt I love;
I would ſhe were in heaven, ſo ſhe could
Intreat ſome power to change this curriſh Jew.
*Ner.* 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wiſh would make elſe an unquiet houſe.
*Shy.* Theſe be the Chriſtian huſbands: I have a daughter;
Would, any of the ſtock of Barrabas [6]
Had been her huſband, rather than a Chriſtian! [*aſide.*
We triſle time; I pray thee, purſue ſentence.
*Por.* A pound of that ſame merchant's fleſh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
*Shy.* Moſt rightful judge!
*Por.* And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
*Shy.* Moſt learned judge!—A ſentence; come, prepare.
*Por.* Tarry a little;—there is ſomething elſe.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expreſsly are, a pound of fleſh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of Chriſtian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiſcate
Unto the ſtate of Venice.
*Gra.* O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—O learned judge!
*Shy.* Is that the law?
*Por.* Thyſelf ſhall ſee the act:

[6] — *the ſtock of* Barrabas] The name of this robber is differently ſpelt as well as accented in the *New Teſtament*; [Μὴ τοῦτον, ἀλλὰ τὸν Βαραββᾶν. ἦν δὲ ὁ Βαραββᾶς λῃστής;] but Shakſpeare ſeems to have followed the pronunciation uſual to the theatre, *Barabbas* being ſounded Barabas throughout Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*. Our poet might otherwiſe have written

"Would any of Barabbas' ſtock had been
"Her huſband, rather than a chriſtian!" STEEVENS.

For,

For, as thou urgeſt juſtice, be aſſur'd,
Thou ſhalt have juſtice, more than thou deſir'ſt.
*Gra.* O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!
*Shy.* I take this offer then [7];—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Chriſtian go.
*Baſſ.* Here is the money.
*Por.* Soft;
The Jew ſhall have all juſtice;—ſoft!—no haſte;
He ſhall have nothing but the penalty.
*Gra.* O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
*Por.* Therefore prepare thee to cut off the fleſh [8].
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou leſs, nor more,
But juſt a pound of fleſh: if thou tak'ſt more,
Or leſs, than a juſt pound,—be it but ſo much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the ſubſtance,
Or the diviſion of the twentieth part
Of one poor ſcruple; nay, if the ſcale do turn
But in the eſtimation of a hair,—
Thou dieſt, and all thy goods are confiſcate.
*Gra.* A ſecond Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
*Por.* Why doth the Jew pauſe? take the forfeiture
*Shy.* Give me my principal, and let me go.
*Baſſ.* I have it ready for thee; here it is.
*Por.* He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He ſhall have merely juſtice, and his bond.
*Gra.* A Daniel, ſtill ſay I: a ſecond Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

7 *I take this* offer *then*;] Perhaps we ſhould read—*his*, i. e. Baſſanio's, who offers *twice* the ſum, &c. STEEVENS.

He means, I think, to ſay, "I take *this* offer that has been made me." Baſſanio had offered at firſt but *twice* the ſum, but Portia had gone further—"Shylock, there's *thrice* thy money" &c. The Jew naturally inſiſts on the larger ſum. MALONE.

8 *Therefore prepare thee to cut off the fleſh*] This judgment is related by *Gratian*, the celebrated Spaniſh jeſuit, in his *Heroe*, with a reflection at the concluſion of it "—Compite con la del Salomon la promptitud de aquel gran Turco. Pretendia un Judio cortar una onza de carne a un Chriſtiano, pena ſobre uſura. Inſiſtia en ello con igual terqueria a ſu Principe, que perfidia a ſu Dios. Mando el gran juez traer peſo, y cuchillo; conminole el deguello ſi cortava mas ni menos. *Y fue dar agudo corte a la lid, y al mundo milagro del ingenio.*" El Heroe de Lorenzo Gracian. Primor. 3.

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus V.* has a ſimilar ſtory. The papacy of Sixtus began in 1583. He died Aug 29, 1590. The reader will find an extract from *Farnworth's Tranſlation*, at the concluſion of the play. STEEVENS.

*Shy.*

*Shy.* Shall I not have barely my principal?
*Por.* Thou ſhalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be ſo taken at thy peril, Jew.
*Shy.* Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll ſtay no longer queſtion.
*Por.* Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be prov'd againſt an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He ſeek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainſt the which he doth contrive,
Shall ſeize on half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the ſtate;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainſt all other voice.
In which predicament, I ſay, thou ſtand'ſt:
For it appears by manifeſt proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou haſt contriv'd againſt the very life
Of the defendant; and thou haſt incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
*Gra.* Beg, that thou may'ſt have leave to hang thyſelf;
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the ſtate,
Thou haſt not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou muſt be hang'd at the ſtate's charge.
*Duke.* That thou ſhalt ſee the difference of our ſpirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aſk it:
For half thy wealth, it is Anthonio's;
The other half comes to the general ſtate,
Which humbleneſs may drive unto a fine.
*Por.* Ay, for the ſtate; not for Anthonio *.
*Shy.* Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my houſe, when you do take the prop
That doth ſuſtain my houſe; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
*Por.* What mercy can you render him, Anthonio?
*Gra.* A halter gratis; nothing elſe, for God's ſake.
*Ant.* So pleaſe my lord the duke, and all the court,

* *Ay, for the ſtate*, &c.] That is, the ſtate's moiety may be commuted for a fine, but not Anthonio's. MALONE.

To

To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content [9], ſo he will let me have
The other half in uſe,—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately ſtole his daughter:
Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,
He preſently become a Chriſtian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies poſſeſs'd,
Unto his ſon Lorenzo, and his daughter.

*Duke.* He ſhall do this; or elſe I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

*Por.* Art thou contented, Jew? what doſt thou ſay?

*Shy.* I am content.

*Por.* Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

*Shy.* I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; ſend the deed after me,
And I will ſign it.

*Duke.* Get thee gone, but do it.

*Gra.* In chriſtening thou ſhalt have two god fathers;
Had I been judge, thou ſhould'ſt have had ten more [1],
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit* SHY.

*Duke.* Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner.

*Por.* I humbly do deſire your grace of pardon [2];

I muſt

9 *I am content*, &c.] The terms propoſed have been miſunderſtood. Anthonio declares, that as the duke qui s one half of the forfeiture, he is likewiſe content to abate his claim, and deſires not the property but the *uſe* or produce only of the half, and that only for the Jew's life; unleſs we read, as perhaps is right, *upon* my *death*. JOHNSON.

The learned commentator is, I think, not quite exact in the *firſt* part of his note. The Duke has already ſaid that perhaps he may give up the moiety due to the ſtate, and compound with the Jew by taking only a *fine* for it. Anthonio now declares that if the Duke will go farther, and give up the *fine* alſo, he is likewiſe content to abate his claim, and to have only the *uſe* of the moiety allotted to him, during the life of Shylock. MALONE.

1 — *thou ſhouldſt have had* ten *more*,] i. e. a jury of *twelve* men, to condemn thee to be hanged. THEOBALD.

This appears to have been an old joke. So, in *A Dialogue both pleaſaunt and pietifull*, &c. by Dr. William Bulleyne, 1564, (which has been quoted in a former page,) one of the ſpeakers, to ſhew his mean opinion of an oſtler at an inn, ſays, "I did ſee him aſke bleſſinge to xii godfathers at ones." MALONE.

2 — *grace of pardon*;] Thus the old copies: the modern editors read—leſs harſhly, but without authority,—*your* grace's *pardon*. The ſame kind of expreſſion occurs in *Othello*: "*I humbly do beſeech you* of *your*

I muſt away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet, I preſently ſet forth.

*Duke.* I am ſorry, that your leiſure ſerves you not.
Anthonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt* Duke, *Magnificoes, and Train.*

*Baſſ.* Moſt worthy gentleman, I, and my friend,
Have by your wiſdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thouſand ducats, due unto the Jew.
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

*Ant.* And ſtand indebted, over and above,
In love and ſervice to you evermore.

*Por.* He is well paid, that is well ſatisfy'd;
And I, delivering you, am ſatisfy'd,
And therein do account myſelf well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wiſh you well, and ſo I take my leave.

*Baſſ.* Dear ſir, of force I muſt attempt you further;
Take ſome remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

*Por.* You preſs me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your ſake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love ſhall not deny me this.

*Baſſ.* This ring, good ſir,—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not ſhame myſelf to give you this.

*Por.* I will have nothing elſe but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

*Baſſ.* There's more depends on this, than on the value.
The deareſt ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

*Por.* I ſee, ſir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me firſt to beg; and now, methinks,

*your pardon*" In the notes to *As you like it*, and the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, I have given repeated inſtances of this phraſeology. STEEVENS.

*Your* grace's *pardon* was found in a copy of no authority, the quarto of 1637. MALONE.

You

You teach me how a beggar ſhould be anſwer'd.

*Baſſ.* Good ſir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vow,
That I ſhould neither ſell, nor give, nor loſe it.

*Por.* That 'ſcuſe ſerves many men to ſave their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deſerv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exeunt* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

*Ant.* My lord Baſſanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deſervings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainſt your wife's commandement.

*Baſſ.* Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canſt,
Unto Anthonio's houſe:—away, make haſte. [*Exit* GRA.
Come, you and I will thither preſently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Anthonio. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The ſame. A Street.*

*Enter* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

*Por.* Enquire the Jew's houſe out, give him this deed,
And let him ſign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our huſbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

*Enter* GRATIANO.

*Gra.* Fair ſir, you are well overtaken:
My lord Baſſanio, upon more advice [3],

[3] — *upon more* advice,] i. e. more *reflection.* STEEVENS.

Hath

Hath ſent you here this ring; and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.
*Por.* That cannot be:
This ring I do accept moſt thankfully,
And ſo, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you, ſhew my youth old Shylock's houſe.
*Gra.* That will I do.
*Ner.* Sir, I would ſpeak with you:—
I'll ſee if I can get my huſband's ring. [*to* PORTIA.
Which I did make him ſwear to keep for ever.
*Por.* Thou may'ſt, I warrant: We ſhall have old ſwearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll out-face them, and out-ſwear them too.
Away, make haſte; thou know'ſt where I will tarry.
*Ner.* Come, good ſir, will you ſhew me to this houſe?
*Exeunt.*

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## ACT V. SCENE I.

Belmont. *Avenue to* Portia's *Houſe.*

*Enter* LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

*Lor.* The moon ſhines bright:—In ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet wind did gently kiſs the trees,
And they did make no noiſe: in ſuch a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls [4],
And

4 *Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,*] This image is from Chaucer's *Troilus and Creſſeide*, 5 B. 666 and 1142:
" Upon the *walkis* faſt eke would he walke,
" And on the Grekis hoſt he would yſe &c.

" The

And ſigh'd his ſoul towárd the Grecian tents,
Where Creſſid lay that night.
*Jeſ.* In ſuch a night,
Did Thiſbe * fearfully o'er-trip the dew;
And ſaw the lion's ſhadow ere himſelf,**
And ran diſmay'd away.
*Lor.* In ſuch a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand [5]

Upon

" The daie goth faſt, and after that came eve,
" And yet came not to Troilus Creſſeide,
" He lokith forth, by hedge, by tre, by greve,
" And ferre his heade *ovir the walle* he leide, &c."

Again, *ibid:*

" And up and doune by weſt and eke by eſt,
" *Upon the wallis* made he many a went." STEEVENS.

* *In ſuch a night did Thiſbe*, &c.] In Wily Beguil'd, a comedy, printed in 1606, we find the following lines:

" See how the twinkling ſtars do hide their borrow'd ſhine.—
" In ſuch a night did Paris win his love.
" *Lelia.* In ſuch a night Æneas prov'd unkind,
" *Sophos.* In ſuch a night did Troilus court his dear.
" *Lelia.* In ſuch a night fair Phillis was betraid"

Mr. Whalley has made the ſame obſervation.—*Wily Beguil'd* was written before 1596, being mentioned by Naſhe in one of his pamphlets publiſhed in that year. MALONE.

** *And ſaw the lion's ſhadow ere himſelf,*] Thiſbe may be ſuppoſed to have ſeen the lion's ſhadow by moon-light in the water of the fountain near the tomb of Ninus. Our poet probably had recently read in Chaucer's *Legend of Good Women* THISBE OF BABYLONE. MALONE.

5 *In ſuch a night,*
*Stood Dido with a willow in her hand*] This paſſage contains a ſmall inſtance out of many that might be brought to prove that Shakſpeare was no reader of the claſſicks. STEEVENS.

For the willow the poet muſt anſwer, but I believe that he here recollected Chaucer's deſcription of Ariadne in a ſimilar ſituation:

" Alas (quod ſhe) that ever I was wrought!
" I am betrayed, and her heere to rent,
" And *to the ſtronde* barefote faſt ſhe went,
" And cried; Theſeus, mine hert ſwete,
" Where be ye, that I may nat with you mete;
" And might thus with beeſtes bin yſlaine.
" The halow rockes anſwerde her againe.
" No man ſhe ſaw, and yet ſhone the moone —
" She cried, *O turne againe*, for routhe and ſinne;
" Thy barge hath not all his meine in.
" *Her kerchefe on a pole ſticked ſhe*,
" Aſcaunce he ſhould it well yſee,
" And him remember that ſhe was behind,
" And turne againe, and on the ſtronde her find."

*Legend of good Women*, p. 194. b. MALONE.

Mr.

Upon the wild ſea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.
*Jeſ.* In ſuch a nigh[6],
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æſon.
*Lor.* In ſuch a night,
Did Jeſſica ſteal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.
*Jeſ.* In ſuch a night, did
Young Lorenzo ſwear * he lov'd her well;
Stealing her ſoul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
*Lor.* In ſuch a night, did
Pretty Jeſſica, like a little ſhrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
*Jeſ.* I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

*Enter a* Servant.

*Lor.* Who comes ſo faſt in ſilence of the night?
*Serv.* A friend.
*Lor.* A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
*Serv.* Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My miſtreſs will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: ſhe doth ſtray about

Mr. Warton ſuggeſts in his *Hiſt. of Eng. Poetry*, that Shakſpeare might have taken this image from ſome ballad on the ſubject.
MALONE.

6 *In ſuch a night*, &c.] So, Gower, ſpeaking of Medea:
" Thus it befell upon a night
" Whann there was nought but ſterre light,
" She was vaniſhed right as hir liſt,
" That no wight but herſelf wiſt:
" And that was at midnight tide,
" The world was ſtill on every ſide, &c.
*Confeſſio Amantis*, 1554. STEEVENS.

* —*ſwear*] is here, as in many other places, a diſſyllable.
MALONE.

By

By holy croſſes [7], where ſhe kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
*Lor.* Who comes with her?
*Serv.* None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my maſter yet return'd?
*Lor.* He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jeſſica,
And ceremoniouſly let us prepare
Some welcome for the miſtreſs of the houſe.

*Enter* Launcelot.

*Laun.* Sola, ſola, wo ha, ho, ſola, ſola!
*Lor.* Who calls?
*Laun.* Sola! did you ſee maſter Lorenzo, and miſtreſs Lorenzo? ſola, ſola!
*Lor.* Leave hollaing, man; here.
*Laun.* Sola! where? where?
*Lor.* Here
*Laun.* Tell him, there's a poſt come from my maſter, with his horn full of good news; my maſter will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*
*Lor.* Sweet ſoul, [8] let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter;—Why ſhould we go in?
My friend Stephano, ſignify, I pray you,
Within the houſe, your miſtreſs is at hand;
And bring your muſick forth into the air.— [*Exit* Serv.
How ſweet the moon-light ſleeps upon this bank!
Here will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſick

7 *By holy croſſes,*] So, in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:
" But there are *Croſſes*, wife; here's one in Waltham,
" Another at the Abbey, and the third
" At Ceſton; and 'tis ominous to paſs
" Any of theſe without a Pater-noſter."
and this is a reaſon aſſigned for the delay of a wedding. STEEVENS.

8 *Sweet ſoul,* &c.] Theſe words in the old copies are placed at the end of Launcelot's ſpeech. Mr. Rowe firſt made the preſent regulation, which appears to me to be right. Inſtead of *ſoul* he reads—*love*, the latter word having been capriciouſly ſubſtituted in the place of the former by the editor of the ſecond folio, who introduced a large portion of the corruptions which for a long time diſfigured the modern editions. That judicious commentator Mr. Tyrwhitt likewiſe approves of the regulation that is here adopted. MALONE.

Creep

Creep in our ears; ſoft ſtillneſs, and the night,
Become the touches of ſweet harmony.
Sit, Jeſſica; Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlay'd with patines of bright gold [9];
There's not the ſmalleſt orb, which thou behold'ſt,
But in his motion like an angel ſings,
Still quiring to the young ey'd cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal ſouls [1];

9 — *with* patines *of bright gold*;] A *patine*, from *patina*, Lat. is the ſmall flat diſh or plate uſed with the chalice, in the adminiſtration of the euchariſt. In the time of Popery, and probably in the following age, it was commonly made of gold. MALONE.

1 *Such harmony is in immortal* ſouls, &c.] This paſſage having been much miſunderſtood, it may be proper to add a ſhort explanation of it.

"*Such harmony* &c." is not an exclamation ariſing from the foregoing line—"So great is the harmony!" but an illuſtration:—"Of the *ſame kind* is the harmony."—The whole runs thus:

*There is not one of the heavenly orbs but ſings as it moves, ſtill quiring to the cherubin. Similar to the harmony they make, is that of immortal ſouls*; or, (in other words) *each of us have as perfect harmony in our ſouls as the harmony of the ſpheres, inaſmuch as we have the quality of being moved by ſweet ſounds* (as he expreſſes it afterwards); *but our groſs terreſtrial part, which environs us, deadens the ſound, and prevents our hearing it.—It*, [Doth groſsly cloſe *it* in,] I apprehend, refers to *harmony*. This is the reading of the firſt quarto printed by Heyes; the quarto printed by Roberts and the folio read—cloſe *in it*.

It may be objected that this *internal* harmony is not an object of ſenſe, cannot be heard;—but Shakſpeare is not always exact in his language: he confounds it with that external and artificial harmony which *is* capable of being heard.—Dr. Warburton (who appears to have entirely miſunderſtood this paſſage,) for *ſouls* read *ſounds*.

This hath been imitated by Milton in his *Arcades*:

"Such ſweet compulſion doth in muſick lie,
"To lull the daughters of neceſſity,
"And keep unſteady nature in her law,
"And the low world in meaſur'd motion draw
"After *the heavenly tune, which none can hear*
"*Of human mould, with groſs unpurged ear.*" MALONE.

The old reading, "in immortal *ſouls*," is certainly right, and the whole line may be well explained by Hooker, in his *Eccleſiaſtical Polity*, B. V. "Touching muſical harmony whether by inſtrument or by voice, it being but high and low in ſounds in a due proportionable diſpoſition, ſuch notwithſtanding is the force thereof, and ſo pleaſing effects it hath in that very part of man which is moſt divine, that ſome have been thereby induced to think that the ſoul itſelf, by nature, is or hath in it harmony." For this quotation I am indebted to Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

The fifth book of the *E. P.* was publiſhed ſingly, in 1597. MALONE.

But, whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſly cloſe it in, we cannot hear it.—

*Enter* Muſicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn [2];
With ſweeteſt touches pierce your miſtreſs' ear,
And draw her home with muſick [3]. [*Muſick.*

*Jeſ.* I am never merry, when I hear ſweet muſick.

*Lor.* The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood?
If they but hear perchance a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſick touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand,*
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of muſick: Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, ſtones, and floods;
Since nought ſo ſtockiſh, hard, and full of rage,
But muſick for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no muſick in himſelf,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,

[2] — *wake Diana with a hymn*;] Diana is the moon, who is in the next ſcene repreſented as ſleeping. JOHNSON.

[3] *And* draw *her* home with muſick.] Shakſpeare, I believe, was here thinking of the cuſtom of accompanying the laſt waggon-load, at the end of harveſt, with ruſtick muſick. He again alludes to this yet common practice, in *As you like it*. MALONE.

* — *do but note a wild and wanton herd,*
*Or race of youthful and* unhandled colts,
*Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,*
*Which is the hot condition of their blood*;
*If they but hear perchance a trumpet ſound,*
*Or any air of muſick touch their ears,*
*You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand*, &c.] We find the ſame thought in *The Tempeſt*:

" ——— Then I beat my tabor,
" At which, like *unback'd colts*, they prick'd their ears,
" Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noſes,
" *As they ſmelt muſick*." MALONE.

And

And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no ſuch man be truſted.—Mark the muſick.

*Enter* PORTIA *and* NERISSA, *at a diſtance.*

*Por.* That light we ſee, is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.
*Ner.* When the moon ſhone, we did not ſee the candle.
*Por.* So doth the greater glory dim the leſs:
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his ſtate
Empties itſelf, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Muſick! hark!
*Ner.* It is your muſick, madam, of the houſe.
*Por.* Nothing is good, I ſee, without reſpect [4];
Methinks, it ſounds much ſweeter than by day.
*Ner.* Silence beſtows that virtue on it, madam.
*Por.* The crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale [5], if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,
When every gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a muſician than the wren.
How many things by ſeaſon ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe, and true perfection!—
Peace, hoa! the moon ſleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd [6]. [*Muſick ceaſes.*
*Lor.*

4 — *without reſpect*;] Not abſolutely good, but relatively good as it is modified by circumſtances. JOHNSON

5 *The nightingale*, &c.] So, in our author's 102d Sonnet:

" Our love was new, and then but in the ſpring,
" When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
" As *Philomel* in ſummer's front doth ſing,
" And ſtops his pipe in growth of riper days;
" Not that the ſummer is leſs pleaſant now,
" Than when her mournful hymns did huſh the night;
" *But that wild muſick burdens every bough,*
" *And ſweets grown common loſe their dear delight.*"

MALONE.

6 *Peace*, hoa! *the moon ſleeps with Endymion,*
*And would not be awak'd.*] The old copies read—Peace *how* &c. For the emendation now made the preſent editor is anſwerable. The oddneſs

*Lor.* That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia
*Por.* He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.
*Lor.* Dear lady, welcome home.
*Por.* We have been praying for our huſbands' welfare,
Which ſpeed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
*Lor.* Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a meſſenger before,
To ſignify their coming.
*Por.* Go in, Neriſſa,
Give order to my ſervants, that they take
No note at all of our being abſent hence:—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jeſſica, nor you. [*Trumpet ſounds.*
*Lor.* Your huſband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam: fear you not.
*Por.* This night, methinks, is but the day light ſick,
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the ſun is hid.

*Enter* BASSANIO, ANTHONIO, GRATIANO, *and their followers.*

*Baſſ.* We ſhould hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in abſence of the ſun [7].

oddneſs of the phraſe, "*How* the moon would not be awak'd!" firſt made me ſuſpect the paſſage to be corrupt; and the following lines in *Romeo and Juliet* ſuggeſted the emendation, and appear to me to put it beyond a doubt:

"*Peace, hoa*, for ſhame! confuſion's cure lives not
"In theſe confuſions."

Again, in *As you like it*, Act I. "*Peace, hoa!* I bar confuſion."
Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:* "*Hoa!* peace be in this place!"
Again, ibid: "*Peace, hoa*, be here!"

In *Antony and Cleopatra* the ſame miſtake, I think, has happened. In the paſſage before us, as exhibited in the old copies, there is not a note of admiration after the word *awak'd*. Portia firſt enjoins the muſick to ceaſe, "Peace, hoa!" and then ſubjoins the reaſon for her injunction; "The moon &c."

Mr. Tyrwhitt ſeems to be of opinion that the interjection *He* was formerly uſed to command a ceſſation of noiſe, as well as of fighting. See *Cant. Tales* of Chaucer, Vol. IV. p. 230. MALONE.

7 *We ſhould hold day* &c.] If you would always walk in the night, it would be day with us, as it now is on the other ſide of the globe. MALONE.

*Por.* Let me give light [8], but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me;
But, God sort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

*Bass.* I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend.—
This is the man, this is Anthonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

*Por.* You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

*Ant.* No more than I am well acquitted of.

*Por.* Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy [9].

[GRATIANO *and* NERISSA *seem to talk apart.*

*Gra.* By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

*Por.* A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?

*Gra.* About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose posy was
For all the world, like cutler's poetry [1]
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

*Ner.* What talk you of the posy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective [2], and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that had it.

[8] *Let me give light*, &c.] There is scarcely any word with which Shakspeare so much delights to trifle as with *light*, in its various significations. JOHNSON.

Most of the odd dramatick writers are guilty of the same quibble. STEEVENS.

9 — *this* breathing *courtesy.*] This verbal complimentary form, made up only of *breath*, i. e. words. So, in *Timon of Athens*, a senator replies to Alcibiades, who had made a long speech,—"You *breathe* in vain." MALONE.

[1] — *like cutler's poetry*] Knives were formerly inscribed by means of *aqua fortis* with short sentences in distich. Sir J. HAWKINS.

[2] — *have been* respective,] *Respective* has the same meaning as *respectful*. See *K. John*, Act. I. STEEVENS.

Chapman, Marston, and other poets of that time, use this word in the same sense. MALONE.

*Gra.*

*Gra.* He will, an if he live to be a man.
*Ner.* Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
*Gra.* Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little ſcrubbed boy[3],
No higher than thyſelf, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.
*Por.* You were to blame, I muſt be plain with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wife's firſt gift;
A thing ſtuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And ſo riveted with faith unto your fleſh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him ſwear
Never to part with it; and here he ſtands;
I dare be ſworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world maſters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cauſe of grief;
An 'twere to me, I ſhould be mad at it.
*Baſſ.* Why, I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
And ſwear, I loſt the ring defending it. [*aſide.*
*Gra.* My lord Baſſanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deſerv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took ſome pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man, nor maſter, would take aught
But the two rings.
*Por.* What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.
*Baſſ.* If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you ſee, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.
*Por.* Even ſo void is your falſe heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I ſee the ring.
*Ner.* Nor I in yours,
Till I again ſee mine.
*Baſſ.* Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,

[3] — *a little* ſcrubbed *boy*,] I believe *ſcrubbed* and *ſtubbed* have a like meaning, and ſignify *ſtunted*, or *ſhrub-like*. STEEVENS.
*Scrubbed* perhaps meant *dirty*, as well as *ſhort*. Cole, in his Dictionary, 1679, renders it by the Latin word *ſqualidus*. MALONE.

And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure.
*Por.* If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthineſs that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring [4],
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there ſo much unreaſonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modeſty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony [5]?
Neriſſa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but ſome woman had the ring.
*Baſſ.* No, by my honour, madam, by my ſoul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuſe three thouſand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And ſuffer'd him to go diſpleas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What ſhould I ſay, ſweet lady?
I was enforc'd to ſend it after him;

4 — *to* contain *the ring*,] Mr. Pope and the other modern editors read—to *retain*, but *contain* might in our author's time have had nearly the ſame meaning. The word has been already employed in this ſenſe:

" Cannot *contain* their urine for affection."

So alſo in Montaigne's *Eſſaies*, tranſlated by Florio, 1603, B II. c. iii. " Why doſt thou complaine againſt this world? It doth not *containe* thee: if thou liveſt in paine and ſorrow, thy baſe courage is the cauſe of it; to die there wanteth but will." Again, in Bacon's *Eſſaies*, 4to. 1625, p 327: " To *containe* anger from miſchiefe, though it take hold of a man, there be two things." MALONE.

5 *What man—wanted the modeſty*
*To urge the thing held as a ceremony?*] This is a very licentious expreſſion. The ſenſe is, *What man could have ſo little modeſty* or *wanted modeſty ſo much*, as to urge the demand of a thing kept on account of ſome ſort religious. JOHNSON.

Thus Calphurnia ſays to Julius Cæſar:

" Cæſar, I never ſtood on *ceremonies*." STEEVENS.

6 — *candles of the night*,] We have again the ſame expreſſion in one of our author's Sonnets, in *Macbeth*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. It likewiſe occurs in *Diella, Ckrtaine Sonnets adjeyned to the amorous poeme of Dom Diego and Ginevra*, by R. L. 1596:

" He who can count the *candles of the ſkie*,
" Reckon the ſands whereon Pactolus flows, &c. MALONE.

I was beſet with ſhame and courteſy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much beſmear it: Pardon me, good lady;
For, by theſe bleſſed candles of the night [6],
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

*Por.* Let not that doctor e'er come near my houſe:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did ſwear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my huſband's bed:
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bed-fellow.

*Ner.* And I his clerk; therefore be well adviſ'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

*Gra.* Well, do you ſo: let not me take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

*Ant.* I am the unhappy ſubject of theſe quarrels.

*Por.* Sir, grieve not you; You are welcome notwithſtanding.

*Baſſ.* Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of theſe many friends,
I ſwear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I ſee myſelf,—

*Por.* Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly ſees himſelf:
In each eye, one:—ſwear by your double ſelf [7],
And there's an oath of credit.

*Baſſ.* Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my ſoul I ſwear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

*Ant.* I once did lend my body for his wealth [8];
Which, but for him that had your huſband's ring,
Had quite miſcarry'd: I dare be bound again,

7 — *ſwear by your* double *ſelf*,] *Double* is here uſed in a bad ſenſe for—*full of duplicity*. MALONE.

8 — *for his wealth*;] For his advantage; to obtain his happineſs. *Wealth* was, at that time, the term oppoſite to *adverſity*, or *calamity*. JOHNSON.

My ſoul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith adviſedly.
*Por.* Then you ſhall be his ſurety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.
*Ant.* Here, lord Baſſanio; ſwear to keep this ring.
*Baſſ.* By heaven, it is the ſame I gave the doctor!
*Por.* I had it of him: pardon me, Baſſanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.
*Ner.* And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, laſt night did lie with me.
*Gra.* Why, this is like the mending of highways
In ſummer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deſerv'd it?
*Por.* Speak not ſo groſsly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leiſure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you ſhall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Neriſſa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witneſs, I ſet forth as ſoon as you,
And but even now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my houſe.—Anthonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in ſtore for you,
Than you expect: unſeal this letter ſoon;
There you ſhall find, three of your argoſies
Are richly come to harbour ſuddenly:
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chanced on this letter.
*Ant.* I am dumb.
*Baſſ.* Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?
*Gra.* Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?
*Ner.* Ay; but the clerk, that never means to do it,
Unleſs he live until he be a man.
*Baſſ.* Sweet doctor, you ſhall be my bedfellow:
When I am abſent, then lie with my wife.
*Ant.* Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ſhips
Are ſafely come to road.
*Por.* How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath ſome good comforts too for you.
*Ner.* Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you, and Jeſſica,
From the rich Jew, a ſpecial deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies poſſeſs'd of.
*Lor.* Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of ſtarved people.

*Por.*

*Por.* It is almoſt morning,
And yet, I am ſure, you are not ſatisfy'd
Of theſe events in full: Let us go in;
And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will anſwer all things faithfully.

*Gra.* Let it be ſo: The firſt intergatory,
That my Neriſſa ſhall be ſworn on, is,
Whether till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay;
Or go to bed now, being two hours to-day:
But were the day come, I ſhould wiſh it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So ſore, as keeping ſafe Neriſſa's ring[9]. [*Exeunt.*

9 It has been lately diſcovered, that this fable is taken from a ſtory in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, a noveliſt, who wrote in 1378. [The firſt novel of the fourth day.] The ſtory has been publiſhed in Engliſh, and I have epitomized the tranſlation. The tranſlator is of opinion, that the choice of the caſkets is borrowed from a tale of *Boccace*, [the firſt novel of the tenth day,] which I have likewiſe abridged, though I believe that Shakſpeare muſt have had ſome other novel in view.* JOHNSON.

THERE lived at Florence, a merchant whoſe name was Bindo. He was rich, and had three ſons. Being near his end, he called for the two eldeſt, and left them heirs: to the youngeſt he left nothing. This youngeſt, whoſe name was Gianetto, went to his father, and ſaid, what has my father done? The father replied, Dear Gianetto, there is none to whom I wiſh better than to you. Go to Venice to your godfather, whoſe name is Anſaldo: he has no child, and has wrote to me often to ſend you thither to him. He is the richeſt merchant amongſt the Chriſtians: if you behave well, you will be certainly a rich man. The ſon anſwered, I am ready to do whatever my dear father ſhall command; upon which he gave him his benediction, and in a few days died.

Gianetto went to Anſaldo, and preſented the letter given by the father before his death. Anſaldo reading the letter, cried out, My deareſt godſon i welcome to my arms. He then aſked news of his father. Gianetto replied, He is dead. I am much grieved, replied Anſaldo, to hear of the death of Bindo; but the joy I feel, in ſeeing you, mitigates my ſorrow. He conducted him to his houſe, and gave orders to his ſervants, that Gianetto ſhould be obeyed, and ſerved with more attention than had been paid to himſelf. He then delivered him the keys of his ready money; and told him, Son, ſpend this money, keep

* See Dr. Farmer's note at the beginning of this play, from which it appears that Dr. Johnſon was right in this conjecture. MALONE.

a table,

a table, and make yourſelf known: remember, that the more you gain the good will of every body, the more you will be dear to me.

Giannetto now began to give entertainments. He was more obedient and courteous to Anſaldo, than if he had been an hundred times his father. Every body in Venice was fond of him. Anſaldo could think of nothing but him; ſo much was he pleaſed with his good manners and behaviour.

It happened, that two of his moſt intimate acquaintance deſigned to go with two ſhips to Alexandria, and told Giannetto, he would do well to take a voyage and ſee the world. I would go willingly, ſaid he, if my father Anſaldo will give leave. His companions go to Anſaldo, and beg his permiſſion for Giannetto to go in the ſpring with them to Alexandria; and deſire him to provide him a ſhip. Anſaldo immediately procured a very fine ſhip, loaded it with merchandize, adorned it with ſtreamers, and furniſhed it with arms; and, as ſoon as it was ready, he gave orders to the captain and ſailors to do every thing that Giannetto commanded. It happened one morning early, that Giannetto ſaw a gulph, with a fine port, and aſked the captain how the port was called. He replied, That place belongs to a widow lady, who has ruined many gentlemen. In what manner? ſays Giannetto. He anſwered, This lady is a fine and beautiful woman, and has made a law, that whoever arrives here is obliged to go to bed with her, and if he can have the enjoyment of her, he muſt take her for his wife, and be lord of all the country; but if he cannot enjoy her, he loſes every thing he has brought with him. Giannetto, after a little reflection, tells the captain to get into the port. He was obeyed; and in an inſtant they ſlide into the port ſo eaſily that the other ſhips perceived nothing.

The lady was ſoon informed of it, and ſent for Giannetto, who waited on her immediately. She, taking him by the hand, aſked him, who he was? whence he came? and if he knew the cuſtom of the country? He anſwered, That the knowledge of that cuſtom was his only reaſon for coming. The lady paid him great honours, and ſent for barons, counts, and knights in great numbers, who were her ſubjects, to keep Giannetto company. Theſe nobles were highly delighted with the good breeding and manners of Giannetto; and all would have rejoiced to have him for their lord.

The night being come, the lady ſaid, it ſeems to be time to go to bed. Giannetto told the lady, he was entirely devoted to her ſervice; and immediately two damſels enter with wine and ſweetmeats. The lady intreats him to taſte the wine: he takes the ſweetmeats, and drinks ſome of the wine, which was prepared with ingredients to cauſe ſleep. He then goes into the bed, where he inſtantly falls aſleep, and never wakes till late in the morning, but the lady roſe with the ſun, and gave orders to unload the veſſel, which ſhe found full of rich merchandize. After nine o'clock the women ſervants go to the bed-ſide, order Giannetto to riſe and be gone, for he had loſt the ſhip. The lady gave him a horſe and money, and he leaves the place very melancholy, and goes to Venice. When he arrives, he dares not return home for ſhame: but at night goes to the houſe of a friend, who is ſurpriſed to ſee him, and inquires of him the cauſe of his return: He anſwers, his ſhip had ſtruck on a rock in the night, and was broke in pieces.

This friend, going one day to make a viſit to Anſaldo, found him very diſconſolate. I fear, ſays Anſaldo, ſo much, that this ſon of mine is dead, that I have no reſt. His friend told him, that he had been ſhipwreck'd, and had loſt his all, but that he himſelf was ſafe. Anſaldo inſtantly

inſtantly gets up, and runs to find him. My dear ſon, ſaid he, you need not fear my diſpleaſure; it is a common accident; trouble yourſelf no further. He takes him home, all the way telling him to be chearful and eaſy.

The news was ſoon known all over Venice, and every one was concerned for Giannetto. Some time after, his companions arriving from Alexandria very rich, demanded what was become of their friend, and having heard the ſtory, ran to ſee him, and rejoiced with him for his ſafety; telling him that next ſpring he might gain as much as he had loſt the laſt. But Giannetto had no other thoughts than of his return to the lady; and was reſolved to marry her, or die. Anſaldo told him frequently, not to be caſt down. Giannetto ſaid, he ſhould never be happy, till he was at liberty to make another voyage. Anſaldo provided another ſhip of more value than the firſt. He again entered the port of Belmonte, and the lady looking on the port from her bed-chamber, and ſeeing the ſhip, aſked her maid, if ſhe knew the ſtreamers; the maid ſaid, it was the ſhip of the young man who arrived the laſt year. You are in the right, anſwered the lady; he muſt ſurely have a great regard for me, for never any one came a ſecond time: the maid ſaid, ſhe had never ſeen a more agreeable man. He went to the caſtle, and preſented himſelf to the lady; who, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, embraced him, and the day was paſſed in joy and revels. Bed-time being come, the lady entreated him to go to reſt: when they were ſeated in the chamber, the two damſels enter with wine and ſweet-meats; and having eat and drank of them, they go to bed, and immediately Giannetto falls aſleep: the lady undreſſed, and lay down by his ſide; but he waked not the whole night. In the morning, the lady riſes, and gives orders to ſtrip the ſhip. He has a horſe and money given to him, and away he goes, and never ſtops till he gets to Venice; and at night goes to the ſame friend, who with aſtoniſhment aſked him, what was the matter: I am undone, ſays Giannetto. His friend anſwered, You are the cauſe of the ruin of Anſaldo, and your ſhame ought to be greater than the loſs you have ſuffered. Giannetto lived privately many days. At laſt he took the reſolution of ſeeing Anſaldo, who roſe from his chair, and running to embrace him, told him he was welcome; Giannetto with tears returned his embraces. Anſaldo heard his tale: Do not grieve, my dear ſon, ſays he, we have ſtill enough: the ſea enriches ſome men, others it ruins.

Poor Giannetto's head was day and night full of the thoughts of his bad ſucceſs. When Anſaldo enquired what was the matter, he confeſſed, he could never be contented till he ſhould be in a condition to regain all that he loſt. When Anſaldo found him reſolved, he began to ſell every thing he had, to furniſh this other fine ſhip with merchandize: but, as he wanted ſtill ten thouſand ducats, he applied himſelf to a Jew at Meſtri, and borrowed them on condition, that if they were not paid on the feaſt of St. John in the next month of June, that the Jew might take a pound of fleſh from any part of his body he pleaſed. Anſaldo agreed, and the Jew had an obligation drawn, and witneſſed, with all the form and ceremony neceſſary; and then counted him the ten thouſand ducats of gold, with which Anſaldo bought what was ſtill wanting for the veſſel. This laſt ſhip was finer and better freighted than the other two; and his companions made ready for their voyage, with a deſign that whatever they gained ſhould be for their friend. When it was time to depart, Anſaldo told Giannetto, that ſince he well knew the obligation to the Jew, he entreated, that if any misfortune happened,

happened, he would return to Venice, that he might ſee him before he died; and then he could leave the world with ſatisfaction: Giannetto promiſed to do every thing that he conceived might give him pleaſure. Anſaldo gave him his bleſſing, they took their leave, and the ſhips ſet out

Giannetto had nothing in his head but to ſteal into Belmonte; and he prevailed with one of the ſailors in the night to ſail the veſſel into the port. It was told the lady, that Giannetto was arrived in port. She ſaw from the window the veſſel, and immediately ſent for him.

Giannetto goes to the caſtle, the day is ſpent in joy and feaſting; and to honour him, a tournament is ordered, and many barons and knights tilted that day. Giannetto did wonders, ſo well did he underſtand the lance, and was ſo graceful a figure on horſe-back: he pleaſed ſo much, that all were deſirous to have him for their lord

The lady, when it was the uſual time, catching him by the hand, begged him to take his reſt. When he paſſed the door of the chamber, one of the damſels in a whiſper ſaid to him, Make a pretence to drink the liquor, but touch not one drop. The lady ſaid, I know you muſt be thirſty. I muſt have you drink before you go to bed: immediately two damſels entered the room, and preſented the wine Who can refuſe wine from ſuch beautiful hands? cries Giannetto: at which the lady ſmiled. Giannetto takes the cup, and making as if he drank, pours the wine into his boſom. The lady thinking he had drank, ſays aſide to herſelf with great joy, You muſt go, young man, and bring another ſhip, for this is condemned. Giannetto went to bed, and began to ſnore as if he ſlept ſoundly. The lady perceiving this, laid herſelf down by his ſide Giannetto loſes no time, but turning to the lady, embraces her, ſaying, Now am I in poſſeſſion of my utmoſt wiſhes. When Giannetto came out of his chamber, he was knighted, and placed in the chair of ſtate, had the ſceptre put into his hand, and was proclaimed ſovereign of the country, with great pomp and ſplendour; and when the lords and ladies were come to the caſtle, he married the lady in great ceremony.

Giannetto governed excellently, and cauſed juſtice to be adminiſtered impartially. He continued ſome time in his happy ſtate, and never entertained a thought of poor Anſaldo, who had given his bond to the Jew for ten thouſand ducats. But one day, as he ſtood at the window of the palace with his bride, he ſaw a number of people paſs along the piazza, with lighted torches in their hands. What is the meaning of this? ſays he. The lady anſwered, They are artificers, going to make their offerings at the church of St. John, this day being his feſtival. Giannetto inſtantly recollected Anſaldo, gave a great ſigh, and turned pale. His lady enquired the cauſe of his ſudden change. He ſaid, he felt nothing. She continued to preſs with great earneſtneſs, till he was obliged to confeſs the cauſe of his uneaſineſs; that Anſaldo was engaged for the money; that the time was expired; and the grief he was in was leſt his father ſhould loſe his life for him: that if the ten thouſand ducats were not paid that day, he muſt loſe a pound of his fleſh. The lady told him to mount on horſe-back, and go by land the neareſt way, to take ſome attendants, and an hundred thouſand ducats; and not to ſtop till he arrived at Venice; and if he was not dead, to endeavour to bring Anſaldo to her. Giannetto takes horſe with twenty attendants, and makes the beſt of his way to Venice.

The time being expired, the Jew had ſeized Anſaldo, and inſiſted on having a pound of his fleſh. He entreated him only to wait ſome days, that

that if his dear Giannetto arrived, he might have the pleaſure of embracing him: the Jew replied he was willing to wait; but, ſays he, I will cut off the pound of fleſh, according to the words of the obligation. Anſaldo anſwered, that he was c ntent.

Several merchants would have jointly paid the money; the Jew would not hearken to the propoſal, but inſiſted that he might have the ſatisfaction of ſaying, that he had put to death the greateſt of the Chriſtian merchants. Giannetto making all poſſible haſte to Venice, his lady ſoon followed him in a lawyer's habit, with two ſervants attending her. Giannetto, when he came to Venice, goes to the Jew, and (after embracing Anſaldo) tells him, he is ready to pay the money, and as much more as he ſhould demand. The Jew ſaid, he would take no money, ſince it was not paid at the time due; but that he would have the pound of fleſh. Every one blamed the Jew; but as Venice was a place where juſtice was ſtrictly adminiſtered, and the Jew had his pretenſions grounded on publick and received forms, their only reſource was entreaty; and when the merchants of Venice applied to him, he was inflexible. Giannetto offered him twenty thouſand, then thirty thouſand, afterwards forty, fifty, and at laſt an hundred thouſand ducats. The Jew told him, if he would give him as much gold as Venice was worth, he would not accept it; and ſays he, you know little of me, if you think I will deſiſt from my demand.

The lady now arrives at Venice, in her lawyer's dreſs; and alighting at an inn, the landlord aſks of one of the ſervants, who his maſter was: The ſervant anſwered, that he was a young lawyer who had finiſhed his ſtudies at Bologna. The landlord upon this ſhews his gueſt great civility: and when he attended at dinner, the lawyer enquiring how juſtice was adminiſtered in that city, he anſwered, juſtice in this place is too ſevere; and related the caſe of Anſaldo. Says the lawyer, this queſtion may be eaſily anſwered. If you can anſwer it, ſays the landlord, and ſave this worthy man from death, you will get the love and eſteem of all the beſt men of this city. The lawyer cauſed a proclamation to be made, that whoever had any law matters to determine, they ſhould have recourſe to him: ſo it was told to Giannetto, that a famous lawyer was come from Bologna, who could decide all caſes in law. Giannetto propoſed to the Jew to apply to this lawyer. With all my heart, ſays the Jew; but let who will come, I will ſtick to my bond. They came to this judge, and ſaluted him. Giannetto did not remember him: for he had diſguiſed his face with the juice of certain herbs. Giannetto, and the Jew, each told the merits of the cauſe to the judge; who, when he had taken the bond and read it, ſaid to the Jew, I muſt have you take the hundred thouſand ducats, and releaſe this honeſt man, who will always have a grateful ſenſe of the favour done to him. The Jew replied, I will do no ſuch thing. The judge anwered, it will be better for you. The Jew was poſitive to yield nothing. Upon this they go to the tribunal appointed for ſuch judgments: and our judge ſays to the Jew, Do you cut a pound of this man's fleſh where you chuſe. The Jew ordered him to be ſtripped naked; and takes in his hand a razor, which had been made on purpoſe. Giannetto ſeeing this, turning to the judge, this, ſays he, is not the favour I aſked of you. Be quiet, ſays he, the pound of fleſh is not yet cut off. As ſoon as the Jew was going to begin, Take care what you do, ſays the judge, if you take more or leſs than a pound, I will order your head to be ſtruck off: and beſide, if you ſhed one drop of blood, you ſhall be put to death. Your paper makes no mention of the ſhed-

ding of blood; but ſays expreſly, that you may take a pound of fleſh, neither more nor leſs. He immediately ſent for the executioner to bring the block and ax; and now, ſays he, if I ſee one drop of blood, off goes your head. At length the Jew, after much wrangling, told him, Give me the hundred thouſand ducats, and I am content. No, ſays the judge, cut off your pound of fleſh according to your bond: why did not you take the money when it was offered? the Jew came down to ninety, and then to eighty thouſand; but the judge was ſtill reſolute. Giannetto told the judge to give what he required, that Anſaldo might have his liberty: but he replied, let me manage him. Then the Jew would have taken fifty thouſand: he ſaid, I will not give you a penny. Give me at leaſt, ſays the Jew, my own ten thouſand ducats, and a curſe confound you all. The judge replies, I will give you nothing: if you will have the pound of fleſh, take it; if not, I will order your bond to be proteſted and annulled. The Jew ſeeing he could do nothing, tore in pieces the bond in a great rage. Anſaldo was releaſed, and conducted home with great joy by Giannetto, who carried the hundred thouſand ducats to the inn to the lawyer. The lawyer ſaid, I do not want money; carry it back to your lady, that ſhe may not ſay, that you have ſquandered it away idly. Says Giannetto, my lady is ſo kind, that I might ſpend four times as much without incurring her diſpleaſure. How are you pleaſed with the lady? ſays the lawyer. I love her better than any earthly thing, anſwers Giannetto: nature ſeems to have done her utmoſt in forming her. If you will come and ſee her, you will be ſurpriſed at the honours ſhe will ſhew you. I cannot go with you, ſays the lawyer; but ſince you ſpeak ſo much good of her, I muſt deſire you to preſent my reſpects to her. I will not fail, Giannetto anſwered; and now, let me entreat you to accept of ſome of the money. While he was ſpeaking, the lawyer obſerved a ring on his finger, and ſaid, if you will give me this ring, I ſhall ſeek no other reward. Willingly, ſays Giannetto; but as it is a ring given me by my lady, to wear for her ſake, I have ſome reluctance to part with it, and ſhe, not ſeeing it on my finger, will believe, that I have given it to a woman. Says the lawyer, ſhe eſteems you ſufficiently to credit what you tell her, and you may ſay you made a preſent of it to me; but I rather think you want to give it to ſome former miſtreſs here in Venice. So great, ſays Giannetto, is the love and reverence I bear to her, that I would not change her for any woman in the world. After this he takes the ring from his finger, and preſents it to him. I have ſtill a favour to aſk, ſays the lawyer. It ſhall be granted, ſays Giannetto. It is, replied he, that you do not ſtay any time here, but go as ſoon as poſſible to your lady. It appears to me a thouſand years till I ſee her, anſwered Giannetto: and immediately they take leave of each other. The lawyer embarked, and left Venice. Giannetto took leave of his Venetian friends, and carried Anſaldo with him, and ſome of his old acquaintance accompanied them. The lady arrived ſome days before: and having reſumed her female habit, pretended to have ſpent the time at the baths; and now gave order to have the ſtreets lined with tapeſtry: and when Giannetto and Anſaldo were landed, all the court went out to meet them. When they arrived at the palace, the lady ran to embrace Anſaldo, but feigned anger againſt Giannetto, though ſhe loved him exceſſively: yet the feaſtings, tilts, and diverſions went on as uſual, at which all the lords and ladies were preſent. Giannetto ſeeing that his wife did not receive him with her accuſtomed good countenance, called her, and would have ſaluted her. She told him, ſhe wanted none of his careſſes: I am ſure,

ſays

ſays ſhe, you have been laviſh of them to ſome of your former miſtreſſes. Giannetto began to make excuſes. She aſked him, where was the ring ſhe had given him: It is no more than what I expected, cries Giannetto, and I was in the right to ſay you would be angry with me; but, I ſwear, by all that is ſacred, and by your dear ſelf, that I gave the ring to the lawyer who gained our cauſe. And I can ſwear, ſays the lady, with as much ſolemnity, that you gave the ring to a woman: therefore ſwear no more. Giannetto proteſted that what he had told her was true, and that he ſaid all this to the lawyer, when he aſked for the ring. The lady replied, you would have done much better to ſtay at Venice with your miſtreſſes, for I fear they all wept when you came away. Giannetto's tears began to fall, and in great ſorrow he aſſured her, that what ſhe ſuppoſed could not be true. The lady ſeeing his tears, which were daggers in her boſom, ran to embrace him, and in a fit of laughter ſhewed the ring, and told him, that ſhe was herſelf the lawyer, and how ſhe obtained the ring. Giannetto was greatly aſtoniſhed, finding it all true, and told the ſtory to the nobles and to his companions; and this heightened greatly the love between him and his lady. He then called the damſel who had given him the good advice in the evening not to drink the liquor, and gave her to Anſaldo for a wife: and they ſpent the reſt of their lives in great felicity and contentment.

RUggieri di Figiovanni took a reſolution of going, for ſome time, to the court of Alfonſo king of Spain. He was graciouſly received, and living there ſome time in great magnificence, and giving remarkable proofs of his courage, was greatly eſteemed. Having frequent opportunities of examining minutely the behaviour of the king, he obſerved, that he gave, as he thought, with little diſcernment, caſtles, and baronies, to ſuch who were unworthy of his favours; and to himſelf, who might pretend to be of ſome eſtimation, he gave nothing: he therefore thought the fitteſt thing to be done, was to demand leave of the king to return home.

His requeſt was granted, and the king preſented him with one of the moſt beautiful and excellent mules, that had ever been mounted. One of the king's truſty ſervants was commanded to accompany Ruggieri, and riding along with him, to pick up, and recollect every word he ſaid of the king, and then mention that it was the order of his ſovereign, that he ſhould go back to him. The man watching the opportunity, joined Ruggieri when he ſet out, ſaid he was going towards Italy, and would be glad to ride in company with him. Ruggieri jogging on with his mule, and talking of one thing or other, it being near nine o'clock, told his companion, that they would do well to put up their mules a little; and as ſoon as they entered the ſtable, every beaſt, except his, began to ſtale. Riding on further, they came to a river, and watering the beaſts, his mule ſtale in the river: you untoward beaſt, ſays he, you are like your maſter, who gave you to me. The ſervant remembered this expreſſion, and many others as they rode on all day together; but he heard not a ſingle word drop from him, but what was in praiſe of the king. The next morning Ruggieri was told the order of the king, and inſtantly turned back. When the king had heard what he had ſaid of the mule, he commanded him into his preſence, and with a ſmile, aſked him, for what reaſon he had compared the mule to him. Ruggieri anſwered, My reaſon is plain, you give where you ought not to give, and where

where you ought to give, you give nothing; in the ſame manner the mule would not ſtale where ſhe ought, and where ſhe ought not, there ſhe ſtaled. The king ſaid upon this, if I have not rewarded you as I have many, do not entertain a thought that I was inſenſible to your great merit; it is Fortune who hindered me; ſhe is to blame, and not I; and I will ſhew you manifeſtly that I ſpeak truth. My diſcontent, ſir, proceeds not, anſwered Ruggieri, from a deſire of being enriched, but from your not having given the ſmalleſt teſtimony to my deſerts in your ſervice: nevertheleſs your excuſe is valid, and I am ready to ſee the proof you mention, though I can eaſily believe you without it. The king conducted him to a hall, where he had already commanded two large caſkets, ſhut cloſe, to be placed: and before a large company told Ruggieri,, that in one of them was contained his crown, ſceptre, and all his jewels, and that the other was full of earth: chooſe which of them you like beſt, and then you will ſee that it is not I, but your fortune that has been ungrateful. Ruggieri choſe one. It was found to be the caſket full of earth. The king ſaid to him with a ſmile, Now you may ſee Ruggieri, that what I told you of fortune is true; but for your ſake, I will oppoſe her with all my ſtrength You have no intention, I am certain, to live in Spain, therefore I will offer you no preferment here: but that caſket which fortune denied you, ſhall be yours in deſpite of her: carry it with you into your own country, ſhew it to your friends, and neighbours, as my gift to you; and you have my permiſſion to boaſt, that it is a reward of your virtues.

Of The MERCHANT of VENICE the ſtyle is even and eaſy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of conſtruction. The comick part raiſes laughter, and the ſerious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other ſtory cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. Dryden was much pleaſed with his own addreſs in connecting the two plots of his *Spaniſh Friar*, which yet, I believe, the critick will find excelled by this play. JOHNSON.

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus V.* tranſlated by Ellis Farneworth, 1745, has likewiſe this kind of ſtory.

"It was currently reported in Rome that Drake had taken and plundered St. Domingoe in Hiſpaniola, and carried off an immenſe booty: this account came in a private letter to *Paul Secchi*, a very conſiderable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in thoſe parts which he had inſured. Upon the receiving this news he ſent for the inſurer Samſon Centada, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whoſe intereſt it was to have ſuch a report thought falſe, gave many reaſons why it could not poſſibly be true: and at laſt worked himſelf up into ſuch a paſſion, that he ſaid, "I'll lay you a pound of my fleſh it is a lie."

Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, "If you like it, I'll lay you a thouſand crowns againſt a pound of your fleſh that it is true." The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed between them, the ſubſtance of which was, "That if Secchi won, he ſhould himſelf cut the fleſh with a ſharp knife from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleaſed." Unfortunately for the Jew, the truth of the account was ſoon after confirmed, by other advices from the Weſt-Indies, which threw him almoſt into diſtraction; eſpecially when he was informed that Secchi had ſolemnly ſworn he would compel him to the exact

exact literal performance of his contract, and was determined to cut a pound of his flesh from that part of his body which it is not necessary to mention. Upon this he went to the governor of Rome, and begged he would interpose in the affair, and use his authority to prevail with Secchi to accept of a thousand pistoles as an equivalent for the pound of flesh: but the governor not daring to take upon him to determine a case of so uncommon a nature, made a report of it to the pope, who sent for them both, and having heard the articles read, and informed himself perfectly of the whole affair from their own mouths, said, "When contracts are made, it is just they should be fulfilled, as we intend this shall. Take a knife, therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of flesh from any part you please of the Jew's body. We would advise you, however to be very careful; for if you cut but a scruple or grain more or less than your due, you shall certainly be hanged. Go, and bring hither a knife, and a pair of scales, and let it be done in our presence."

The merchant at these words began to tremble like an a pin-leaf, and throwing himself at his holiness's feet, with tears in his eyes protested, "It was far from his thoughts to insist upon the performance of the contract." And being asked by the pope what he demanded; answered, "Nothing, holy father, but your benediction, and that the articles may be torn in pieces." Then turning to the Jew, he asked him, "What he had to say, and whether he was content." The Jew answered, "That he thought himself extremely happy to come off at so easy a rate, and that he was perfectly content." "But we are not content," replied Sixtus, "nor is there sufficient satisfaction made to our laws. We desire to know what authority you have to lay such wagers? The subjects of princes are the property of the state, and have no right to dispose of their bodies, nor any part of them, without the express consent of their sovereigns."

They were both immediately sent to prison, and the governor ordered to proceed against them with the utmost severity of the law, that others might be deterred by their example from laying any more such wagers,—[The governor interceding for them, and proposing a fine of a thousand crowns each, Sixtus ordered him to condemn them both to death, the Jew for selling his life, by consenting to have a pound of flesh cut from his body, which he said was direct suicide, and the merchant for premeditated murder, in making a contract with the other that he knew must be the occasion of his death.]

As Secchi was of a very good family, having many great friends and relations, and the Jew one of the most leading men in the synagogue, they both had recourse to petitions. Strong application was made to cardinal Montalto, to intercede with his holiness at least to spare their lives. Sixtus, who did not really design to put them to death, but to deter others from such practices, at last consented to change the sentence into that of the galleys, with liberty to buy off that too, by paying each of them two thousand crowns, to be applied to the use of the hospital which he had lately founded, before they were released.

Life of Sixtus V. Fol. B vii. p. 293, &c. STEEVENS.

Of the incident of the *bond* no English original has hitherto been pointed out. I find, however, the following in *The Orator: handling a hundred several Discourses, in form of Declamations: some of the Arguments being drawne from Titus Livius and other ancient Writers, the rest of the Author's own Invention: Part of which are of matters happened in our Age —Written in French by Alexander Silvayn, and Englished*

*liſhed by L. P.* [Lazarus Pilot] *London, printed by Adam Iſlip*, 159. —(This book is not mentioned by Ames.)

DECLAMATION 95.

" *Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the fleſh of a Chriſtian.*

" A Jew, unto whom a Chriſtian merchant ought nine hundred crownes, would have ſummoned him for the ſame in Turkie; the merchant, becauſe he would not be diſcredited, promiſed to pay the ſaid ſumme within the tearme of three months, and if he paid it not, he was bound to give him a pound of the fleſh of his bodie. The tearme being paſt ſome fifteene daies, the Jew refuſed to take his money, and demanded the pound of fleſh: the ordinarie judge of that place appointed him to cut a juſt pound of the Chriſtian's fleſh, and if he cut either more or leſſe, then his own head ſhould be ſmitten off: the Jew appealed from this ſentence, unto the chiefe judge, ſaying:

" Impoſſible is it to break the credit of trafficke amongſt men without great detriment to the commonwealth; wherefore no man ought to bind himſelfe unto ſuch covenants which hee cannot or will not accompliſh, for by that means ſhould no man feare to be deceived, and credit being maintained, every man might be aſſured of his owne; but ſince deceit hath taken place, never wonder if obligations are made more rigorous and ſtrict then they were wont, ſeeing that although the bonds are made never ſo ſtrong, yet can no man be very certaine that he ſhall not be a loſer. It ſeemeth at the firſt ſight that it is a thing no leſs ſtrange then cruell, to bind a man to pay a pound of the fleſh of his bodie, for want of money: ſurely, in that it is a thing not uſuall, it appeareth to be ſomewhat the more admirable; but there are divers others that are more cruell, which becauſe they are in uſe ſeeme nothing terrible at all: as to binde all the bodie unto a moſt lothſome priſon, or unto an intollerable ſlaverie, where not only the whole bodie but alſo all the ſences and ſpirits are tormented; the which is commonly practiſed, not only betwixt thoſe which are either in ſect or nation contrary, but alſo even among thoſe that are of one ſect and nation; yea amongſt Chriſtians it hath been ſeene that the ſon hath impriſoned the father for monie. Likewiſe in the Roman commonwealth, ſo famous for lawes and armes, it was lawful for debt to impriſon, beat, and afflict with torments the free citizens: how manie of them (do you thinke) would have thought themſelves happie, if for a ſmall debt they might have been excuſed with the paiment of a pounde of their fleſh? Who ought then to marvile if a Jew requireth ſo ſmall a thing of a Chriſtian, to diſcharge him of a good round ſumme? A man may aſke, why I would not rather take ſilver of this man, than his fleſh: I might alleage many reaſons; for I might ſay, that none but my ſelfe can tell what the breach of his promiſe hath coſt me, and what I have thereby paied for want of money unto my creditors, or that which I have loſt in my credit: for the miſerie of thoſe men which eſteem their reputation, is ſo great, that oftentimes they had rather indure any thing ſecretlie, then to have their diſcredit blazed abroad, becauſe they would not be both ſhamed and harmed; nevertheleſſe, I doe freely confeſſe, that I had rather loſe a pound of my fleſh then my credit ſhould be in any ſort cracked: I might alſo ſay, that I have need of this fleſh to cure a friend of mine of a certain maladie, which is otherwiſe incurable; or that I would have it to terrifie

riſe thereby the Chriſtians for ever abuſing the Jews once more hereafter: but I will onlie ſay, that by his obligation he oweth it me. It is lawfull to kill a ſouldier if he come unto the warres but an houre too late; and alſo to hang a theeſe, though he ſteal never ſo little: is it then ſuch a great matter to cauſe ſuch a one to pay a pound of his fleſh, that hath broken his promiſe manie times, or that putteth another in danger to loſe both credit and reputation, yea and it may be life, and al for griefe? Were it not better for him to loſe that I demand, then his ſoule, alreadie bound by his faith? Neither am I to take that which he oweth me, but he is to deliver it to me: and eſpeciallie becauſe no man knoweth better than he where the ſame may be ſpared to the leaſt hurt of his perſon; for I might take it in ſuch place as hee might thereby happen to loſe his life: Whatte matter were it then if I ſhould cut off his privie members, ſuppoſing that the ſame would altogether weigh a juſt pound? or els his head, ſhould I be ſuffered to cut it off, although it were with the danger of mine own life? I believe, I ſhould not; becauſe there were as little reaſon therein, as there could be in the amends whereunto I ſhould be bound: or els if I would cut off his noſe, his lips, his ears, and pull out his eies, to make them altogether a pound, ſhould I be ſuffered? ſurely I think not; becauſe the obligation dooth not ſpecifie that I ought either to chooſe, cut, or take the ſame, but that he ought to give me a pound of his fleſh. Of every thing that is ſold, he which delivereth the ſame is to make waight, and he which receiveth, taketh heed that it be juſt: ſeeing then that neither the obligation, cuſtome, nor law doth bind me to cut, or weigh, much leſſe unto the above mentioned ſatisfaction, I refuſe it all, and require that the ſame which is due ſhould be delivered unto me."

*The Chriſtian's Anſwer.*

"It is no ſtrange matter to here thoſe diſpute of equitie which are themſelves moſt unjuſt; and ſuch as have no faith at all, deſirous that others ſhould obſerve the ſame inviolable; the which were yet the more tolerable, if ſuch men would be contented with reaſonable things, or at the leaſt not altogether unreaſonable: but what reaſon is there that one man ſhould unto his own prejudice deſire the hurt of another? as this Jew is content to loſe nine hundred crownes, to have a pound of my fleſh; whereby is manifeſtly ſeene the antient and cruel hate which he beareth not only unto Chriſtians, but unto all others which are not of his ſect; yea, even unto the Turkes, who overkindly doe ſuffer ſuch vermine to dwell amongſt them: ſeeing that this preſumptuous wretch dare not onely doubt, but appeale from the judgement of a good and juſt judge, and afterwards he would by ſophiſticall reaſons prove that his abhomination is equitie. Trulie I confeſſe that I have ſuffered fifteen daies of the tearme to paſſe; yet who can tell whether he or I is the cauſe thereof? as for me, I thinke that by ſecret means he hath cauſed the monie to be delaied, which from ſundry places ought to have come unto me before the tearm which I promiſed unto him; otherwiſe, I would never have been ſo raſh as to bind myſelfe ſo ſtrictly: but although he were not the cauſe of the fault, is it therefore ſaid, that he ought to be ſo impudent as to go about to prove it no ſtrange matter that he ſhould be willing to be paied with mans fleſh, which is a thing more natural for tigres, than men, the which alſo was never heard of? but this divill in ſhape of a man, ſeeing me oppreſſed with neceſſitie, propounded this curſed obligation unto me. Whereas he alleageth the Romaines

maines for an example; why doth he not as well tell on how for that crueltie in afflicting debtors over grievouſly, the commonwealth was almoſt overthrowne, and that ſhortly after it was forbidden to impriſon men any more for debt? To breake promiſe is, when a man ſweareth or promiſeth a thing, the which he hath no deſire to performe, which yet upon an extreame neceſſitie is ſomewhat excuſeable; as for me, I have promiſed, and accompliſhed my promiſe, yet not ſo ſoon as I would; and although I knew the danger wherein I was to ſatiſfie the crueltie of this miſchievous man with the price of my fleſh and blood, yet did I not flie away, but ſubmitted my ſelfe unto the diſcretion of the judge who hath juſtly repreſſed his beaſtlineſs. Wherein then have I ſatisfied my promiſe? is it in that I would not (like him) diſobey the judgement of the judge? Behold I will preſent a part of bodie unto him, that he may paie himſelfe, according to the contents of the judgement: where is then my promiſe broken? But it is no marvaile if this race be ſo obſtinat and cruell againſt us; for they do it of ſet purpoſe to offend our God whom they have crucified: and wherefore? Becauſe he was holie, as he is yet ſo reputed of this worthy Turkiſh nation. But what ſhall I ſay? Their own Bible is full of their rebellion againſt God, againſt their prieſts, judges, and leaders. What did not the very patriarchs themſelves, from whom they have their beginning? They ſold their brother; and had it not been for one amongſt them, they had ſlaine him for verie envie. How many adulteries and abhominations were committed amongſt them? How many murthers? Abſalom, did he not cauſe his brother to be murthered? Did he not perſecute his father? Is it not for their iniquitie that God hath diſperſed them, without leaving them one onlie foot of ground? If then, when they have neither faith nor law, but their rapines and uſuries? and that they believe they do a charitable work, when they do ſome great wrong unto one that is not a Jew? It may pleaſe you then, moſt righteous judge, to conſider all theſe circumſtances, having pittie of him who doth wholly ſubmit himſelfe unto your juſt clemencie: hoping thereby to be delivered from this monſter's crueltie." FARMER.

In a Perſian Manuſcript in the poſſeſſion of Enſign Thomas Munro, of the firſt battalion of Sepoys, now at Tanjore, is found the following ſtory of a Jew and a Muſſulman. Several leaves being wanting both at the beginning and end of the Mſ. its age has not been aſcertained. The tranſlation, in which the idiom is Perſian, though the words are Engliſh, was made by Mr. Munro. and kindly communicated to me (together with a copy of the original) by Daniel Braithwaite, Eſq.

"It is related, that in a town of Syria a poor Muſſulman lived in the neighbourhood of a rich Jew. One day he went to the Jew, and ſaid, lend me 100 dinars, that I may trade with it, and I will give thee a ſhare of the gain.—This Muſſulman had a beautiful wife, and the Jew had ſeen and fallen in love with her, and thinking this a lucky opportunity, he ſaid, I will not do thus, but I will give thee a hundred dinars, with this condition, that after ſix months thou ſhalt reſtore it to me. But give me a bond in this form, that if the term of the agreement ſhall be exceeded one day, I ſhall cut a pound of fleſh from thy body, from whatever part I chooſe. The Muſſulman was dejected and ſaid, how can this be? But as his diſtreſs was extreme, he took the money on that condition, and gave the bond, and ſet out on a journey; and in that journey he acquired much gain, and he was every day ſaying to himſelf, God forbid that the term of the agreement ſhould paſs away, and the Jew bring

bring vexation upon me. He therefore gave a hundred gold dinars into the hand of a truſty perſon, and ſent him home to give it to the Jew. But the people of his own houſe, being without money, ſpent it in maintaining themſelves. When he returned from his journey, the Jew required payment of the money, and the pound of fleſh. The Muſſulman ſaid, I ſent thy money a long time ago The Jew ſaid, thy money came not to me. When this on examination appeared to be true, the Jew carried the Muſſulman before the Cazi, and repreſented the affair. The Cazi ſaid to the Muſſulman, either ſatisfy the Jew, or give the pound of fleſh. The Muſſulman not agreeing to this, ſaid, let us go to another Cazi. When they went, he alſo ſpoke in the ſame manner. The Muſſulman aſked the advice of an ingenious friend. He ſaid, "ſay to him, let us go to the Cazi of Hems*. Go there, for thy buſineſs will be well." Then the Muſſulman went to the Jew, and ſaid, I ſhall be ſatisfied with the decree of the Cazi of Hems; the Jew ſaid, I alſo ſhall be ſatisfied. Then both departed for the city of Hems†. When they preſented themſelves before the judgment-ſeat, the Jew ſaid, O my Lord Judge, this man borrowed an hundred dinars of me, and pledged a pound of fleſh from his own body. Command that he give the money and the fleſh. It happened, that the Cazi was the friend of the father of the Muſſulman, and for this reſpect, he ſaid to the Jew, "Thou ſayeſt true, it is the purport of the bond; and he deſired, that they ſhould bring a ſharp knife. The Muſſulman on hearing this, became ſpeechleſs. The knife being brought, the Cazi turned his face to the Jew, and ſaid, "Ariſe, and cut one pound of fleſh from the body of him, in ſuch a manner, that there may not be one grain more or leſs, and if more or leſs thou ſhalt cut, I ſhall order thee to be killed. The Jew ſaid, I cannot. I ſhall leave this buſineſs and depart. The Cazi ſaid, thou mayeſt not leave it. He ſaid, O Judge, I have releaſed him, The Judge ſaid, it cannot be; either cut the fleſh, or pay the expence of his journey. It was ſettled at two hundred dinars; the Jew paid another hundred and departed." MALONE.

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* Hems Emeſſa, a city of Syria, long. 70. lat. 34.

The Orientals ſay that Hippocrates made his ordinary reſidence there; and the Chriſtians of that country have a tradition, that the head of St. John the Baptiſt was found there, under the reign of Theodoſius the younger.

This city was famous in the times of Paganiſm for the Temple of the Sun, under the name of Heliogabalus, from which the Roman Emperor took his name.

It was taken from the Muſſulmen by the Tartars, in the year of Chriſt 1098. Saladin retook it in 1187. The Tartars took it in the year 1258. Afterwards it paſſed into the hands of the Mamalukes, and from them to the Turks, who are now in poſſeſſion of it. This city ſuffered greatly by a moſt dreadful earthquake in 1157, when the Franks were in poſſeſſion of Syria. HERBELOT.

† Here follows the relation of a number of unlucky adventures, in which the Muſſulman is involved by the way; but as they only tend to ſhew the ſagacity of the Cazi in extricating him from them, and have no connection with Shylock, I have omitted them. T. M.

# AS YOU LIKE IT.

## Perſons Repreſented.

Duke, *living in exile.*
Frederick, *brother to the* Duke, *and uſurper of his dominions.*
Amiens, Jaques, } *Lords attending upon the* Duke *in his baniſhment.*
Le Beau, *a courtier attending upon* Frederick.
Charles, *his wreſtler.*
Oliver, Jaques, Orlando, } *Sons of Sir* Rowland de Boys.
Adam, Dennis, } *Servants to* Oliver.
Touchſtone, *a clown.*
*Sir* Oliver Mar-text, *a vicar.*
Corin, Sylvius, } *Shepherds.*
William, *a country fellow, in love with* Audrey.
*A perſon repreſenting* Hymen.

Roſalind, *daughter to the baniſhed* Duke.
Celia, *daughter to* Frederick.
Phebe, *a ſhepherdeſs.*
Audrey, *a country wench.*

*Lords belonging to the two Dukes; pages, foreſters, and other attendants.*

*The SCENE lies, firſt, near Oliver's houſe; afterwards, partly in the Uſurper's court and partly in the foreſt of Arden.*

The liſt of the perſons being omitted in the old editions, was added by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.

# AS YOU LIKE IT[1].

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Oliver's *Garden.*

*Enter* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

*Orl.* As I remember, Adam, it was upon this faſhion. He bequeathed me by will but a poor thouſand crowns[2]; and, as thou ſay'ſt, charged my brother, on his bleſſing, to breed me well: and there begins my ſadneſs. My brother Jaques he keeps at ſchool, and report ſpeaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me ruſtically at home, or, to ſpeak more properly, ſtays me[3] here at home, unkept: For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that dif-

[1] *As you like it was certainly borrowed*, if we believe Dr. Grey, and Mr. Upton, from the *Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*, which by the way was not *printed* till a century afterward: when in truth the old bard, who was no hunter of Mſs. contented himſelf ſolely with *Lodge's Roſalynd*, or, *Euphues' Golden Legacye.* Quarto, 1590. FARMER.

Shakſpeare has followed Lodge's novel more exactly than is his general cuſtom when he is indebted to ſuch worthleſs originals; and has ſketch'd ſome of the principal characters, and borrowed a few expreſſions from it. His imitations, &c. however, are in general too inſignificant to merit tranſcription.

It ſhould be obſerved that the characters of *Jaques*, the *Clown*, and *Audrey*, are entirely of the poet's own formation. STEEVENS.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1600. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's poays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

[2] *As I remember, Adam, it was upon this faſhion.* He *bequeathed me by will*, &c.] The old copy reads, As I remember, Adam, it was on this faſhion bequeathed me—and, as thou ſay'ſt, charged my brother, &c. Omiſſion being of all the errors of the preſs the moſt common, I have adopted the emendation propoſed by Sir W. Blackſtone. MALONE.

— *It was upon this faſhion bequeathed me*, as Dr. Johnſon reads, is but aukward Engliſh. I would read: *As I remember, Adam, it was upon this faſhion.*—He *bequeathed me by will* &c. Orlando and Adam enter abruptly in the midſt of a converſation on this topick; and Orlando is correcting ſome miſapprehenſion of the other. As *I* remember (ſays he) it was thus. He left me a thouſand crowns; and, *as thou ſayeſt*, charged my brother, &c. BLACKSTONE.

[3] — ſtays me—] Dr. Warburton reads—*ſtys* me. MALONE.

fers

fers not from the ſtalling of an ox? His horſes are bred better; for, beſides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Beſides this nothing that he ſo plentifully gives me, the ſomething that nature gave me, his countenance ſeems to take from me[4]: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the ſpirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny againſt this ſervitude: I will no long endure it, though yet I know no wiſe remedy how to avoid it.

*Enter* OLIVER.

*Adam.* Yonder comes my maſter, your brother.

*Orl.* Go apart, Adam, and thou ſhalt hear how he will ſhake me up.

*Oli.* Now, ſir! what make you here?

*Orl.* Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

*Oli.* What mar you then, ſir?

*Orl.* Marry, ſir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleneſs.

*Oli.* Marry, ſir, be better employ'd, and be naught a while[6].

4 — *his* countenance *ſeems to take from me*;] We ſhould certainly read—*his* diſcountenance. WARBURTON.

There is no need of change; a countenance is either good or bad. JOHNSON.

6 — *be better empky'd, and* be naught a while] In the ſame ſenſe as we ſay, *it is better to do miſchief, than to do nothing.* JOHNSON.

*Naught* and *nought* are frequently confounded in old Engliſh books. I once thought that the latter was here intended, in the ſenſe affixed to it by Mr. Steevens:—"Be content to be a *cypher*, till I ſhall elevate you into conſequence." But the following paſſage in *Swetnam*, a comedy, 1620, induces me to think that the reading of the old copy (*naught*) and Dr. Johnſon's explanation, are right:

"—get you both in, and be *naught a while.*"

The ſpeaker is a chamber-maid, and ſhe addreſſes herſelf to her miſtreſs and her lover. MALONE.

*Orl.*

*Orl.* Shall I keep your hogs, and eat huſks with them? What prodigal portion have I ſpent, that I ſhould come to ſuch penury?

*Oli.* Know you where you are, ſir?

*Orl.* O, ſir, very well: here in your orchard.

*Oli.* Know you before whom, ſir?

*Orl.* Ay, better than him I am before knows me[7]. I know you are my eldeſt brother; and in the gentle condition of blood, you ſhould ſo know me: The courteſy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the firſt born; but the ſame tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confeſs your coming before me is nearer to his reverence[8].

*Oli.* What, boy!

*Orl.* Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

*Oli* Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

*Orl.* I am no villain[9]: I am the youngeſt ſon of ſir Rowland de Boys; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that ſays, ſuch a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for ſaying ſo; thou haſt rail'd on thyſelf.

*Adam.* Sweet maſters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

*Oli.* Let me go, I ſay.

*Orl.* I will not, till I pleaſe: you ſhall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me like a peaſant, obſcuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the ſpirit of my father grows ſtrong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me ſuch exerciſes as may become a gentleman, or give me

7 — *than* him *I am before knows me.*] Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors read—*be* I am before; more correctly, but without authority. Our author is equally irregular in *The Winter's Tale*:

"I am appointed *him* to murder you." MALONE.

8 — *your coming before me is nearer to his* reverence.] The reverence due to my father is, in ſome degree, derived to you, as the firſt-born. WARBURTON.

9 *I am no* villain:] The word *villain* is uſed by the elder brother, in its preſent meaning, for a *worthleſs*, *wicked*, or *bloody man*; by Orlando in its original ſignification, for a *fellow of baſe extraction*. JOHNSON.

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the poor allottery my father left me by teſtament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

*Oli.* And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is ſpent? Well, ſir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you ſhall have ſome part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

*Orl.* I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

*Oli.* Get you with him, you old dog.

*Adam.* Is old dog my reward? Moſt true, I have loſt my teeth in your ſervice.—God be with my old maſter, he would not have ſpoke ſuch a word.

[*Exeunt* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

*Oli.* Is it even ſo? Begin you to grow upon me? I will phyſick your rankneſs, and yet give no thouſand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

*Enter* DENNIS.

*Den.* Calls your worſhip?

*Oli.* Was not Charles, the duke's wreſtler, here to ſpeak with me?

*Den.* So pleaſe you, he is here at the door, and importunes acceſs to you.

*Oli.* Call him in. [*Exit* DENNIS.]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wreſtling is.

*Enter* CHARLES.

*Cha.* Good-morrow to your worſhip.

*Oli.* Good monſieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

*Cha.* There's no news at the court, ſir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is baniſh'd by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themſelves into voluntary exile with him, whoſe lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

*Oli.*

*Oli.* Can you tell, if Roſalind, the duke's daughter [1], be baniſh'd with her father?

*Cha.* O, no; for the duke's daughter [2], her couſin, ſo loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that ſhe would [3] have followed her exile, or have died to ſtay behind her. She is at the court, and no leſs beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

*Oli.* Where will the old duke live?

*Cha.* They ſay, he is already in the foreſt of Arden [4], and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they ſay, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time careleſly, as they did in the golden world.

*Oli.* What, you wreſtle to-morrow before the new duke?

*Cha.* Marry, do I, ſir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, ſir, ſecretly to underſtand, that your younger brother Orlando hath a diſpoſition to come in diſguis'd againſt me to try a fall: To-morrow, ſir, I wreſtle for my credit; and he that eſcapes me without ſome broken limb, ſhall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I muſt, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might ſtay him from his intendment, or brook

[1] — *the duke's daughter,*] i. e. the *baniſhed* duke's daughter. MALONE.

[2] — *for the duke's daughter,*] i. e. the *uſurping* duke's daughter. The words which follow, *her couſin*, as Mr. Heath has obſerved, ſufficiently point out the perſon meant. Sir T. Hanmer reads here—the *new* duke's; and in the preceding ſpeech—the *old* duke's daughter; but in my opinion unneceſſarily. The ambiguous uſe of the word *duke* in theſe paſſages is much in our author's manner. MALONE.

[3] — *that* ſhe *would*—] The old copy reads—*he* would. Corrected by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

[4] — *in the foreſt of* Arden,] *Ardenne* is a foreſt of conſiderable extent in French Flanders, lying near the Meuſe, and between Charlemont and Rocroy. It is mentioned by Spenſer in his *Colin Clout's come home again*, 1595:

"Into a foreſt wide and waſte he came,
"Where ſtore he heard to be of ſavage prey;
"So wide a foreſt, and ſo waſte as this,
"Not famous *Ardeyn*, nor foul Arlo is."

But our author was furniſhed with the ſcene of his play by Lodge's Novel. MALONE.

ſuch diſgrace well as he ſhall run into; in that it is a thing of his own ſearch, and altogether againſt my will.

*Oli.* Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou ſhalt find I will moſt kindly requite. I had myſelf notice of my brother's purpoſe herein, and have by underhand means laboured to diſſuade him from it; but he is reſolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the ſtubborneſt young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a ſecret and villainous contriver againſt me his natural brother; therefore uſe thy diſcretion; I had as lief thou didſt break his neck, as his finger; and thou wert beſt look to't; for if thou doſt him any ſlight diſgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himſelf on thee, he will practiſe againſt thee by poiſon; entrap thee by ſome treacherous device; and never leave thee, till he hath ta'en thy life by ſome indirect means or other: for I aſſure thee, and almoſt with tears I ſpeak it, there is not one ſo young and ſo villainous this day living. I ſpeak but brotherly of him; but ſhould I anatomize him to thee as he is, I muſt bluſh and weep, and thou muſt look pale and wonder.

*Cha.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I give him his payment: If ever he go alone again, I'll never wreſtle for prize more. And ſo, God keep your worſhip! [*Exit.*

*Oli.* Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I ſtir this gameſter: I hope, I ſhall ſee an end of him; for my ſoul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle: never ſchool'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all ſorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, ſo much in the heart of the world, and eſpecially of my own people, who beſt know him, that I am altogether miſpriſed: but it ſhall not be ſo long; this wreſtler ſhall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. *Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

*Cel.* I pray thee, Roſalind, ſweet my coz, be merry.

*Roſ.*

*Roſ.* Dear Celia, I ſhow more mirth than I am miſtreſs of; and would you yet I were merrier[5]? Unleſs you could teach me to forget a baniſh'd father, you muſt not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleaſure.

*Cel.* Herein, I ſee, thou loveſt me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy baniſh'd father, had baniſh'd thy uncle, the duke my father, ſo thou hadſt been ſtill with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; ſo would'ſt thou, if the truth of thy love to me were ſo righteouſly temper'd as mine is to thee.

*Roſ.* Well, I will forget the condition of my eſtate, to rejoice in yours.

*Cel.* You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou ſhalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monſter: therefore, my ſweet Roſe, my dear Roſe, be merry.

*Roſ.* From henceforth I will, coz, and deviſe ſports: let me ſee; What think you of falling in love?

*Cel.* Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make ſport withal: but love no man in good earneſt; nor no further in ſport neither, than with ſafety of a pure bluſh thou may'ſt in honour come off again.

*Roſ.* What ſhall be our ſport then?

*Cel.* Let us ſit and mock the good houſewife, Fortune, from her wheel[6], that her gifts may henceforth be beſtowed equally.

*Roſ.* I would, we could do ſo; for her benefits are mightily miſplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth moſt miſtake in her gifts to women.

*Cel.* 'Tis true; for thoſe, that ſhe makes fair, ſhe ſcarce

5 — I *were merrier?*] *I*, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was inſerted by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

6 — *mock the good houſewife, Fortune, from her wheel,*] The wheel of Fortune is not the *wheel* of a *houſewife*. Shakſpeare has confounded Fortune, whoſe wheel only figures uncertainty and viciſſitude, with the deſtiny that ſpins the thread of life, though not indeed with a wheel. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare is very fond of this idea. He has the ſame in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——— *and rail ſo high,*
" *That the falſe houſewife, Fortune, break her wheel.*"

STEEVENS.

makes honeſt; and thoſe, that ſhe makes honeſt, ſhe makes very ill favour'dly.

*Roſ.* Nay, now thou goeſt from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

*Enter* TOUCHSTONE.

*Cel.* No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may ſhe not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune ſent in this fool to cut off the argument?

*Roſ.* Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

*Cel.* Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reaſon of ſuch goddeſſes, and hath ſent [7] this natural for our whetſtone: for always the dulneſs of the fool is the whetſtone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

*Touch.* Miſtreſs, you muſt come away to your father.

*Cel.* Were you made the meſſenger?

*Touch.* No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

*Roſ.* Where learned you that oath, fool?

*Touch.* Of a certain knight, that ſwore by his honour they were good pancakes, and ſwore by his honour the muſtard was naught: now, I'll ſtand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the muſtard was good; and yet was not the knight forſworn.

*Cel.* How prove you that in the great heap of your knowledge?

*Roſ.* Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wiſdom.

*Touch.* Stand you both forth now: ſtroke your chins, and ſwear by your beards that I am a knave.

*Cel.* By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

*Touch.* By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you ſwear by that that is not, you are not forſworn: no

7 — and *hath ſent*—] *And* is not in the old copy. This ſlight emendation is the preſent editor's. MALONE.

more

more was this knight, ſwearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had ſworn it away, before ever he ſaw thoſe pancakes or that muſtard.

*Cel.* Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'ſt?

*Touch.* One that old Frederick, your father, loves [8].

*Roſ.* My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough: ſpeak no more of him; you'll be whip'd for taxation [9], one of theſe days.

*Touch.* The more pity, that fools may not ſpeak wiſely what wiſe men do fooliſhly.

*Cel.* By my troth, thou ſay'ſt true: for ſince the little wit, that fools have, was ſilenced [1], the little foolery, that wiſe men have, makes a great ſhow. Here comes Monſieur Le Beau.

*Enter* LE BEAU.

*Roſ.* With his mouth full of news.

*Cel.* Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

*Roſ.* Then ſhall we be news cramm'd.

*Cel.* All the better; we ſhall be the more marketable. Bon jour, Monſieur Le Beau; what's the news?

*Le Beau.* Fair princeſs, you have loſt much good ſport.

[8] *One that old* Frederick, *your father, loves.*] *Frederick* is here clearly a miſtake, as appears by the anſwer of Roſalind, to whom Touchſtone addreſſes himſelf, though the queſtion was put to him by Celia. I ſuppoſe ſome abbreviation was uſed in the Mſ. for the name of the rightful, or *old* duke, as he is called, [perhaps *Fer.* for *Ferdinand*] which the tranſcriber or printer converted into Frederick. *Fernardyne* is one of the perſons introduced in the novel on which the comedy is founded. Mr. Theobald ſolves the difficulty by giving the next ſpeech to Celia, inſtead of Roſalind; but there is too much of filial warmth in it for Celia:—beſides, why ſhould her father be called *old* Frederick? It appears from the laſt ſcene of this play that this was the name of the *younger* brother. MALONE.

9 — *for* taxation,] For cenſure, or ſatire. So, in *Much ado about nothing:* "Niece, you *tax* Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you." Again, in the play before us:

"— my *taxing* like a wildgooſe flies—". MALONE.

[1] — *ſince the little wit, that fools have, was ſilenced,*] Shakſpeare probably alludes to the uſe of *fools* or *jeſters*, who for ſome ages had been allowed in all courts an unbridled liberty of cenſure and mockery, and about this time began to be leſs tolerated. JOHNSON.

*Cel*

*Cel.* Sport? of what colour?

*Le Beau.* What colour, madam? How ſhall I anſwer you?

*Roſ.* As wit and fortune will.

*Touch.* Or as the deſtinies decree.

*Cel.* Well ſaid; that was laid on with a trowel [2].

*Touch.* Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

*Roſ.* Thou loſeſt thy old ſmell.

*Le Beau.* You amaze me, ladies [3]: I would have told you of good wreſtling, which you have loſt the ſight of.

*Roſ.* Yet tell us the manner of wreſtling.

*Le Beau.* I will tell you the beginning, and, if it pleaſe your ladyſhips, you may ſee the end; for the beſt is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

*Cel.* Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

*Le Beau.* There comes an old man and his three ſons,—

*Cel.* I could match this beginning with an old tale.

*Le Beau.* Three proper [4] young men, of excellent growth and preſence:—

*Roſ.* With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by theſe preſents* [5],—

[2] — *laid on with a trowel*] I ſuppoſe the meaning is, that there is too heavy a maſs of big words laid upon a ſlight ſubject. JOHNSON.

This is a proverbial expreſſion, which is generally uſed to ſignify a *glaring falſhood*. See Ray's *Proverbs*. STEEVENS.

[3] *You* amaze *me, ladies:*] To *amaze*, here, is not to aſtoniſh or ſtrike with wonder, but to perplex; to confuſe, ſo as to put out of the intended narrative. JOHNSON.

[4] — proper] That is, handſome. MALONE.

[5] *With* bills *on their necks*;—*Be it known unto all men by theſe preſents*,—] Dr. Warburton thinks, that there is an equivoque intended between a legal inſtrument, and the weapon called a bill. The former undoubtedly was in our author's thoughts. In his time a *bill* was a common term for a ſingle bond in Engliſh, of which the firſt words are, *Know all men by theſe preſents*. The paſſage cited from Lodge's *Roſalynde* adds ſome ſupport to the ſuppoſition that he had the other ſenſe of the word alſo in view. To carry on the *neck*, (not on the *ſhoulder*,) was the phraſeology of his time. So, (as Dr. Farmer has obſerved,) in the novel which furniſhed Shakſpeare with the plot of this comedy: "Ganimede on a day ſitting with Aliena, (the aſſumed names, as in the play,) caſt up her eye, and ſaw where Roſader came pacing toward them, with his *foreſte-bill on his necke*." Again in *Gorboduckе*, 1569: "Enter one, bearing a bundle of fagots on his *neck*." Dr. Johnſon is of opinion (in which I do not agree with him) that the *whole* conceit is in the reſemblance of *preſence* and *preſents*. Dr. F. thinks that "*With bills on their necks*," ſhould be the concluſion of Le Beau's ſpeech. MALONE.

*Le Beau.*

*Le Beau.* The eldeſt of the three wreſtled with Charles, the duke's wreſtler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: ſo he ſerved the ſecond, and ſo the third: Yonder they lie: the poor old man, their father, making ſuch pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

*Roſ.* Alas!

*Touch.* But what is the ſport, monſieur, that the ladies have loſt?

*Le Beau.* Why this, that I ſpeak of.

*Touch.* Thus men may grow wiſer every day! it is the firſt time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was ſport for ladies.

*Cel.* Or I, I promiſe thee.

*Roſ.* But is there any elſe longs to ſee this broken muſick in his ſides[6]? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we ſee this wreſtling, couſin?

*Le Beau.* You muſt, if you ſtay here: for here is the place appointed for the wreſtling, and they are ready to perform it.

*Cel.* Yonder, ſure, they are coming: Let us now ſtay and ſee it.

*Flouriſh. Enter Duke* FREDERICK, *Lords,* ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and Attendants.*

*Duke F.* Come on: ſince the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardneſs.

*Roſ.* Is yonder the man?

*Le Beau.* Even he, madam,

*Cel.* Alas, he is too young: yet he looks ſucceſsfully.

[6] — *to* ſee *this broken muſick in his ſides?*] *See* is the colloquial term for perception or experiment. So we ſay every day, *ſee* if the water be hot; I will *ſee* which is the beſt time; ſhe has tried, and *ſees* that ſhe cannot lift it. In this ſenſe *ſee* may be here uſed. Roſalind hints at a whimſical ſimilitude between the ſeveral ſides of ribs gradually ſhortening, and ſome whimſical inſtruments, and therefore calls *broken ribs, broken muſick.* JOHNSON.

This probably alludes to the pipe of Pan, which conſiſting of reeds of unequal length, and gradually leſſening, bore ſome reſemblance to the ribs of a man. MASON.

*Duke F.*

*Duke F.* How now, daughter, and couſin? are you crept hither to ſee the wreſtling?

*Roſ.* Ay, my liege, ſo pleaſe you give us leave.

*Duke F.* You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is ſuch odds in the men [7]: In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain diſſuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; ſee if you can move him.

*Cel.* Call him hither, good Monſieur Le Beau.

*Duke F.* Do ſo; I'll not be by. [Duke *goes apart.*

*Le Beau.* Monſieur the challenger, the princeſſes call for you [8].

*Orl.* I attend them with all reſpect and duty.

*Roſ.* Young man, have you challenged Charles the wreſtler [9]?

*Orl.* No, fair princeſs; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the ſtrength of my youth.

*Cel.* Young gentleman, your ſpirits are too bold for your years: You have ſeen cruel proof of this man's ſtrength: if you ſaw yourſelf with your eyes, or knew yourſelf with your judgment [1], the fear of your adventure would counſel you to a more equal enterpriſe. We pray you, for your own ſake, to embrace your own ſafety, and give over this attempt.

*Roſ.* Do, young ſir; your reputation ſhall not therefore be miſpriſed: we will make it our ſuit to the duke, that the wreſtling might not go forward.

*Orl.* I beſeech you, puniſh me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confeſs me much guilty [2], to deny ſo

7 — *odds in the* men:] Sir T. Hanmer. In the old editions, the *man.* JOHNSON.

8 — *the* princeſſes call *for you.*] The old copy reads—the *princeſſe calls.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

9 — *have you challenged Charles the wreſtler?*] This wreſtling match is minutely deſcribed in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1592. MALONE.

1 — *if you ſaw yourſelf with your eyes, or knew yourſelf with your judgment,*] *If you were not blinded and intoxicated,* ſays the princeſs, *with the ſpirit of enterpriſe, if you could uſe* your own eyes to *ſee,* or your own judgment to know *yourſelf, the fear of your adventure would counſel you.* JOHNSON.

2 — *puniſh me not with your hard thoughts*; wherein I confeſs myſelf much guilty, &c.] The meaning I think is, "puniſh me not with your unfavourable opinion (of my abilities); *which, however, I confeſs, I deſerve to incur,* for denying ſuch fair ladies any requeſt." The expreſſion is licentious, but our author's plays furniſh many ſuch. MALONE.

fair

fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wiſhes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one ſhamed that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be ſo: I ſhall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better ſupplied when I have made it empty.

*Roſ.* The little ſtrength that I have, I would it were with you.

*Cel.* And mine to eke out hers.

*Roſ.* Fare you well: Pray heaven I be deceived in you!

*Cel.* Your heart's deſires be with you!

*Cha.* Come, where is this young gallant, that is ſo deſirous to lie with his mother earth?

*Orl.* Ready, ſir; but his will hath in it a more modeſt working.

*Duke F.* You ſhall try but one fall.

*Cha.* No, I warrant your grace; you ſhall not entreat him to a ſecond that have ſo mightily perſuaded him from a firſt.

*Orl.* You mean to mock me after; you ſhould not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

*Roſ.* Now, Hercules be thy ſpeed, young man!

*Cel.* I would I were inviſible to catch the ſtrong fellow by the leg! [CHARLES *and* ORLANDO *wreſtle.*

*Roſ.* O excellent young man!

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who ſhould down [CHARLES *is thrown. Shout.*

*Duke F.* No more, no more.

*Orl.* Yes, I beſeech your grace; I am not well breathed.

*Duke F.* How doſt thou, Charles?

*Le Beau.* He cannot ſpeak, my lord.

*Duke F.* Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

*Orl.* Orlando, my liege; the youngeſt ſon of ſir Rowland de Boys.

*Duke F.* I would, thou hadſt been ſon to ſome man elſe.
The world eſteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him ſtill mine enemy:
Thou ſhould'ſt have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadſt thou deſcended from another houſe.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would, thou hadſt told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke* FRED. *Train, and* LE BEAU.

*Cel.* Were I my father, coz, would I do this?
*Orl.* I am more proud to be ſir Rowland's ſon,
His youngeſt ſon [3];—and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.
*Roſ.* My father lov'd ſir Rowland as his ſoul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his ſon,
I ſhould have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he ſhould thus have ventur'd.
*Cel.* Gentle couſin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious diſpoſition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deſerv'd:
If you do keep your promiſes in love,
But juſtly, as you have exceeded all promiſe,
Your miſtreſs ſhall be happy.
*Roſ.* Gentleman, [*giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me; one out of ſuits with fortune [4];
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?
*Cel.* Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.
*Orl.* Can I not ſay, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down: and that which here ſtands up,
Is but a quintaine, a mere lifeleſs block [5].

*Roſ.*

[3] *His youngeſt ſon*:—] The words "than to be deſcended from any other houſe, however high," muſt be underſtood. Orlando is replying to the duke, who is juſt gone out, and had ſaid,

Thou ſhould'ſt have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadſt thou deſcended from another houſe. MALONE.

[4] — *out of ſuits with fortune*,] I believe means, turned out of her ſervice, and ſtripp'd of her livery. STEEVENS.

So afterwards Celia ſays, "— but turning theſe jeſts *out of ſervice*, let us talk in good earneſt." MALONE.

[5] *Is but a* quintaine, a *mere lifeleſs block*.] A *quintaine*, was a *poſt* or *butt* ſet up for ſeveral kinds of martial exerciſes, againſt which they threw their darts and exerciſed their arms. The alluſion is beautiful. *I am*, ſays Orlando, *only a* quintaine, *a lifeleſs block on which love only exerciſes his arms, in jeſt*; *the great diſparity of condition between Roſalind and me not ſuffering me to hope that love will ever make a ſerious matter of it.* WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation would, I think, have been leſs exceptionable, had it been more ſimple: yet he is here charged with a fault of which he is ſeldom guilty, want of refinement. "This," ſays Mr. Guthrie, "is but an imperfect (to call it no worſe) explanation of a beautiful paſſage. The *quintaine* was not the object of the darts and arms;

*Roſ.* He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:
I'll aſk him what he would:—Did you call, ſir?—
Sir, you have wreſtled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

*Cel.* Will you go, coz?

*Roſ.* Have with you:—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

*Orl.*

arms; it was a ſtake, driven into a field, upon which were hung a ſhield and trophies of war, at which they ſhot, darted, or rode with a lance. When the ſhield and trophies were all thrown down, the quintaine remained. Without this information, how could the reader underſtand the alluſion of—" my better parts

" Are all thrown down."

In the preſent edition I have avoided as much as poſſible all kind of controverſy; but in thoſe caſes where errors by having been long adopted are become inveterate, it becomes in ſome meaſure neceſſary to the enforcement of truth.

It is a common but a very dangerous miſtake, to ſuppoſe, that the interpretation which gives moſt ſpirit to a paſſage is the true one. In conſequence of this notion two paſſages of our author, one in *Macbeth*, and another in *Othello*, have been refined, as I conceive, into a meaning that, I believe, was not in his thoughts. If the moſt ſpirited interpretation that can be imagined, happens to be inconſiſtent with his general manner, and the phraſeology both of him and his contemporaries, or to be founded on a cuſtom which did not exiſt in his age, moſt aſſuredly it is a falſe interpretation. Of the latter kind is Mr. Guthrie's explanation of the paſſage before us.

The military exerciſe of the *quintaine* is as ancient as the time of the Romans; and we find from Mathew Paris, that it ſubſiſted in England in the thirteenth century. " Tentoria variis ornamentorum generibus venuſtantur; terræ infixis ſudibus ſcuta apponuntur, quibus in craſtinum *quintanæ* ludus, ſcilicet equeſtris, exerceretur." M. Paris ad ann. 1253. Theſe probably were the very words that Mr. Guthrie had in contemplation. But Mathew Paris made no part of Shakſpeare's library; nor is it at all material to our preſent point what were the cuſtoms of any century preceding that in which he lived. In his time without any doubt the *Quintaine* was not a military exerciſe of tilting, but a mere ruſtick ſport. So Minſheu, in his DICT. 1617: " A *quintaine* or quintelle, a game in requeſt at marriages, when Jac and Tom, Dic, Hob and Will ſtrive for the gay garland." So alſo Randolph at ſomewhat a later period [Poems, 1642.]:

" Foot-ball with us may be with them [the Spaniards] balloone;
" As they at *tilts*, ſo we at *quintaine* runne;
" And thoſe old paſtimes relish beſt with me,
" That have leaſt art, and moſt ſimplicitie."

But old Stowe has put this matter beyond a doubt; for in his SURVEY OF LONDON, printed only two years before this play appeared, he has given us the figure of a quintaine, as repreſented in the margin

" I have

*Orl.* What paſſion hangs theſe weights upon my tongue?
I cannot ſpeak to her, yet ſhe urg'd conference.

*Enter* LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or ſomething weaker, maſters thee.

*Le Beau.* Good ſir, I do in friendſhip counſel you
To leave this place: Albeit you have deſerv'd
High commendation, true applauſe, and love;
Yet ſuch is now the duke's condition [6],
That he miſconſtrues all that you have done:
The duke is humourous; what he is, indeed,
More ſuits you to conceive, than me to ſpeak of [7].

"I have ſeen (ſays he) a *Quinten* ſet up on Cornehill, by the Leaden Hall, where the attendants on the lords of merry diſports have runne, and made greate paſtime; for hee that hit not the broad end of the quinten was of all men laughed to ſcorne: and he that hit it full, if he rid not the faſter, had a ſound blow on his necke with a bagge full of ſand han ed on the other end." Here, we ſee, were no ſhields hung, no trophies of war to be thrown down. "The great deſign of the ſport," ſays Dr. Plot in his HIST. *of* OXFORDSHIRE, "is to try both man and horſe, and to *break the board*; which whoever does, is for the time *Princeps juventutis*."—Shakſpeare's ſimiles ſeldom correſpond on both ſides. My better parts being all thrown down, *my youthful ſpirit being ſubdued by the power of beauty*, I am now (ſays Orlando) as inanimate as a wooden quintaine is (not when its better parts are thrown down, but as that lifeleſs block is at all times)." Such, perhaps, is the meaning. If however the words, "better parts," are to be applied to the quintaine, as well as to the ſpeaker, the *board* above-mentioned, and not any *ſhield* or *trophy*, muſt have been alluded to.

Our author has in *Macbeth* uſed "my better part of men" for *manly ſpirit*:

"Accurſed be the tongue that tells me ſo,
"For it has cow'd *my better part* of man." MALONE.

6 — *the duke's* condition.] The word *condition* means character, temper, diſpoſition. So Anthonio, the merchant of Venice, is called by his friend the *beſt conditition'd man*. JOHNSON.

7 — *than* me *to ſpeak of.*] The old copy has—than *I*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

*Orl.*

*Orl.* I thank you, ſir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wreſtling?

*Le Beau.* Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the ſmaller[8] is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the baniſh'd duke,
And here detain'd by her uſurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whoſe loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of ſiſters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en diſpleaſure 'gainſt his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praiſe her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's ſake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainſt the lady
Will ſuddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I ſhall deſire more love and knowledge of you.

*Orl.* I reſt much bounden to you: fare you well!

[*Exit* LE BEAU.

Thus muſt I from the ſmoke into the ſmother;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Roſalind!

## SCENE III.

*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

*Cel.* Why, couſin; why, Roſalind;—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

*Roſ.*

[8] — *the* ſmaller—] The old copy reads—the *taller*. STEEVENS.
For the emendation now made the preſent editor is anſwerable. Some change is abſolutely neceſſary, for Roſalind, in a ſubſequent ſcene, expreſsly ſays that *ſhe* is "more than common *tall*," and aſſigns that as a reaſon for her aſſuming the dreſs of a man, while her couſin Celia retained

*Roſ.* Not one to throw at a dog.

*Cel.* No, thy words are too precious to be caſt away upon curs, throw ſome of them at me; come, lame me with reaſons.

*Roſ.* Then there were two couſins laid up; when the one ſhould be lamed with reaſons, and the other mad without any.

*Cel.* But is all this for your father?

*Roſ.* No, ſome of it is for my child's father[9]: O, how full of briars is this working day world!

*Cel.* They are but burs, couſin, thrown upon thee in holyday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

*Roſ.* I could ſhake them off my coat; theſe burs are in my heart.

*Cel* Hem them away.

*Roſ.* I would try; if I could cry hem, and have him.

*Cel.* Come, come, wreſtle with thy affections.

*Roſ.* O, they take the part of a better wreſtler than myſelf.

*Cel.* O, a good wiſh upon you! you will try in time, in deſpight of a fall.—But, turning theſe jeſts out of ſervice, let us talk in good earneſt: Is it poſſible on ſuch a ſudden you ſhould fall into ſo ſtrong a liking with old ſir Rowland's youngeſt ſon?

*Roſ.* The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

*Cel.* Doth it therefore enſue, that you ſhould love his ſon dearly? By this kind of chaſe[1], I ſhould hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

retained her female apparel. Again, in Act IV. ſc. iii. Celia is deſcribed by theſe words—"the woman *low*, and browner than her brother;" i. e. Roſalind. Mr. Pope reads—"the *ſhorter* is his daughter;" which has been admitted in all the ſubſequent editions; but ſurely *ſhorter* and *taller* could never have been confounded by either the eye or the ear. The preſent emendation, it is hoped, has a preferable claim to a place in the text, as being much nearer to the corrupted reading. MALONE.

9 —*for my child's father:*] i. e. for him whom I hope to marry, and have children by. THEOBALD.

1 *By this kind of chaſe,*] That is, by this way of *following* the argument. *Dear* is uſed by Shakſpeare in a double ſenſe, for *beloved*, and for *hurtful*, *hateful*, *baleful*. Both ſenſes are authoriſed, and both drawn from etymology; but properly, *beloved* is *dear*, and *hateful* is *dere*. Roſalind uſes *dearly* in the good, and Celia in the bad ſenſe. JOHNSON.

*Ros.* No, faith, hate him not, for my ſake.
*Cel.* Why ſhould I not? doth he not deſerve well[2]?

*Enter Duke* FREDERICK, *with Lords.*

*Ros.* Let me love him for that; and do you love him, becauſe I do:—Look, here comes the duke.
*Cel.* With his eyes full of anger.
*Duke F.* Miſtreſs, diſpatch you with your ſafeſt haſte,
And get you from our court.
*Ros.* Me, uncle?
*Duke F.* You, couſin:
Within theſe ten days if that thou be'ſt found
So near our publick court as twenty miles,
Thou dieſt for it.
*Ros.* I do beſeech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myſelf I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own deſires:
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
(As I do truſt, I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, ſo much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highneſs.
*Duke F.* Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did conſiſt in words;
They are as innocent as grace itſelf:—
Let it ſuffice thee, that I truſt thee not.
*Ros.* Yet your miſtruſt cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me, whereon the likelihoods depend.
*Duke F.* Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

[2] *Why ſhould I* not? *doth he not deſerve well?*] Celia anſwers Roſalind, (who had deſired her "*not to hate* Orlando, for her ſake,") as if ſhe had ſaid—"*love* him, for my ſake:" to which the former replies, "Why ſhould I *not* [i. e. love him]? So, in the following paſſage, in *King Henry VIII.*

"——— Which of the peers
"Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at leaſt
"Strangely neglected?"

*uncontemn'd* muſt be underſtood as if the author had written—*not* contemn'd; otherwiſe the ſubſequent words would convey a meaning directly contrary to what the ſpeaker intends. MALONE.

*Roſ.*

*Roſ.* So was I, when your highneſs took his dukedom;
So was I, when your highneſs baniſh'd him:
Treaſon is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, miſtake me not ſo much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

*Cel.* Dear ſovereign, hear me ſpeak.

*Duke F.* Ay, Celia; we ſtay'd her for your ſake,
Elſe had ſhe with her father rang'd along.

*Cel.* I did not then entreat to have her ſtay,
It was your pleaſure, and your own remorſe;
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if ſhe be a traitor,
Why ſo am I: we ſtill have ſlept together,
And whereſoe'er we went, like Juno's ſwans,
Still we went coupled, and inſeparable.

*Duke F.* She is too ſubtle for thee; and her ſmoothneſs,
Her very ſilence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: ſhe robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and ſeem more virtuous[3],
When ſhe is gone: then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have paſt upon her; ſhe is baniſh'd.

*Cel.* Pronounce that ſentence then on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

*Duke F.* You are a fool:—You, niece, provide yourſelf,
If you out-ſtay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatneſs of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke* FRED. *and Lords.*

*Cel.* O my poor Roſalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

*Roſ.* I have more cauſe.

*Cel.* Thou haſt not, couſin;
Pr'ythee be cheerful: know'ſt thou not, the duke
Hath baniſh'd me his daughter?

*Roſ.* That he hath not

*Cel.* No? hath not? Roſalind lacks then the love

3 *And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and ſeem more virtuous,*] When ſhe was ſeen alone, ſhe would be more noted. JOHNSON.

Which

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one[4]:
Shall we be ſunder'd? ſhall we part, ſweet girl?
No; let my father ſeek another heir.
Therefore deviſe with me, how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not ſeek to take your change upon you[5],
To bear your griefs yourſelf, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our ſorrows pale,
Say what thou can'ſt, I'll go along with thee.

*Roſ.* Why, whither ſhall we go?

*Cel.* To ſeek my uncle in the foreſt of Arden.

*Roſ.* Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth ſo far?
Beauty provoketh thieves ſooner than gold.

*Cel.* I'll put myſelf in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber ſmirch my face[6];
The like do you; ſo ſhall we paſs along,
And never ſtir aſſailants.

*Roſ* Were it not better,
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle axe[7] upon my thigh,
A boar-ſpear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a ſwaſhing and a martial outſide[8];
As many other manniſh cowards have,
That do outface it with their ſemblances.

*Cel.* What ſhall I call thee, when thou art a man?

*Roſ* I'll have no worſe a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganimed.

4 —— *Roſalind lacks then the love*
*Which teacheth* thee *that thou and I am one:*] The ſenſe of the eſtabliſhed text [which Dr. Warburton changed to—teacheth *me*—] is not remote or obſcure. Where would be the abſurdity of ſaying, *You know not the law which teaches you to do right?* JOHNSON.

5 — *to take your* change *upon you,*] i. e. to take your *change* or *reverſe of fortune* upon yourſelf, without any aid or participation. MALONE.

6 *And with a kind of* umber *ſmirch my face;*] *Umber* is a duſky yellow-coloured earth, brought from Umbria in Italy. See a note on "the *umber'd* fires," in *K. Henry V.* Act III. MALONE.

7 — *curtle-axe,*] or *cutlace*, a broad ſword. JOHNSON.

8 — *a* ſwaſhing *and a martial outſide;*] A *ſwaſhing* outſide is an appearance of noiſy, bullying valour. *Swaſhing blow* is uſed in *Romeo and Juliet.* STEEVENS.

But what will you be call'd?

*Cel.* Something that hath a reference to my ſtate;
No longer Celia, but Aliena

*Roſ.* But, couſin, what if we aſſay'd to ſteal
The clowniſh fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

*Cel.* He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Deviſe the fitteſt time, and ſafeſt way
To hide us from purſuit that will be made
After my flight: Now go we in content *;
To liberty, and not to baniſhment.

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## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Foreſt of* Arden.

*Enter* Duke *ſenior*, AMIENS, *and other Lords, in the dreſs of foreſters.*

*Duke S.* Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old cuſtom made this life more ſweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not theſe woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam',

The

* *Now go* we in *content*;] The old copy reads—Now go *in* we content. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. I am not ſure that the tranſpoſition is neceſſary. Our author might have uſed *content* as an adjective. MALONE.

' *Here feel we* but *the penalty of Adam*,] The old copy reads—*and* the penalty. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. " *But* and *not* (he obſerves,)

The ſeaſons' difference; as, the icy fang,
And churliſh chiding of the winter's wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I ſhrink with cold, I ſmile, and ſay,—
This is no flattery: theſe are counſellors
That feelingly perſuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uſes of adverſity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head[2]:
And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.

*Ami.* I would not change it[3]: Happy is your grace,
That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſs of fortune
Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a ſtile.

*Duke S.* Come, ſhall we go and kill us veniſon?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this deſert city[4],

obſerves,) are often confounded in the old editions. The being ſenſible of the ſeaſons' difference, (he adds) was the penalty alluded to, which the Duke acknowledges, "feelingly perſuades him what he is."

As *not* has here taken the place of *but*, ſo, in *Coriolanus*, Act. II. ſc. iii. *but* is printed inſtead of *not*:

"*Cor.* Ay, *but* mine own deſire.

"*1. Cit.* How! *not* your own deſire?" MALONE.

2 *Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,*

*Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:*] It was the current opinion in Shakſpeare's time, that in the head of an old toad was to be found a ſtone, or pearl, to which great virtues were aſcribed. This ſtone has been often ſought, but nothing has been found more than accidental or perhaps morbid indurations of the ſkull. JOHNSON.

In a book called *A Green Foreſt, or a Natural Hiſtory*, &c. by John Maplet, 1567, is the following account of this imaginary gem: "In this ſtone is apparently ſeene verie often the verie forme of a toade, with deſpotted and coloured feete, but thoſe uglye and defuſedly. It is available againſt envenoming." Pliny, in the 32d book of his *Nat. Hiſtory*, aſcribes many wonderful qualities to a *bone* found in the right ſide of a *toad*, but makes no mention of any gem in its head. STEEVENS.

3 *I would not change it:*] Mr. Upton, not without probability, gives theſe words to the Duke, and makes Amiens begin: *Happy is your grace.* JOHNSON.

4 — *native* burghers *of this deſert city,*] In *Sidney's Arcadia*, the deer are called "the wild *burgeſſes* of the foreſt. STEEVENS.

A kindred expreſſion is found in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1590:

"About her wond'ring ſtood
"The *citizens* o' the *wood.*"

Our author afterwards uſes this very phraſe:

"Sweep on, you fat and greaſy *citizens.* MALONE.

Should,

Should, in their own confines, with forked heads[5]
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1. *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, ſwears you do more uſurp
Than doth your brother that hath baniſh'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens, and myſelf,
Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak[6], whoſe antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor ſequeſter'd ſtag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears[7]
Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chaſe: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremeſt verge of the ſwift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

*Duke S.* But what ſaid Jaques?
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?

1. *Lord.* O, yes, into a thouſand ſimiles.
Firſt, for his weeping in the needleſs ſtream[8];

5 — *with forked heads*] i. e. with *arrows*, the points of which were *barbed*. STEEVENS.

6 ——— *as he lay along*
*Under an oak*, &c.
" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
" That wreathes its old fantaſtick roots ſo high,
" His liſtleſs length at noon tide would he ſtretch,
" And poſe upon the brook that babbles by " *Gray's* Elegy.
STEEVENS.

7 — *the big round tears*, &c.] It is ſaid in one of the marginal notes to a ſimilar paſſage in the 13th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, that "the hart weepeth at his dying: his tears are held to be precious in medicine." STEEVENS.

Saucius at quadrupes nota intra tecta refugit,
Succeſſitque gemens ſtabulis; queſtuque, cruentus,
Atque imploranti ſimilis, tectum omne replevit. Virg.
MALONE.

8 — in *the* needleſs *ſtream*;] The ſtream that wanted not ſuch a ſupply of moiſture. The old copy has *into*, caught probably by the compoſitor's eye from the line above. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

*Poor*

*Poor deer*, quoth he, *thou mak'ſt a teſtament*
*As worldlings do, giving thy ſum of more*
*To that which had too much* [9]: Then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends [1];
*'Tis right*, quoth he, *thus miſery doth part*
*The flux of company*: Anon, a careleſs herd,
Full of the paſture, jumps along by him,
And never ſtays to greet him; *Ay*, quoth Jaques,
*Sweep on, you fat and greaſy citizens;*
*'Tis juſt the faſhion: Wherefore do you look*
*Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?*
Thus moſt invectively he pierceth through
The body of country [2], city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: ſwearing, that we
Are mere uſurpers, tyrants, and what's worſe,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their aſſign'd and native dwelling place.

*Duke S.* And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2. *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the ſobbing deer.

*Duke S.* Show me the place;
I love to cope him [3] in theſe ſullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

1. *Lord.* I'll bring you to him ſtraight. [*Exeunt.*

9 *To that which had too* much:] Old Copy—too *muſt*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Shakſpeare has almoſt the ſame thought in his *Lover's Complaint:*

" ——— in a river——
" Upon whoſe weeping margin ſhe was ſet,
" Like uſury, applying wet to wet."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. Act V. ſc. iv;

" With tearful eyes add water to the ſea,
" And give more ſtrength *to that which hath too much.*

STEEVENS.

1 — *of his velvet* friends:] The old copy has *friend*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe MALONE.

2 *The body of* country—] *Country* is here uſed as a triſyllable. So again, in *Twelfth Night:*

" The like of him. Know'ſt thou this *country?*"

The editor of the ſecond folio, who appears to have been utterly ignorant of our author's phraſeology and metre, reads—The body of *the* country, &c. which has been followed by all the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

3 — *to cope him*] To encounter him; to engage with him. JOHNSON.

SCENE

## SCENE II.

*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter Duke* FREDERICK, *Lords, and Attendants.*

*Duke F.* Can it be poſſible that no man ſaw them?
It cannot be: ſome villains of my court
Are of conſent and ſufferance in this.
1. *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did ſee her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreaſur'd of their miſtreſs.
2. *Lord.* My lord, the roynish clown [4], at whom ſo oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is alſo miſſing.
Heſperia, the princeſs' gentlewoman,
Confeſſes, that ſhe ſecretly o'er-heard
Your daughter and her couſin much commend
The parts and graces of the wreſtler [5]
That did but lately foil the ſinewy Charles;
And ſhe believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is ſurely in their company.
*Duke F.* Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be abſent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him: do this ſuddenly;
And let not ſearch and inquiſition quail [6]
To bring again theſe fooliſh runaways. [*Exeunt.*

4 — the *roynish* clown] *Roynish* from *rogneux*, Fr. mangy, ſcurvy. We are not to ſuppoſe the word is literally employed by Shakſpeare, but in the ſame ſenſe that the French ſtill uſe *carogne*, a term of which Moliere is not very ſparing in ſome of his pieces. STEEVENS.

5 — *of the* wreſtler] *Wreſtler* is here uſed as a triſyllable. MALONE.

6 — quail] To *quail* is to *faint*, to ſink into dejection. So, in *Cymbeline*:

" ——— which my falſe ſpirits
" *Quail* to remember." STEEVENS.

SCENE

## SCENE III.

*Before* Oliver's *Houſe.*

*Enter* ORLANDO *and* ADAM, *meeting.*

*Orl.* Who's there?

*Adam.* What! my young maſter?—O, my gentle maſter,
O, my ſweet maſter, O you memory [7]
Of old ſir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond to overcome
The bony priſer [8] of the humorous duke?
Your praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not, maſter, to ſome kind of men [9]
Their graces ſerve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle maſter,
Are ſanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

7 *O you* memory—] *Memory* for *memorial.* STEEVENS.

So (as Mr. Steevens has ſhewn) the word was frequently uſed by our author's contemporaries. MALONE.

8 *The* bony *priſer*—] In the former editions, *The* bonny *priſer.* We ſhould read— bony *priſer.* For this wreſtler is characteriſed for his ſtrength and bulk, not for his gaiety or good humour. WARBURTON.

So Milton: "*Giants of mighty* bone." JOHNSON.

So, in the Romance of *Syr Degore*, bl. l. no date:

"This is a man all for the nones,
"For he is a man of *great bones.*"

*Bonny*, however, may be the true reading. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. Act V: "Even of the *bonny* beaſt he lov'd ſo well. STEEVENS.

The word *bonny* occurs more than once in the novel from which this play of *As you like it* is taken. It is likewiſe much uſed by the common people in the northern counties. I believe, however, *bony* to be the true reading. MALONE.

9 — *to* ſome *kind of men*] Old Copy—*ſeeme* kind. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

*Orl.*

*Orl.* Why, what's the matter?

*Adam.* O unhappy youth,
Come not within theſe doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the ſon—
Yet not the ſon;—I will not call him ſon—
Of him I was about to call his father,)
Hath heard your praiſes; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you uſe to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place [1], this houſe is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

*Orl.* Why, whither, Adam, would'ſt thou have me go?

*Adam.* No matter whither, ſo you come not here.

*Orl.* What, would'ſt thou have me go and beg my food?
Or, with a baſe and boiſterous ſword, enforce
A thieviſh living on the common road?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will ſubject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood [2], and bloody brother.

*Adam.* But do not ſo: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I ſav'd under your father,
Which I did ſtore, to be my foſter-nurſe,
When ſervice ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea providently caters for the ſparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your ſervant;

[1] *This is no* place,] *Place* here ſignifies a *ſeat*, a *manſion*, a *reſidence*. So, in the firſt Book of *Samuel:* "Saul ſet him up a *place*, and is gone down to Gilgal." We ſtill uſe the word in compound with another, as —St. James's *place*, Rathbone *place*; and Croſby *place* in *K. Richard III.* &c. STEEVENS.

Our author uſes this word again in the ſame ſenſe in his *Lover's Complaint:* "Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her *place*."

*Plas*, in the Welch language, ſignifies a manſion-houſe. MALONE.

[2] — *diverted* blood,] *Blood* turned out of the courſe of nature. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint:*

"Sometimes *diverted*, their poor balls are tied
"To the orbed earth—." MALONE.

Though

Though I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty:
For in my youth I never apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood [3];
Nor did not with unbaſhful forehead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility;
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſt, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the ſervice of a younger man
In all your buſineſs and neceſſities.

*Orl.* O good old man; how well in thee appears
The conſtant ſervice of the antique world,
When ſervice ſweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their ſervice up
Even with the having [4]: it is not ſo with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,
That cannot ſo much as a bloſſom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and huſbandry:
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages ſpent,
We'll light upon ſome ſettled low content.

*Adam.* Maſter, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the laſt gaſp, with truth and loyalty.—
From ſeventeen years [5] till now almoſt fourſcore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At ſeventeen years many their fortunes ſeek;
But at fourſcore, it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompenſe me better,
Than to die well, and not my maſter's debtor. [*Exeunt.*

[3] — rebellious *liquors in my blood*;] That is, liquors which inflame the blood or ſenſual paſſions, and incite them to rebel againſt Reaſon. So, in *Othello*:

"For there's a young and ſweating devil here,
"That commonly *rebels*." MALONE.

[4] Even *with the having*:] *Even* with the *promotion* gained by ſervice is ſervice extinguiſhed. JOHNSON.

[5] *From* ſeventeen *years*—] The old copy reads—*ſeventy*. The correction, which is fully ſupported by the context, was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

## SCENE IV.

*The Foreſt.*

*Enter* ROSALIND *in boy's cloaths,* CELIA *dreſt like a Shepherdeſs, and* TOUCHSTONE.

*Roſ.* O Jupiter! how weary are my ſpirits [6]!

*Touch.* I care not for my ſpirits, if my legs were not weary.

*Roſ.* I could find in my heart to diſgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I muſt comfort the weaker veſſel, as doublet and hoſe ought to ſhow itſelf courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good Aliena.

*Cel.* I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

*Touch.* For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you [7]: yet I ſhould bear no croſs [8], if I did bear you; for, I think you have no money in your purſe.

*Roſ.* Well, this is the foreſt of Arden.

6 *O* Jupiter! *how* weary *are my ſpirits!*] She invokes Jupiter, becauſe he was ſuppoſed to be always in good ſpirits. So afterwards: "O moſt gentle *Jupiter!*"—A *Jovial* man was a common phraſe in our author's time. One of Randolph's plays is called ARISTIPPUS, *or the* Jovial *Philoſopher*; and a comedy of Broome's, *The* Jovial *Crew, or the* Merry *Beggars.* The old copy reads—how *merry.* The emendation, which the context and the clown's reply render certain, was made by Mr. Theobald. In the original copy of *Othello*, 4to. 1622, nearly the ſame miſtake has happened: for there we find—

"Let us be *merry*, let us hide our joys,

inſtead of—Let us be *weary.* MALONE.

7 — *I had rather* bear with *you than* bear *you.*] This jingle is repeated in *K. Richard III:*

"You mean to *bear* me, not to *bear with* me." STEEVENS.

8 — *yet I ſhould bear no* croſs,] A *croſs* was a piece of money ſtamped with a *croſs.* On this our author is perpetually quibbling. STEEVENS.

*Touch.*

*Touch.* Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers muſt be content.

*Roſ.* Ay, be ſo, good Touchſtone:——Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in ſolemn talk.

*Enter* CORIN *and* SILVIUS.

*Cor.* That is the way to make her ſcorn you ſtill.

*Sil.* O Corin, that thou knew'ſt how I do love her!

*Cor.* I partly gueſs; for I have lov'd ere now.

*Sil.* No, Corin, being old, thou canſt not gueſs;
Though in thy youth thou waſt as true a lover,
As ever ſigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As ſure I think did never man love ſo,)
How many actions moſt ridiculous
Haſt thou been drawn to by thy fantaſy?

*Cor.* Into a thouſand that I have forgotten.

*Sil.* O, thou didſt then ne'er love ſo heartily:
If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt folly [9]
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou haſt not lov'd:
Or if thou haſt not ſat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer [1] in thy miſtreſs' praiſe,
Thou haſt not lov'd:
Or if thou haſt not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my paſſion now makes me,
Thou haſt not lov'd:—O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[*Exit* SILVIUS.

9 *If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt folly*] I am inclined to believe that from this paſſage *Suckling* took the hint of his ſong:

" *Honeſt lover, whoſoever,*
" *If in all thy love there ever*
" *Were one wav'ring thought, if thy flame*
" *Were not ſtill even, ſtill the ſame,*
" *Know this,*
" *Thou lov'ſt amiſs,*
" *And to love true,*
" *Thou muſt begin again, and love anew,* &c. JOHNSON.

1 Wearying *thy hearer*—] The old copy has—*wearing*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. I am not ſure that the emendation is neceſſary, though it has been adopted by all the editors. MALONE.

*Roſ.* Alas, poor ſhepherd! ſearching of thy wound [2], I have by hard adventure found mine own.

*Touch.* And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my ſword upon a ſtone, and bid him take that for coming o'night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kiſſing of her batlet [3], and the cow's dugs that her pretty chop'd hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peaſcod inſtead of her; from whom I took two [4] cods, and, giving her them again, ſaid with weeping tears [5], *Wear theſe for my ſake.* We, that are true lovers, run into ſtrange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, ſo is all nature in love mortal in folly [6].

*Roſ.* Thou ſpeak'ſt wiſer, than thou art 'ware of.

*Touch.* Nay, I ſhall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my ſhins againſt it.

[2] — *of* thy wound—] The old copy has—*they would* The latter word was corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio, the other by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[3] — *batlet*,—] The inſtrument with which waſhers beat their coarſe cloaths. JOHNSON.

Old Copy—*batler*. Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[4] — *two cods*,] For *cods* it would be more like ſenſe to read *peas*, which having the ſhape of pearls, reſembled the common preſents of lovers. JOHNSON

In a ſchedule of jewels in the 15th vol. of *Rymer's Fœdera*, we find, "Item, two *peaſcoddes* of gold, with 17 pearles." FARMER.

*Peaſcods* was the ancient term for *peas* as they are brought to market. So, in *The Honeſt Man's Fortune*, by B. and Fletcher: "Shalt feed on delicates, the firſt *peaſcods*, ſtrawberries." STEEVENS.

In the following paſſage, Touchſtone's preſent certainly ſignifies not the *pea* but the *pod*, and ſo, I believe, the word is uſed here. "He [Richard II.] alſo uſed a *peaſcod* branch with the *cods* open, but the *peas* out, as it is upon his robe in his monument at Weſtminſter" Camden's *Remaines*, 1614. Here we ſee the *cods* and not the *peas* were worn. Why Shakſpeare uſed the former word rather than *pods*, which appears to have the ſame meaning, is obvious. MALONE

[5] — *weeping tears*,] A ridiculous expreſſion from a ſonnet in Lodge's *Roſalynd*, the novel on which this comedy is founded. It likewiſe occurs in the old anonymous play of the *Victories of K. Henry V.* STEEVENS.

The ſame expreſſion occurs alſo in Lodge's *Doraſtus and Fawnia*, on which the *Winter's Tale* is founded. MALONE

[6] — *ſo is all nature in love mortal in folly*.] This expreſſion I do not well underſtand. In the middle counties, *mortal*, from *mort*, a great quantity, is uſed as a particle of amplification, *mortal tall*, *mortal little*. Of this ſenſe I believe Shakſpeare takes advantage to produce one of his darling equivocations. Thus the meaning will be, *ſo is all nature in love* abounding *in folly*. JOHNSON.

*Roſ.*

*Roſ.* Jove! Jove! this ſhepherd's paſſion is much upon my faſhion.

*Touch.* And mine; but it grows ſomething ſtale with me

*Cel.* I pray you, one of you queſtion yon man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almoſt to death.

*Touch.* Holla; you clown!

*Roſ.* Peace, fool; he's not thy kinſman.

*Cor.* Who calls?

*Touch.* Your betters, ſir.

*Cor.* Elſe are they very wretched.

*Roſ.* Peace, I ſay:—Good even to you, friend [7].

*Cor.* And to you, gentle ſir, and to you all.

*Roſ.* I pr'ythee, ſhepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this deſert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may reſt ourſelves, and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppreſs'd,
And faints for ſuccour.

*Cor.* Fair ſir, I pity her,
And wiſh for her ſake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve:
But I am ſhepherd to another man,
And do not ſheer the fleeces that I graze;
My maſter is of churliſh diſpoſition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hoſpitality:
Beſides his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on ſale, and at our ſheep-cote now,
By reaſon of his abſence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come ſee,
And in my voice moſt welcome ſhall you be [8].

*Roſ.* What is he, that ſhall buy his flock and paſture?

*Cor.* That young ſwain, that you ſaw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.

*Roſ.* I pray thee, if it ſtand with honeſty,
Buy thou the cottage, paſture, and the flock,
And thou ſhalt have to pay for it of us.

*Cel.* And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,
And willingly could waſte my time in it.

[7] — *to* you, *friend.*] The old copy reads—to *your* friend. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[8] *And* in my voice *moſt welcome ſhall you be.*] *In my voice*, as far as I have a voice or vote, as far as I have power to bid you welcome. JOHNSON.

*Cor.*

*Cor.* Aſſuredly, the thing is to be ſold:
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The ſoil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right ſuddenly. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*The ſame.*

*Enter* AMIENS, JAQUES, *and Others.*

### SONG.

Ami. *Under the greenwood tree*
*Who loves to lie with me,*
*And tune*[9] *his merry note*
*Unto the ſweet bird's throat,*
*Come hither, come hither, come hither:*
*Here ſhall he ſee*
*No enemy,*
*But winter and rough weather.*

*Jaq.* More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

*Ami.* It will make you melancholy, monſieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can ſuck melancholy out of a ſong, as a weazel ſucks eggs: More, I pr'ythee, more.

9 *And* tune—] The old copy has *turne*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"And *to* the nightingale's complaining *note*
"*Tune* my diſtreſſes, and record my woes." MALONE.

*Ami.*

*Ami.* My voice is ragged [1]; I know, I cannot pleaſe you.

*Jaq.* I do not deſire you to pleaſe me, I do deſire you to ſing: Come, more, another ſtanza; Call you them ſtanzas?

*Ami.* What you will, monſieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing: Will you ſing?

*Ami.* More at your requeſt, than to pleaſe myſelf.

*Jaq.* Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, ſing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

*Ami.* Well, I'll end the ſong —Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree:—he hath been all this day to look you.

*Jaq.* And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too diſputable [2] for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boaſt of them. Come, warble, come.

## SONG.

*Who doth ambition ſhun,* [All together here.]
*And loves to live i' the ſun* [3],

[1] — *my voice is* ragged;] i. e. broken, and unequal Mr. Rowe and the ſubſequent editors read—*rugged* Our author's term is yet uſed, if I miſtake not, among ſingers. In *Cymbeline* he ſpeaks of the *ſnatches* of the voice. Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. "Is not your voice *broken?*"

In the Epiſtle prefixed to Spenſer's *Shepherd's Calender*, the writer ſpeaks of the raſcally route of our "*ragged* rhimers;" and Sir Henry Wotton in his will mentions his "*ragged* eſtate."

Again, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"Thy ſecret pleaſure turns to open ſhame,
"Thy ſmoothing titles to a *ragged* name."

Again, in Naſhe's *Anatomie of Abſurditie*, 1589: "—as the fooliſh painter in Plutarch, having blurred a *ragged* table with the rude picture of a dunghill cocke, wiſhed his boy in any caſe to drive all live cocks from this his worthleſs workmanſhip," &c. See alſo the extract from his *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſſe*, quoted below, p. 168. MALONE.

[2] — diſputable—] for *diſputatious*. MALONE.

[3] — *to live i' the ſun,*] *To live i' the ſun*, is to labour and "ſweat in the eye of Phœbus," or, *vitam agere ſub dio.* TOLLET.

*Seeking*

*Seeking the food he eats,*
*And pleas'd with what he gets,*
*Come hither, come hither, come hither;*
*Here ſhall he ſee*
*No enemy,*
*But winter and rough weather.*

*Jaq.* I'll give you a verſe to this note, that I made yeſterday in deſpight of my invention.

*Ami.* And I'll ſing it.

*Jaq.* Thus it goes:

*If it do come to paſs,*
*That any man turn aſs,*
*Leaving his wealth and eaſe,*
*A ſtubborn will to pleaſe,*
*Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;*
*Here ſhall he ſee*
*Groſs fools as he*[4],
*An if he will come to me.*

*Ami.*

4 *If it do come to paſs,*
*That any man turn aſs,*
*Leaving his wealth and eaſe,*
*A ſtubborn will to pleaſe,*
Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;
*Here ſhall he ſee,*
*Groſs fools as he*, &c.] See Hor. Serm. L. II. ſat. iii.
Audire atque togam jubeo componere, quiſquis
Ambitione mala aut argenti pallet amore;
Quiſquis luxuria triſtive ſuperſtitione,
Aut alio mentis morbo calet: Huc propriùs me,
Dum doceo inſanire omnes, vos ordine adite. Malone.

For *Ducdame* Sir T. Hanmer, very acutely and judiciouſly reads, *duc ad me*, That is, *bring him to me.* Johnson.

If *Duc ad me* were right, Amiens would not have aſked its meaning, and been put off with "a *Greek invocation.*" It is evidently a word coined *for the nonce.* We have here, as Butler ſays, "One for *ſenſe*, and one for *rhyme.*"—Indeed we muſt have a *double rhyme*; or this ſtanza cannot well be ſung to the ſame tune with the former. I read thus:

"*Ducdamè. Ducdamè, Ducdamè,*
"Here ſhall he ſee
"Groſs fools as he,
"An if he will come to *Ami.*"

i. e. to Amiens. Jaques did not mean to ridicule himſelf. Farmer.

*Duc*

*Ami.* What's that *duc ad me?*

*Jaq.* 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go ſleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail againſt all the firſt-born of Egypt[5].

*Ami.* And I'll go ſeek the duke: his banquet is prepared.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

## SCENE VI.

*Another part of the foreſt.*

*Enter* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

*Adam.* Dear maſter, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and meaſure out my grave. Farewel, kind maſter.

*Orl.* Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyſelf a little: If this uncouth foreſt yield any thing ſavage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my ſake be comfortable; hold death a while at the arm's end: I will be here with thee preſently; and if I bring thee not ſomething to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou dieſt before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well ſaid! thou look'ſt cheerly:

*Duc ad me* ſeems to be a plain alluſion to the burthen of Amiens's ſong: *Come hither, come hither, come hither.* That Amiens, who is a courtier, ſhould not underſtand Latin, or be perſuaded it was Greek, is no great matter for wonder.

An anonymous correſpondent propoſes to read—*Huc ad me.*

In confirmation of the old reading, [*Duodame*] Dr. Farmer obſerves to me, that, being at a houſe not far from Cambridge, when news was brought that the hen rooſt was robbed, a facetious old 'ſquire who was preſent, immediately ſung the following ſtanza, which has an odd coincidence with the ditty of Jaques:

"*Damè*, what makes your ducks to die?
"*duck, duck, duck* ——
"*Damè*, what makes your chicks to cry?
"chuck, chuck, chuck."—— STEEVENS.

[5] —*the firſt born of Egypt*] A proverbial expreſſion for high-born perſons. JOHNSON.

and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou lieſt in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to ſome ſhelter; and thou ſhalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this deſert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VII.

*Another part of the foreſt.*

*A table ſet out. Enter* Duke *Senior*, AMIENS, *Lords, and Others.*

*Duke S.* I think he be transform'd into a beaſt;
For I can no where find him like a man.

1. *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a ſong.

*Duke S.* If he, compact of jars[6], grow muſical,
We ſhall have ſhortly diſcord in the ſpheres:—
Go, ſeek him; tell him, I would ſpeak with him.

*Enter* JAQUES.

1. *Lord.* He ſaves my labour by his own approach.

*Duke S.* Why, how now, monſieur! what a life is this,
That your friends muſt woo your company?
What! you look merrily.

*Jaq.* A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the foreſt,
A motley fool;—a miſerable world[7]!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool;

[6] — *compact of jars,*] i. e. made up of diſcords. Shakſpeare elſewhere ſays, *compact of credit*, for *made up of credulity*. STEEVENS.

[7] *A motley fool;—a miſerable* world!] *A miſerable world* is a parenthetical exclamation, frequent among melancholy men, and natural to Jaques at the ſight of a fool, or at the hearing reflections on the fragility of life. JOHNSON.

Who

Who laid him down, and baſk'd him in the ſun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good ſet terms,—and yet a motley fool.
*Good-morrow, fool,* quoth I: *No, ſir,* quoth he,
*Call me not fool, till heaven hath ſent me fortune*[8]:
And then he drew a dial from his poke;
And looking on it with lack-luſtre eye,
Says, very wiſely, *It is ten o'clock:*
*Thus we may ſee,* quoth he, *how the world wags:*
*'Tis but an hour ago, ſince it was nine;*
*And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven;*
*And ſo, from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe,*
*And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,*
*And thereby hangs a tale.* When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools ſhould be ſo deep contemplative;
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear[9].

*Duke S.* What fool is this?

*Jaq.* O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier;
And ſays, if ladies be but young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biſket
After a voyage,—he hath ſtrange places cramm'd
With obſervation, the which he vents
In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

*Duke S.* Thou ſhalt have one.

*Jaq.* It is my only ſuit[1];
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wiſe. I muſt have liberty,
Withal, as large a charter as the wind[2],
To blow on whom I pleaſe; for ſo fools have:

8 — *till heaven hath ſent me* fortune:] Alluding to the common ſaying, that fools are Fortune's favourites. MALONE.

9 Motley's *the only wear*] A *motley*, or a *particoloured coat* was anciently the dreſs of a fool. STEEVENS.

1 — *only* ſuit;] *Suit* means *petition*, I believe, not *dreſs*. JOHNSON.
The poet meant a quibble. So A& V: "Not out of your *apparel*, but out of your *ſuit*. STEEVENS.

2 — *as large a charter as the wind,*] So, in *K. Henry V.*:
"The *wind*, that *charter'd* libertine, is ſtill." MALONE.

And

And they that are moſt gauled with my folly,
They moſt muſt laugh: And why, ſir, muſt they ſo?
The *why* is plain as way to pariſh church:
He, that a fool doth very wiſely hit,
Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart,
Not to ſeem ſenſeleſs [3] of the bob: if not [4],
The wiſe man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the ſquand'ring glances of the fool.
Inveſt me in my motley; give me leave
To ſpeak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanſe the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

*Duke S.* Fie on thee! I can tell what thou would'ſt do.

*Jaq.* What, for a counter, would I do, but good?

*Duke S.* Moſt miſchievous foul ſin, in chiding ſin:
For thou thyſelf haſt been a libertine,
As ſenſual as the brutiſh ſting [5] itſelf;
And all the embоſſed ſores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot haſt caught,
Would'ſt thou diſgorge into the general world.

*Jaq.* Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the ſea,
Till that the very very [6] means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I ſay, The city woman bears
The coſt of princes on unworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay, that I mean her,
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,

3 Not to *ſeem ſenſeleſs*—] The words *Not to*, which are wanting in the old copy to complete both the metre and ſenſe, were added by Mr. Theobald. MALONE

4 — *if not*, &c.] Unleſs men have the prudence not to appear touched with the ſarcaſms of a jeſter, they ſubject themſelves to his power, and the wiſe man will have his folly *anatomiſed*, that is *diſſected* and *laid open* by the *ſquandering glances* or *random ſhots* of a fool. JOHNSON.

5 *As ſenſual as the brutiſh* ſting—] So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. i. c. 8: "A herd of bulls whom kindly rage doth *ſting*."

Again: "As if that hunger's point, or Venus *ſting*,
"H d them enrag'd." b ii. c. 12.

Again, in *Othello*: "— our carnal *ſtings*, our unbitted luſts."
STEEVENS.

6 *Till that the* very *very*—] The old copy reads—*weary* very. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

That

That ſays, his bravery is not on my coſt,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein ſuits
His folly to the mettle of my ſpeech?
There then *; How then? What then? Let me ſee wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himſelf; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild gooſe flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

*Enter* ORLANDO, *with his ſword drawn.*

*Orl.* Forbear, and eat no more.

*Jaq.* Why, I have eat none yet.

*Orl.* Nor ſhalt not, till neceſſity be ſerv'd.

*Jaq.* Of what kind ſhould this cock come of?

*Duke S.* Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy diſtreſs;
Or elſe a rude deſpiſer of good manners,
That in civility thou ſeem'ſt ſo empty?

*Orl.* You touch'd my vein at firſt; the thorny point
Of bare diſtreſs hath ta'en from me the ſhow
Of ſmooth civility: yet am I in land bred,
And know ſome nurture [7]: But, forbear, I ſay;
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are anſwered.

*Jaq.* An you will not be anſwer'd with reaſon, I muſt die.

*Duke S.* What would you have? Your gentleneſs ſhall force,
More than your force move us to gentleneſs.

*Orl.* I almoſt die for food, and let me have it.

*Duke S.* Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

*Orl.* Speak you ſo gently! Pardon me, I pray you;
I thought, that all things had been ſavage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſtern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this deſert inacceſſible,
Under the ſhade of melancholy boughs,

* There *then*:] I believe we ſhould read—*Where* then? So, in *Othello*: "What then? How then? *Where's* ſatisfaction?" MALONE.

[7] —*ſome* nurture:] *Nurture* is *education*. STEEVENS.

Loſe

Loſe and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have looked on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever ſat at any good man's feaſt;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleneſs my ſtrong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I bluſh, and hide my ſword.

*Duke S.* True is it, that we have ſeen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And ſat at good men's feaſts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that ſacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore ſit you down in gentleneſs,
And take upon command [8] what help we have
That to your wanting may be miniſter'd.

*Orl.* Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food [9]. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary ſtep
Limp'd in pure love; till he be firſt ſuffic'd,—
Oppreſs'd with two weak evils, age, and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

*Duke S.* Go find him out,
And we will nothing waſte till you return.

*Orl.* I thank ye; and be bleſs'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

*Duke S.* Thou ſeeſt, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and univerſal theatre
Preſents more woeful pageants than the ſcene
Wherein we play in [1].

*Jaq.* All the world's a ſtage,*
And all the men and women merely players:

They

[8] — *upon* command] is at your own *command.* STEEVENS.

[9] *Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my* fawn,
*And give it* food.] So, in *Venus and Adonis:*
" Like a milch *doe*, whoſe ſwelling dugs do ake,
" Haſting to *feed her fawn*." MALONE.

[1] *Wherein we play* in.] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope more correctly reads—*wherein we play.* STEEVENS.

* *All the world's a ſtage*, &c.] This obſervation had been made in an Engliſh drama before the time of Shakſpeare. See *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:
" Pythagoras ſaid, that *this world was like a ſtage*,
" *Whereon many play their parts.*"

In

They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being ſeven ages [2]. At firſt, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms:
Then, the whining ſchool-boy, with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool: And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace [3], with a woeful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow: Then, a ſoldier

In the *Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597, we find theſe lines, which were pointed out to me by Mr. Kemble:

"Unhappy man ——— ———
"Whoſe life a ſad continual tragedie,
"Himſelf the *actor, in the world, the ſtage,*
"*While as the acts are meaſur'd by his age.*" MALONE.

[2] *His acts being* ſeven ages.] Dr. Warburton boldly aſſerts that this was "*no unuſual* diviſion of a play before our author's time. One of Chapman's plays *(Two wiſe Men and all the reſt Fools)* is indeed in ſeven acts. This, however, is the only dramatick piece that I have found ſo divided. But ſurely it is not neceſſary to ſuppoſe that our author alluded here to any ſuch preciſe diviſion of the drama. His compariſons ſeldom run on four feet. It was ſufficient for him that a play was diſtributed into *ſeveral* acts, and that human life, long before his time, had been divided into *ſeven* periods. In *the Treatiſe of Ancient and Modern Times*, 1613, Proclus, a Greek author, is ſaid to have divided the life time of man into SEVEN AGES; over each of which one of the ſeven planets was ſuppoſed to rule." "The FIRST AGE is called *Infancy*, containing the ſpace of foure yeares.—The SECOND AGE continueth ten years, until he attaine to the yeares of fourteene: this age is called *Childhood*.—The THIRD AGE conſiſteth of eight yeares, being named by our auncients *Adoleſcencie* or *Youthhood*; and it laſteth from fourteene, till two and twenty yeares be fully compleate.—The FOURTH AGE paceth on, till a man have accompliſhed two and fortie yeares, and is tearmed *Young Manhood*.—The FIFTH AGE, named *Mature Manhood*, hath (according to the ſaid author) fifteene yeares of continuance, and therefore makes his progreſs ſo far as ſix and fifty yeares.—Afterwards in adding twelve to fifty-ſixe, you ſhall make up ſixty-eight yeares, which reach to the end of the SIXTH AGE, and is called *Old Age*.—The SEVENTH and laſt of theſe ſeven ages is limited from ſixty-eight yeares, ſo far as four-ſcore and eight, being called weak, declining, and *Decrepite Age*.—If any man chance to goe beyond this age, (which is more admired than noted in many,) you ſhall evidently perceive that he will returne to his firſt condition of Infancy againe."

Hippocrates likewiſe divided the life of man into ſeven ages, but differs from Proclus in the number of years allotted to each period. See Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, folio, p. 173 MALONE.

[3] *Sighing like furnace*,—] So, in *Cymbeline*: "— he *furnaceth* the thick *ſighs* from him"—. MALONE.

Full

Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard [4],
Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth; And then, the juſtice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances [5],
And ſo he plays his part: The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon [6];
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes

4 — *Then a* ſoldier;

*Full of ſtrange oaths, and* bearded *like the pard,*] *Beards* of different *cut* were appropriated in our author's time to different characters and profeſſions. The ſoldier had one faſhion, the judge another, the biſhop different from both, &c. See a note on *K. Henry V.* Act III. ſc. vi. "And what a beard of the general's cut, &c. MALONE

So, in *Cinthia's Revels*, by B. Jonſon: "— Your *ſoldiers* face—the grace of his face conſiſteth much in a *beard*." STEEVENS.

5 *Full of wiſe ſaws and* modern *inſtances,*] The meaning ſeems to be, that the juſtice is full of *old* ſayings and *late* examples. JOHNSON.

*Modern* means *trite, common*. So, in *K. John:*

"And ſcorns a *modern* invocation."

So, in this play, Act IV. ſc. i: "—— betray themſelves to *modern* cenſure." STEEVENS.

Again, in another of our author's plays: "— to make *modern* and familiar things ſupernatural and cauſeleſs." MALONE.

6 ——— *The ſixth age ſhifts*

*Into the lean and* ſlipper'd pantaloon:] *Il Pantalóne*, in the Italian comedy, is a thin emaciated old man in *ſlippers*; and well deſigned, in this epithet, becauſe *Pantalóne* is the only character that acts in ſlippers. WARBURTON.

In the *Travels of the Three Engliſh Brothers*, a comedy, printed in 1607, an Italian Harlequin is introduced, who offers to perform a play at a lord's houſe, in which, among other characters, he mentions "a jealous coxcomb, an old *Pantalowne*." But this is ſeven years later than the date of the play before us, nor do I know from whence our author could learn the circumſtance mentioned by Dr. Warburton, that "Pantalóne is the only character in the Italian comedy that acts in ſlippers."—In Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, the word is not found. In the *Taming of the Shrew*, if I remember right, one of the characters is called "an old Pantaloon," but there is no further deſcription of him.

Naſhe, in *Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592, commending the Engliſh theatres, ſays, "our ſtage is more ſtately furniſhed,——not conſiſting, like theirs, of a Pantaloun, a whore, and a Zanie," &c. but he does not deſcribe the dreſs of the Pantaloon. MALONE.

And

And whiſtles in his ſound: Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

*Re-enter* ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

*Duke S.* Welcome: Set down your venerable burden [7],
And let him feed.
*Orl.* I thank you moſt for him.
*Adam.* So had you need,
I ſcarce can ſpeak to thank you for myſelf.
*Duke S.* Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to queſtion you about your fortunes:—
Give us ſome muſick; and, good couſin, ſing.

## SONG.

Ami. *Blow, blow, thou winter wind,*
*Thou art not ſo unkind* [8]
*As man's ingratitude;*
*Thy tooth is not ſo keen,*
*Becauſe thou art not ſeen* [9],
*Although thy breath be rude.*

[7] — *Set down your venerable burden,*] Is it not likely that Shakſpeare had in his mind this line of the *Metamorphoſes*?

——— *Patremque*
*Fert humeris*, venerabile onus *Cythereius heros.* JOHNSON.

[8] *Thou art not ſo* unkind, &c.] That is, thy action is not ſo contrary to thy *kind*, or to human nature, as the ingratitude of man. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

" O had thy mother borne ſo bad a mind,
" She had not brought forth thee, but died *unkind*." MALONE.

[9] *Thy tooth is not ſo keen,*
*Becauſe thou art not ſeen,*] *Thou winter wind*, ſays Amiens, *thy rudeneſs gives the leſs pain*, as thou art not ſeen, *as thou art an enemy that doſt not brave us with thy preſence, and whoſe unkindneſs is therefore not aggravated by inſult.* JOHNSON.

*Becauſe thou art* not ſeen,] So, in the Sonnet introduced in *Love's Labour's Leſt*:

" Through the velvet leaves the *wind*
" All *unſeen* 'gan paſſage find." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" To be impriſon'd in the *viewleſs winds*." MALONE.

*Heigh*

*Heigh ho! ſing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:*
*Moſt friendſhip is feigning, moſt loving mere folly:*
*Then, heigh ho, the holly!*
*This life is moſt jolly.*

II.

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter ſky,*
*That doſt not bite ſo nigh*
*As benefits forgot:*
*Though thou the waters warp* [1],
*Thy ſting is not ſo ſharp*
*As friend remember'd not* [2].
*Heigh ho! ſing, heigho!* &c.

[1] *Though thou the waters* warp,] The ſurface of *waters*, ſo long as they remain unfrozen, is apparently a perfect plane, whereas, when they are frozen, this ſurface deviates from its exact flatneſs, or *warps*. This is remarkable in ſmall ponds, the ſurface of which, when frozen, forms a regular concave; the ice on the ſides riſing higher than that in the middle. KENRICK.

To *warp* was probably in Shakſpeare's time, a colloquial word, which conveyed no diſtant alluſion to any thing elſe, phyſical or medicinal. To *warp* is to *turn*, and to *turn* is to *change*: when milk is *changed* by curdling, we now ſay, it is *turned*: when water is *changed* or *turned* by froſt, Shakſpeare ſays, it is *curdled*. To be *warp'd* is only to be changed from its natural ſtate. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon is certainly right. So, in the *Winter's Tale*, Act I:

" My favour here begins to *warp*."

Dr. Farmer ſuppoſes *warp'd* to mean the ſame as *curdled*, and adds that a ſimilar idea occurs in *Timon of Athens*:

" —— the icicle

" That's *curdled* by the froſt, &c. STEEVENS.

Wood is ſaid to *warp* when its ſurface, from being level, becomes bent and uneven: from *warpan*, Sax. to caſt. So, in this play, Act III. ſc. iii: " — then one of you will prove a ſhrunk pannel, and, like green timber, *warp*, *warp*." I doubt whether the poet here alludes to any operation of froſt. The meaning may be only, Thou bitter wintry ſky, though thou *curleſt* the waters, thy ſting, &c. *Thou* in the line before us refers only to " bitter ſky." The influence of the winter's ſky or ſeaſon may, with ſufficient propriety, be ſaid to *warp* the ſurface of the ocean, by agitation of its waves alone. That this paſſage refers to the turbulence of the ſky, and the conſequent agitation of the ocean, and not to the operation of froſt, may be collected from our author's having in *King John* deſcribed ice as uncommonly ſmooth:

" To throw a perfume on the violet,

" *To ſmooth the ice*, &c. MALONE.

[2] *As friend* remember'd *not*.] *Remember'd* for *remembering*. So afterwards, Act III. ſc. laſt: " And now *I am remember'd*,"—i. e. And now that I *bethink* me, &c. MALONE.

Duke

*Duke S.* If that you were the good ſir Rowland's ſon,—
As you have whiſper'd faithfully, you were;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witneſs
Moſt truly limn'd, and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,
That lov'd your father: The reſidue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy maſter is [3]:—
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes underſtand. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT III. SCENE I.

### *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter Duke* FREDERICK, OLIVER, *Lords, and Attendants.*

*Duke F.* Not ſee him ſince? Sir, ſir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I ſhould not ſeek an abſent argument [4]
Of my revenge, thou preſent: But look to it;
Find out thy brother, whereſoe'er he is:
Seek him with candle: bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To ſeek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou doſt call thine,

[3] — *as thy* maſter *is:*] The old copy has—*maſters.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[4] — *an abſent* argument] An *argument* is uſed for the *contents* of a book; thence Shakſpeare conſidered it as meaning the *ſubject*, and then uſed it for *ſubject* in yet another ſenſe. JOHNSON.

Worth

Worth ſeizure, do we ſeize into our hands;
Till thou canſt quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think againſt thee.

*Oli.* O, that your highneſs knew my heart in this:
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

*Duke F.* More villain thou.—Well, puſh him out of doors;
And let my officers of ſuch a nature
Make an extent upon his houſe and lands[5]:
Do this expediently[6], and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The Foreſt.*

*Enter* ORLANDO *with a Paper.*

*Orl.* Hand there, my verſe, in witneſs of my love:
And, thou, thrice crowned queen of night[7], ſurvey
With thy chaſte eye, from thy pale ſphere above,
Thy huntreſs' name, that my full life doth ſway.
O Roſalind! theſe trees ſhall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this foreſt looks,
Shall ſee thy virtue witneſs'd every where.

5 *And let my officers of ſuch a nature*
*Make an* extent *upon his houſe and lands:*] To make an *extent* of lands, is a legal phraſe, from the words of a writ, *(extendi facias)* whereby the ſheriff is directed to cauſe certain lands to be appraiſed to their full extended value, before he delivers them to the perſon entitled under a recognizance, &c. in order that it may be certainly known how ſoon the debt will be paid. MALONE.

6 — *expediently*,] That is, *expeditiouſly*. JOHNSON.

7 — *thrice-crowned queen of night*,] Alluding to the triple character of Proſerpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by ſome mythologiſts to the ſame goddeſs, and compriſed in theſe memorial lines:

"*Terret, luſtrat, agit, Proſerpina, Luna, Diana.*
"*Ima, ſuperna, feras, ſceptro, fulgore, ſagittis.*" JOHNSON.

Run,

Run, run, Orlando; carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaſte, and unexpreſſive ſhe[8]. [*Exit.*

*Enter* CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

*Cor.* And how like you this ſhepherd's life, maſter Touchſtone?

*Touch.* Truly, ſhepherd, in reſpect of itſelf, it is a good life; but in reſpect that it is a ſhepherd's life, it is naught. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it very well; but in reſpect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in reſpect it is in the fields, it pleaſeth me well; but in reſpect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a ſpare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much againſt my ſtomach. Haſt any philoſophy in thee, ſhepherd?

*Cor.* No more, but that I know, the more one ſickens, the worſe at eaſe he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends:—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good paſture makes fat ſheep; and that a great cauſe of the night, is lack of the ſun: That he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding[9], or comes of a very dull kindred.

*Touch.* Such a one is a natural philoſopher[1]. Waſt ever in court, ſhepherd?

[8] — *unexpreſſive*—] for *inexpreſſible*. JOHNSON.

Milton alſo, in his *Hymn on the Nativity*, uſes *unexpreſſive* for *inexpreſſible*:

" Harping with loud and ſolemn quire,
" With *unexpreſſive* notes to heaven's new-born heir."

MALONE.

[9] — *he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding*,] I am in doubt whether the cuſtom of the language in Shakſpeare's time did not authoriſe this mode of ſpeech, and make *complain of good breeding* the ſame with *complain* of the want of *good breeding*. In the laſt line of the *Merchant of Venice* we find that to *fear the keeping* is to *fear the* not *keeping*. JOHNSON.

I think, he means rather,—may complain of a good education, for being ſo inefficient, of ſo little uſe to him. MALONE.

[1] — *is a* natural *philoſopher*.] A *natural* being a common term for a fool, Touchſtone, perhaps, means to quibble on the word. He may however only mean, that Corin is a ſelf-taught philoſopher; the diſciple of nature. MALONE.

*Cor.* No, truly.

*Touch.* Then thou art damn'd.

*Cor.* Nay, I hope,—

*Touch.* Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roaſted egg[2], all on one ſide.

*Cor.* For not being at court? Your reaſon.

*Touch.* Why, if thou never waſt at court, thou never ſaw'ſt good manners; if thou never ſaw'ſt good manners, then thy manners muſt be wicked; and wickedneſs is ſin, and ſin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous ſtate, ſhepherd.

*Cor.* Not a whit, Touchſtone: thoſe that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is moſt mockable at the court. You told me, you ſalute not at the court, but you kiſs your hands; that courteſy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were ſhepherds.

*Touch.* Inſtance, briefly; come, inſtance.

*Cor.* Why, we are ſtill handling our ewes; and their fells you know are greaſy.

*Touch.* Why, do not your courtiers' hands ſweat? and is not the greaſe of a mutton as wholeſome as the ſweat of a man? Shallow, ſhallow: A better inſtance, I ſay; come.

*Cor.* Beſides, our hands are hard.

*Touch.* Your lips will feel them the ſooner. Shallow again: A more ſounder inſtance, come.

*Cor.* And they are often tarr'd over with the ſurgery of our ſheep; And would you have us kiſs tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

*Touch.* Moſt ſhallow man! Thou worm's-meat, in reſpect of a good piece of fleſh indeed! Learn of the wiſe, and perpend: Civet is of a baſer birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the inſtance, ſhepherd.

[2] — *like an ill-roaſted egg,*] There is a proverb, that *a fool is the beſt roaſter of an egg, becauſe he is always turning it.* This will explain how an egg may be *damn'd, all on one ſide*; but will not ſufficiently ſhew how Touchſtone applies his ſimilie with propriety; unleſs he means that he who has not been at court is but *half* educated. STEEVENS.

I believe there was nothing intended in the correſponding part of the ſimile, to anſwer to the words, "all on one ſide." Shakſpeare's ſimiles (as has been already obſerved) hardly ever run on four feet. Touchſtone, I apprehend, only means to ſay, that Corin is completely damned; as irretrievably deſtroyed as an egg that is utterly ſpoiled in the roaſting, by being done all on one ſide only. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene, "—and both in a tune, like two gypſies on a horſe." Here the poet certainly meant that the ſpeaker and his companion ſhould ſing in uniſon, and thus *reſemble each other* as perfectly as two gypſies on a horſe;—not that two gypſies on a horſe ſing *both in tune.* MALONE.

*Cor.*

*Cor.* You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll reſt.

*Touch.* Wilt thou reſt damn'd? God help thee, ſhallow man! God make inciſion in thee [3]! thou art raw [4].

*Cor.* Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happineſs; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greateſt of my pride is, to ſee my ewes graze, and my lambs ſuck.

*Touch.* That is another ſimple ſin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether [5]; and to betray a ſhe-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reaſonable match. If thou be'ſt not damn'd for this, the devil himſelf will have no ſhepherds; I cannot ſee elſe how thou ſhould'ſt 'ſcape.

*Cor.* Here comes young maſter Ganimed, my new miſtreſs's brother.

*Enter* ROSALIND, *with a paper.*

Roſ. *From the eaſt to weſtern Inde,* [reads.
*No jewel is like Roſalind.*
*Her worth, being mounted on the wind,*
*Through all the world bears Roſalind.*
*All the pictures, faireſt limn'd,*
*Are but black to Roſalind.*
*Let no face be kept in mind,*
*But the fair of Roſaliud* [6].

3 — make inciſion *in thee!*] Alluding to the common expreſſion, of *cutting ſuch a one for the ſimples* STEEVENS.

4 — *thou art* raw.] i. e. thou art *ignorant, inexperienced.* So, in *Hamlet*: "— and yet but *raw* neither, in reſpect of his quick ſail." MALONE.

5 — *bawd to a bell*-wether;] *Wether* and *ram* had anciently the ſame meaning. JOHNSON.

6 *But the* fair *of Roſalind*] *Fair* is beauty, complexion. See the notes on a paſſage in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, Act I. ſc. i. and the *Comedy of Errors*, Act II. ſc i. The modern editors read—the *face* of Roſalind Lodge's *Novel* will likewiſe ſupport the ancient reading:

"Then muſe not, nymphes, though I bemone
"The abſence of fair Roſalynde,
"Since for her *faire* there is fairer none, &c."

Again: "And hers the *faire* which all men do reſpect." STEEVENS.

*Face* was introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

*Touch.*

*Touch.* I'll rhyme you ſo, eight years together; dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rate to market[7].

*Roſ.* Out, fool!

*Touch.* For a taſte:—

*If a hart do lack a hind,*
*Let him ſeek out Roſalind.*
*If the cat will after kind,*
*So, be ſure, will Roſalind.*
*Winter-garments muſt be lin'd,*
*So muſt ſlender Roſalind.*
*They that reap muſt ſheaf and bind;*
*Then to cart with Roſalind.*
*Sweeteſt nut hath ſowreſt rind,*
*Such a nut is Roſalind.*
*He that ſweeteſt roſe will find,*
*Muſt find love's prick, and Roſalind.*

This is the very falſe gallop of verſes;* Why do you infect yourſelf with them?

7 — *it is the right butter-women's* rate *to market.*] The old copy reads—*rank* to market. The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. A paſſage in *All's Well that ends Well*,—" tongue, I muſt put you into a *butter-woman's* mouth, and buy myſelf another of Bajazet's mule, if you *prattle* me into theſe perils,—" once induced me to think that the *volubility* of the butter-woman, ſelling her wares at market, was alone in our author's contemplation; and that he wrote—rate *at* market. But I am now perſuaded that Sir T. Hanmer's emendation is right. The *hobbling* metre of theſe verſes, (ſays Touchſtone) is like the *ambling*, *ſhuffling* pace of a butter woman's *horſe* going to market. The ſame kind of imagery is found in *K. Henry IV.* P. 1:

" And that would ſet my teeth nothing on edge,
" Nothing ſo much, as *mincing poetry*;
" *'Tis like the forc'd gait of a ſhuffling nag.*"

The following line in *King Richard III.* may be urged to ſhew that the familiar image of the butter-woman's *horſe* going to market, was in our author's thoughts:

" But yet I run before my horſe to market.". MALONE.

The clown is here ſpeaking in reference to the ambling pace of the metre, which, after giving a ſpecimen of, to prove his aſſertion, he affirms to be " the very falſe gallop of verſes." HENLEY.

* *This is the very* falſe gallop of verſes;] So, in Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſſe*, 4to. 1593: " I would trot a *falſe gallop* through the reſt of his ragged *verſes*, but that if I ſhould retort the rime doggerell aright, I muſt make my verſes (as he doth his) run *hobbling*, like a brewer's cart upon the ſtones, and obſerve no meaſure in their feet."

MALONE.

*Roſ.*

*Roſ.* Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

*Touch.* Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

*Roſ.* I'll graft it with you, and then I ſhall graft it with a medlar: then it will be the earlieſt fruit i'the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe; and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

*Touch.* You have ſaid; but whether wiſely or no, let the foreſt judge.

*Enter* CELIA, *with a paper.*

*Roſ.* Peace!
Here comes my ſiſter, reading; ſtand aſide.

Cel. *Why ſhould this deſert ſilent be*[8]*?*
*For it is unpeopled? No;*
*Tongues I'll hang on every tree,*
*That ſhall civil ſayings ſhow*[9]*.*
*Some, how brief the life of man*
*Runs his erring pilgrimage;*
*That the ſtretching of a ſpan*
*Buckles in his ſum of age.*
*Some, of violated vows*
*'Twixt the ſouls of friend and friend:*
*But upon the faireſt boughs,*
*Or at every ſentence' end,*
*Will I Roſalinda write;*
*Teaching all that read, to know*
*The quinteſſence of every ſprite*
*Heaven would in little ſhow*[1]*.*

[8] *Why ſhould this deſert* ſilent *be?*] The word *ſilent* is not in the old copy. Mr. Pope attempted to correct the paſſage by reading—Why ſhould this *a* deſart be? The preſent judicious emendation was made by Mr. Tyrwhitt, who juſtly obſerves, "*the hanging of tongues on every tree* would not make it leſs a deſert." MALONE.

[9] *That ſhall* civil *ſayings ſhow.*] *Civil* is here uſed in the ſame ſenſe as when we ſay *civil* wiſdom or *civil life*, in oppoſition to a ſolitary ſtate, or to the ſtate of nature. This deſert ſhall not appear *unpeopled*, for every tree ſhall teach the maxims or incidents of ſocial life. JOHNSON.

[1] — *in* little *ſhow.*] The alluſion is to a miniature-portrait. The current phraſe in our author's time was—"painted in *little*."
MALONE.

*Therefore heaven nature charg'd* [2]
*That one body ſhould be fill'd*
*With all graces wide enlarg'd:*
*Nature preſently diſtill'd*
*Helen's cheek, but not her heart* [3];
*Cleopatra's majeſty;*
*Atalanta's better part* [4];
*Sad* [5] *Lucretia's modeſty.*

*Thus*

[2] *Therefore heaven nature charg'd*] From the picture of Apelles, or the accompliſhments of Pandora.

Πανδώρην, ὅτι πάντες Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες
Δῶρον ἐδώρησαν.—

So, before:

" ——— *But you, O you,*
" *So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, are created*
" *Of ev'ry creature's beſt.*" Tempeſt.

Perhaps from this paſſage Swift had his hint of Biddy Floyd. JOHNSON.

[3] — her *heart*;] Old Copy—*his* heart. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[4] *Atalanta's* better part;] I know not well what could be the *better part* of Atalanta here aſcribed to Roſalind. Of the Atalanta moſt celebrated, and who therefore muſt be intended here where ſhe has no epithet of diſcrimination, the *better part* ſeems to have been her heels, and the worſe part was ſo bad that Roſalind would not thank her lover for the compariſon. There is a more obſcure Atalanta, a huntreſs and a heroine, but of her nothing bad is recorded, and therefore I know not which was her *better part*. Shakſpeare was no deſpicable mythologiſt, yet he ſeems here to have miſtaken ſome other character for that of Atalanta. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the poet means her beauty and graceful elegance of ſhape, which he would prefer to her ſwiftneſs. Thus OVID:

" ——— *nec dicere poſſes,*
" *Laude pedum, formæne bono præſtantior eſſet.*
" *Ut faciem, et* poſito corpus velamine *vidit,*
" Obſtupuit ——— "

But cannot *Atalanta's better part* mean her virtue or virgin chaſtity, with which nature had graced Roſalind, together with Helen's beauty without her heart or lewdneſs, with Cleopatra's dignity of behaviour, and with Lucretia's modeſty, that ſcorned to ſurvive the loſs of honour? Pliny's Nat. Hiſt. b. XXXV. c. 3, mentions the portraits of *Atalanta* and *Helen*, *utraque excellentiſſima forma, ſed altera ut virgo*. That is, " both of them or beauty, incomparable, and yet a man may diſcerne the one of them [Atalanta] to be *a maiden*, for her modeſt and chaſte countenance," as Dr. P. Holland tranſlated the paſſage; of which probably our poet had taken notice, for ſurely he had judgment in painting. TOLLET.

I ſuppoſe

*Thus Roſalind of many parts*
*By heavenly ſynod was devis'd;*
*Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,*
*To have the touches dearest priz'd.*
*Heaven would that ſhe theſe gifts ſhould have,*
*And I to live and die her ſlave.*

I 2 *Roſ.*

I ſuppoſe *Atalanta's better part* is her *wit*, i. e. the *ſwiftneſs of her mind*. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer's explanation may derive ſome ſupport from a ſubſequent paſſage: "——as ſwift a wit as Atalanta's heels."

The following paſſage in Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſſe*, 1613, might lead one to ſuppoſe that Atalanta's *better part* was her *lips*:

" ——— That eye was Juno's;
" Thoſe *lips* were her's that *won the golden ball*;
" That virgin bluſh Diana's."

Be this as it may, theſe lines ſhow that Atalanta was conſidered as uncommonly beautiful, and therefore may ſerve to ſupport Mr. Tollet's firſt interpretation.

It is obſervable that the ſtory of Atalanta in the tenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoſes* is interwoven with that of *Venus* and *Adonis*, which our author had undoubtedly read. The lines moſt material to the preſent point run thus in Golding's Tranſlation, 1567:

" She overcame them out of doubt; and hard it is to tell
" Thee, whether ſhe did in footemanſhippe or *beautie* more excell."
" — he did condemne the young men's love. But when
" He ſaw her face and body bare, (for why, the lady then
" *Did ſtrip her to her naked ſkin*,) the which was like to mine,
" Or rather, if that thou waſt made a woman, like to thine,)
" He was amaz'd."
" ——— And though that ſhe
" Did flie as ſwift as arrow from a Turkie bow, yet hee
" More wondered at her *beautie*, then at ſwiftneſſe of her pace;
" Her running greatly did augment her beautie and her grace."

MALONE.

Shakſpeare might have taken part of this enumeration of diſtinguiſhed females from John Grange's *Golden Aphroditis*, 1577: " — who ſeemeſt in my ſight faire *Helen* of Troy, Polixene, Call ope, yea *Atalanta* hir ſelfe in beautie to ſurpaſſe, Pandora in qualities, Penelope and *Lucretia* in chaſtneſſe to deface."

Again, ibid: " Polixene fayre, Caliop, and
" Penelop may give place;
" *Atalanta*, and dame *Lucres* fayre
" She doth them both deface."

Again, ibid: " *Atalanta*, who ſometyme bore the bell of beauties price in that hyr native ſoyle." STEEVENS.

I think this ſtanza was formed on an old tetraſtick epitaph, which, as I have done, Mr. Steevens may poſſibly have read in a country churchyard:

" She who is dead and ſleepeth in this tomb,
" Had Rachael's comely face, and Leah's fruitful womb;

" Sarah's

*Roſ.* O moſt gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your pariſhioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people!*

*Cel.* How now! back friends?—Shepherd, go, off a little:—Go with him, ſirrah.

*Touch.* Come, ſhepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with ſcrip and ſcrippage. [*Exeunt* CORIN, *and* TOUCH.

*Cel.* Did'ſt thou hear theſe verſes?

*Roſ.* O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for ſome of them had in them more feet than the verſes would bear.

*Cel.* That's no matter; the feet might bear the verſes.

*Roſ.* Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themſelves without the verſe, and therefore ſtood lamely in the verſe.

*Cel.* But did'ſt thou hear, without wondering how thy name ſhould be hang'd and carved upon theſe trees?

*Roſ.* I was ſeven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never ſo be-rhimed ſince Pythagoras' time, that I was an Iriſh rat [7], which I can hardly remember.

*Cel.* Trow you, who hath done this?

*Roſ.* Is it a man?

*Cel.* And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

*Roſ.* I pr'ythee, who?

" Sarah's obedience, Lydia's open *heart*,
" And Martha's care, and Mary's *better part*. WHALLEY.

5 *Sad*—] is *grave*, *ſober*, not *light*. JOHNSON.

6 — *the touches*] The features; *les traits*. JOHNSON.

7 — *I was never ſo be-rhimed ſince Pythagoras' time, that I was an Iriſh rat*,] Roſalind is a very learned lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that ſouls tranſmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time ſhe was an Iriſh *rat*, and by ſome metrical charm was rhymed to death. The power of killing rats with rhymes Donne mentions in his *Satires*, and Temple in his *Treatiſes*. JOHNSON.

So, in an audreſs to the reader, at the concluſion of Ben Jonſon's *Poetaſter*:

" Rhime them to death, as they do *Iriſh rats*
" In drumming tunes." STEEVENS.

So, in the *Defence of Poeſie* by our author's contemporary, Sir Philip Sidney: " Though I will not with unto you—to be driven by a poet's verſes, as Rubonax was, to hang yourſelf, nor to be *rimed* to death, as is ſaid to be done in *Ireland*—." MALONE.

*Cel.*

*Cel.* O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet[8]; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and ſo encounter[9].

*Roſ.* Nay, but who is it?

*Cel.* Is it poſſible?

*Roſ.* Nay, I pr'ythee now, with moſt petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

*Cel.* O wonderful, wonderful, and moſt wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping[1]!

*Roſ.* Good my complexion[2]! doſt thou think, though I am capariſon'd like a man, I have a doublet and hoſe in my diſpoſition? One inch of delay more is a South ſea off diſcovery[3]. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and

[8] — *friends to meet*;] Alluding ironically to the proverb: "Friends may meet, but mountains never greet." See *Ray's Collection*. STEEVENS.

[9] — *but* mountains *may be removed with earthquakes, and ſo* encounter.] "Montes duo inter ſe concurrerunt, &c." ſays Pliny, *Hiſt. Nat.* lib. ii. c. 83. or in Holland's tranſlation: "Two *hills* [removed by an earthquake] *encountered* together, charging as it were, and with violence aſſaulting one another, and retyring again with a moſt mighty noiſe." TOLLET.

[1] — *out of all* whooping—] i. e. beyond meaſure. This appears to have been a phraſe of the ſame import as another formerly in uſe, "out of all *cry*." The latter ſeems to allude to the cuſtom of giving notice by a crier of things to be ſold. So, in *A Chaſte Maid of Cheapſide*, a comedy by T. Middleton, 1630: "I'll ſell all at an *outcry*." MALONE.

[2] *Good my complexion!*] My native character, my female inquiſitive diſpoſition, can'ſt thou endure this!—For thus characterizing the moſt beautiful part of the creation, let our author anſwer. MALONE.

Shakſpeare uſes *complexion* for *diſpoſition* in the *Merchant of Venice*: "— it is the *complexion* of them all to leave their dam." STEEVENS.

[3] — *a South-ſea* off *diſcovery*.] In the old copy here, as in many other places, *of* is printed inſtead of *off*.

On a further conſideration of this paſſage I am ſtrongly inclined to think, with Dr. Johnſon, that we ſhould read—a South ſea diſcovery. "Delay, however ſhort, is to me tedious and irkſome as the longeſt voyage, as a voyage of diſcovery on the South Sea." The word *of*, which had occurred juſt before, might have been inadvertently repeated by the compoſitor. MALONE.

*Of* for *off* is frequent in the elder writings. A *South-ſea of diſcovery* is a *diſcovery a South ſea off*—as far as the South-ſea. FARMER.

How much voyages to the South ſea, on which the Engliſh had then firſt ventured, engaged the converſation of that time, may be eaſily imagined. JOHNSON.

ſpeak apace: I would thou could'ſt ſtammer, that thou might'ſt pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

*Cel.* So you may put a man in your belly.

*Roſ.* Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

*Cel.* Nay, he hath but a little beard.

*Roſ.* Why, God will ſend more, if the man will be thankful: let me ſtay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

*Cel.* It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wreſtler's heels, and your heart, both in an inſtant.

*Roſ.* Nay, but the devil take mocking; ſpeak ſad brow, and true maid.

*Cel.* I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

*Roſ.* Orlando?

*Cel.* Orlando.

*Roſ.* Alas the day! what ſhall I do with my doublet and hoſe?—What did he, when thou ſaw'ſt him? What ſaid he? How look'd he? Wherein went he[4]? What makes he here? Did he aſk for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when ſhalt thou ſee him again? Anſwer me in one word.

*Cel.* You muſt borrow me Garagantua's mouth[5] firſt: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's ſize: To ſay, ay, and no, to theſe particulars, is more than to anſwer in a catechiſm.

*Roſ.* But doth he know that I am in this foreſt, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freſhly as he did the day he wreſtled?

4 *Wherein went he?*] In what manner was he cloathed? How did he go dreſſed? HEATH.

5 — *Garagantua's mouth*] Roſalind requires nine queſtions to be anſwered in *one word*. Celia tells her that a word of ſuch magnitude is too big for any mouth but that of Garagantua, the giant of Rabelais. JOHNSON.

*Garagantua* ſwallowed five pilgrims, their ſtaves and all, in a ſallad. It appears from the books of the Stationers' Company, that in 1592 was publiſhed, "*Garagantua* his Prophecie." And in 1594, "A booke entitled, The Hiſtory of *Garagantua*." The book of *Garagantua* is likewiſe mentioned in Laneham's *Narrative of Q. Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth Caſtle, in* 1575. STEEVENS.

Cel.

*Cel.* It is as eaſy to count atomies *, as to reſolve the propoſitions of a lover:—but take a taſte of my finding him, and reliſh it with good obſervance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

*Roſ.* It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth ſuch fruit [6].

*Cel.* Give me audience, good madam.

*Roſ.* Proceed.

*Cel.* There lay he, ſtretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

*Roſ.* Though it be pity to ſee ſuch a ſight, it well becomes the ground.

*Cel.* Cry, holla! to thy tongue [7], I pr'ythee; it curvets unſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a hunter.

*Roſ.* O ominous! he comes to kill my heart [8].

*Cel.* I would ſing my ſong without a burden: thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

*Roſ.* Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I muſt ſpeak. Sweet, ſay on.

* *It is as eaſy to count* atomies,—] "An *atomie* (ſays Bullokar in his *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616,) is a *mote* flying in the ſunne. Any thing ſo ſmall that it cannot be made leſſe." MALONE.

[6] — *when it drops forth* ſuch *fruit*.] The old copy reads—when it drops forth fruit. The word *ſuch* was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. I once ſuſpected the phraſe, "when it drops *forth*," to be corrupt; but it is certainly our author's; for it occurs again in this play:

"——— woman's gentle brain
"Could not *drop forth* ſuch giant-rude invention."

This paſſage ſerves likewiſe to ſupport the emendation that has been made. MALONE.

[7] *Cry*, holla! *to* thy *tongue*,] The old copy has—*the* tongue. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Holla* was a term of the manege, by which the rider reſtrained and *ſtopp'd* his horſe. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"What recketh he his rider's angry ſtir,
"His flattering *holla*, or his *ſtand I ſay?*"

The word is again uſed in *Othello*, in the ſame ſenſe as here:

"*Holla! ſtand* there." MALONE

[8] *O ominous! he comes to* kill *my* heart.] Our author has the ſame expreſſion in many other places. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"Why, that contempt will *kill* the ſpeaker's *heart*."

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"— they have *murder'd* this poor *heart* of mine."

But the preceding word, *hunter*, ſhows that a quibble was here intended between *heart* and *hart*. In our author's time the latter word was often written inſtead of *heart*, as it is in the preſent inſtance, in the old copy of this play. MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter* ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

*Cel.* You bring me out :—Soft! comes he not here?

*Roſ.* 'Tis he; Slink by, and note him.

[CELIA *and* ROSALIND *retire.*

*Jaq.* I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myſelf alone.

*Orl.* And ſo had I; but yet, for faſhion ſake, I thank you too for your ſociety.

*Jaq.* God be wi' you; let's meet as little as we can.

*Orl.* I do deſire we may be better ſtrangers.

*Jaq.* I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-ſongs in their barks.

*Orl.* I pray you, mar no mo of my verſes with reading them ill-favour'dly.

*Jaq.* Roſalind is your love's name?

*Orl.* Yes, juſt.

*Jaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orl.* There was no thought of pleaſing you, when ſhe was chriſten'd.

*Jaq.* What ſtature is ſhe of?

*Orl.* Juſt as high as my heart.

*Jaq.* You are full of pretty anſwers: Have you not been acquainted with goldſmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

*Orl.* Not ſo; but I anſwer you right painted cloth[9], from whence you have ſtudied your queſtions.

*Jaq.*

9 — *but I anſwer you* right painted cloth,] This alludes to the faſhion, in old tapeſtry hangings, of mottos and moral ſentences from the mouths of the figures worked or painted in them. The poet again hints at this cuſtom in his poem, called *Tarquin and Lucrece:*

" *Who fears a ſentence, or an old man's ſaw,*
" *Shall by a* painted cloth *be kept in awe.*" THEOBALD.

The alluſion is common to many of our old comedies. So, in *the Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599: " Now will I ſee if my memory will ſerve for ſome *proverbs*. O, a *painted cloth* were as well worth a ſhilling, as a thief is worth a halter."

Of

*Jaq.* You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you ſit down with me; and we two will rail againſt our miſtreſs, the world, and all our miſery.

*Orl.* I will chide no breather in the world [1], but myſelf, againſt whom I know moſt faults.

*Jaq.* The worſt fault you have is, to be in love.

*Orl.* 'Tis a fault I will not change for your beſt virtue. I am weary of you.

*Jaq.* By my troth, I was ſeeking for a fool, when I found you.

*Orl.* He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you ſhall ſee him.

*Jaq.* There I ſhall ſee mine own figure.

Of the preſent phraſeology there is an inſtance in *King John*:

"He *ſpeaks plain cannon fire*, and bounce, and ſmoke." STEEV.

*I anſwer you right painted cloth*, may mean, I give you a true painted cloth anſwer; as we ſay, ſhe talks *right Billingſgate*: that is, exactly ſuch language as is uſed at Billingſgate JOHNSON.

This ſingular phraſe may be juſtified by another of the ſame kind in *K. Henry V.*: "I ſpeak to thee *plain ſoldier*."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*: "He *ſpeaks* nothing but *madman*."

There is no need of Sir T. Hanmer's alteration: "I anſwer you right *in the ſtile of* painted cloth." We had before in this play, "*It is the* right *butter-women's rate to market*." So, in Golding's tranſlation of Ovid, 1567:

"—— the look of it was *right* a maiden's look."

I ſuppoſe Orlando means to ſay, that Jaques's queſtions have no more of novelty or ſhrewdneſs in them than the trite maxims of the painted cloth. That moral ſentences were wrought in theſe painted cloths, is aſcertained by the following paſſage in *A Dialogue both pleaſaunt and pietifull*, &c. by Dr. Willyam Bulleyne, 1564, (Signat. H. 5.) which has been already quoted: "This is a comelie parlour,—and faire *clothes*, with pleaſaunte borders aboute the ſame, with many *wiſe ſayings* painted upon them."

The following lines which are found in a book with this fantaſtick title,—*No whipping nor tripping, but a kind friendly ſnipping*, octavo, 1601, may ſerve as a ſpecimen of painted cloth language:

"Read what is written on the *painted cloth*:—
"Do no man wrong; be good unto the poor;
"Beware the mouſe, the maggot and the moth,
"And ever have an eye unto the door;
"Truſt not a fool, a villain, nor a whore;
"Go neat, not gay, and ſpend but as you ſpare;
"And turn the colt to paſture with the mare;" &c. MALONE.

[1] —*no* breather in the world,] So, in our author's 81ſt Sonnet:

"When all the *breathers of this world* are dead."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"She ſhows a body, rather than a life;
"A ſtatue, than a *breather*." MALONE.

*Orl.* Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

*Jaq.* I'll tarry no longer with you: farewel, good ſignior love.

*Orl.* I am glad of your departure: adieu, good monſieur melancholy. [*Exit* JAQ.—CEL. *and* ROS. *come forward.*

*Roſ.* I will ſpeak to him like a ſaucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, foreſter?

*Orl.* Very well; What would you?

*Roſ.* I pray you, what is't o'clock?

*Orl.* You ſhould aſk me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the foreſt.

*Roſ.* Then there is no true lover in the foreſt; elſe ſighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

*Orl.* And why not the ſwift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

*Roſ.* By no means, ſir: Time travels in divers paces with divers perſons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he ſtands ſtill withal.

*Orl.* I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

*Roſ.* Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is ſolemnized[2]: If the interim be but a ſe'nnight, time's pace is ſo hard that it ſeems the length of ſeven years.

*Orl.* Who ambles time withal?

*Roſ.* With a prieſt that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one ſleeps eaſily, becauſe he cannot ſtudy; and the other lives merrily, becauſe he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and waſteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: Theſe time ambles withal.

*Orl.* Who doth he gallop withal?

*Roſ.* With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinks himſelf too ſoon there.

*Orl.* Who ſtays it ſtill withal?

*Roſ.* With lawyers in the vacation: for they ſleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

[2] *Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract*, &c.] And yet in *Much ado about nothing*, our author tells us, "*Time* goes on *crutches*, till love have all his rites." In both paſſages, however, the interim is equally repreſented as tedious. MALONE.

*Orl.*

*Orl.* Where dwell you, pretty youth?

*Roſ.* With this ſhepherdeſs, my ſiſter; here in the ſkirts of the foreſt, like fringe upon a petticoat.

*Orl.* Are you native of this place?

*Roſ.* As the coney, that you ſee dwell where ſhe is kindled.

*Orl.* Your accent is ſomething finer than you could purchaſe in ſo removed a dwelling[3].

*Roſ.* I have been told ſo of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to ſpeak, who was in his youth an in-land man[4]; one that knew courtſhip too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures againſt it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with ſo many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole ſex withal.

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

*Roſ.* There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are: every one fault ſeeming monſtrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

*Orl.* I pr'ythee, recount ſome of them.

*Roſ.* No; I will not caſt away my phyſick, but on thoſe that are ſick. There is a man haunts the foreſt, that abuſes our young plants with carving Roſalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forſooth, deifying the name of Roſalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him ſome good counſel, for he ſeems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

*Orl.* I am he that is ſo love-ſhaked; I pray you tell me your remedy.

*Roſ.* There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of ruſhes, I am ſure, you are not priſoner.

3 — *in ſo* removed *a dwelling.*] In ſo ſequeſtered a place; in a dwelling ſo *remote* from the haunts of men. So, in *Hamlet:*

" It waſts you to a more *removed* ground." MALONE.

4 — *in-land man*;] is uſed in this play for one *civiliſed*, in oppoſition to the *ruſtick* of the prieſt. So, Orlando before—*Yet am I* inland *bred, and know ſome nurture.* JOHNSON.

See Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1598:

" His preſence made the *rudeſt* peaſant melt,
" That in the vaſt *uplandiſh* countrie dwelt."

Again, in Puttenham's *Arte of Poeſie*, 4to. 1589, fol. 120: " — or finally in any *uplandiſh* village or corner of a realm, where is no reſort but of poor ruſticall or uncivill people." MALONE.

*Orl*

*Orl.* What were his marks?

*Roſ.* A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye [5], and ſunken; which you have not: an unqueſtionable ſpirit [6]; which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, ſimply, your having [7] in beard is a younger brother's revenue:—Then your hoſe ſhould be ungarter'd [8], your bonnet unbanded, your ſleeve unbutton'd, your ſhoe untied, and every thing about you demonſtrating a careleſs deſolation. But you are no ſuch man; you are rather point-device [9] in your accoutrements; as loving yourſelf, than ſeeming the lover of any other.

*Orl.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

*Roſ.* Me believe it? you may as ſoon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, ſhe is apter to do, than to confeſs ſhe does: that is one of the points in the which women ſtill give the lie to their conſciences. But, in good ſooth, are you he that hangs the verſes on the trees, wherein Roſalind is ſo admired?

*Orl.* I ſwear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Roſalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

5 — *a* blue *eye*,] i. e. a blueneſs about the eyes. STEEVENS.

6 — *an unqueſtionable ſpirit*;] That is, a ſpirit not *inquiſitive*, a mind indifferent to common objects, and negligent of common occurrences. Here Shakſpeare has uſed a paſſive for an active mode of ſpeech: ſo in a former ſcene, "*The Duke is too* diſputable *for me*;" that is, too *diſputatious*. JOHNSON.

May it not mean, *unwilling to be converſed with?* CHAMIER.

7 — *your* having—] i. e. your property. MALONE.

8 — *Then your hoſe ſhould be ungarter'd*, &c.] Theſe ſeem to have been the eſtabliſhed and characteriſtical marks by which the votaries of love were denoted in the time of Shakſpeare. So, in the *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, by Heywood, 1637: "Shall I that have jeſted at love's ſighs, now raiſe whirlwinds? Shall I that have flouted *ah me's* once a quarter, now practiſe *ah me's* every minute? *Shall I defy hat-bands, and tread garters and ſhoe-ſtrings* under my feet? Shall I fall to falling bands, and be a ruffian no longer? I muſt; I am now liegeman to Cupid, and have read all theſe informations in his book of ſtatutes." Again, in *A pleaſant Comedy how to chuſe a good Wife from a bad*, 1602:

"——— I was once like thee,
"A ſigher, melancholy humoriſt,
"Croſſer of arms, a goer *without garters*,
"A *hatband hater*, and a buſk-point-wearer." MALONE.

9 — *point-device*] i. e. exact, dreſt with finical nicety. STEEVENS.

*Roſ.* But are you ſo much in love, as your rhimes ſpeak?

*Orl.* Neither rhime nor reaſon can expreſs how much.

*Roſ.* Love is merely a madneſs; and, I tell you, deſerves as well a dark houſe and a whip, as madmen do: and the reaſon why they are not ſo puniſh'd and cured, is, that the lunacy is ſo ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profeſs curing it by counſel.

*Orl.* Did you ever cure any ſo?

*Roſ.* Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his miſtreſs; and I ſet him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a mooniſh youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantaſtical, apiſh, ſhallow, inconſtant, full of tears, full of ſmiles; for every paſſion ſomething, and for no paſſion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the moſt part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forſwear him; now weep for him, then ſpit at him; that I drave my ſuitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madneſs [1]; which was, to forſwear the full ſtream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monaſtick: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to waſh your liver as clean as a ſound ſheep's heart, that there ſhall not be one ſpot of love in't.

*Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

*Roſ.* I would cure you, if you would but call me Roſalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

*Orl.* Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

[1] — *to a* living *humour of madneſs*;] Dr. Johnſon propoſes to read—from his mad humour of *love*, to a *loving* humour of madneſs; "that is, from a *madneſs* that was *love*, to a *love* that was *madneſs*." Dr. Farmer would read—to a humour of *loving* madneſs. But both the emendations appear to me inconſiſtent with the tenour of Roſalind's argument. Roſalind by her fantaſtick tricks did not drive her ſuitor either into a *loving* humour of madneſs, or a humour of *loving* madneſs; (in which he was originally without her aid;) but ſhe drove him *from* love into a ſequeſter'd and melancholy retirement. *A living humour of madneſs* is, I conceive, in our author's licentious language, a humour of *living madneſs*, a mad humour that operates on *the mode of living*; or, in other words, and more accurately, *a mad humour of life*; "— to forſwear the world, and to *live* in a nook merely monaſtick."

MALONE.

*Roſ.*

*Roſ.* Go with me to it, and I'll ſhew it you: and, by the way, you ſhall tell me where in the foreſt you live: Will you go?

*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth.

*Roſ.* Nay, you muſt call me Roſalind:—Come, ſiſter, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*The ſame.*

*Enter* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY; JAQUES *at a diſtance, obſerving them.*

*Touch.* Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my ſimple feature content you [2]?

*Aud.*

2 — *doth my ſimple feature content you?*] In Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594, is the following couplet:

" I ſee then, *artleſs feature can content*,
" And that true beauty needs no ornament."

Again, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy:*

" It is my fault, not ſhe, that merits blame;
" My *feature* is not to *content* her ſight;
" My words are rude, and work her no delight."

*Feature* appears to have formerly ſignified the whole countenance. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I.

" Her peerleſs *feature*, joined with her birth,
" Approves her fit for none but for a king." MALONE.

" *Doth my ſimple* feature *content you?*" ſays the Clown to Audrey. " Your *features!*" (replies the wench,) " Lord warrant us, what *features?*" I doubt not, this ſhould be—Your *f.ature!* Lord warrant us, *what's feature?* FARMER.

*Feat* and *feature*, perhaps had anciently the ſame meaning. The Clown aſks, if the *features of his face* content her; ſhe takes the word in another ſenſe, i. e. *feats*, *deeds*, and in her reply ſeems to mean, what *feats*, i. e. what have we done yet? The courtſhip of Audrey and her gallant had not proceeded further, as Sir Wilful Witwood ſays, than a little mouth-glew; but ſhe ſuppoſes him to be talking of ſomething

*Aud.* Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

*Touch.* I am here with thee and thy goats, as the moſt capricious poet, honeſt Ovid, was among the Goths [3].

*Jaq.* O knowledge ill-inhabited! worſe than Jove in a thatch'd houſe! [*aſide.*

*Touch.* When a man's verſes cannot be underſtood, nor a man's good wit ſeconded with the forward child, underſtanding, it ſtrikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room [4]:—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

*Aud.* I do not know what poetical is: Is it honeſt in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

*Touch.* No, truly; for the trueſt poetry is the moſt feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they ſwear in poetry [5], may be ſaid, as lovers, they do feign.

*Aud.* Do you wiſh then, that the gods had made me poetical?

*Touch.* I do truly: for thou ſwear'ſt to me, thou art honeſt; now if thou wert a poet, I might have ſome hope thou didſt feign.

*Aud.* Would you not have me honeſt?

*Touch.* No truly, unleſs thou wert hard-favour'd: for honeſty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a ſauce to ſugar.

*Jaq.* A material fool [6]! [*aſide.*

thing which as yet he had not performed. Or the jeſt may turn only on the Clown's pronunciation. In ſome parts, *features* might be pronounced, *faitors*, which ſignify *raſcals*, *low wretches*. *Piſtol* uſes the word in the ſecond part of *K. Henry IV.* and Spenſer very frequently. STEEVENS.

3 — *as the moſt* capricious *poet, honeſt Ovid, was among the* Goths.] *Capricious* is not here humourſome, fantaſtical, &c. but *laſcivious*. Hor. Epod 10. Libidinoſus immolabitur *caper*. The Goths are the Getæ. Ovid. Triſt. V. 7. The *thatch'd houſe* is that of Baucis and Philemon. Ovid Met. VIII. 630. *Stipulis et canna tecta paluſtri*. UPTON.

Mr. Upton is perhaps too refined in his interpretation of *capricious*. Our author remembered that *caper* was the Latin for a goat, and thence choſe this epithet. This, I believe, is the whole. There is a poor quibble between *goats* and *Goths*. MALONE.

4 — *it ſtrikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room*:] A great reckoning in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. WARBURTON.

5 — *and what they ſwear in poetry*, &c.] This ſentence ſeems perplexed and inconſequent: perhaps it were better read thus,—*what they ſwear as lovers, they may be ſaid to feign as poets*. JOHNSON.

6 *A material* fool!] A *fool* with *matter* in him; a *fool* ſtocked with notions. JOHNSON.

*Aud.*

*Aud.* Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honeſt!

*Touch.* Truly, and to caſt away honeſty upon a foul ſlut, were to put good meat into an unclean diſh.

*Aud.* I am not a ſlut, though I thank the gods I am foul [7].

*Touch.* Well, praiſed be the gods for thy foulneſs! ſluttiſhneſs may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with ſir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promiſed to meet me in this place of the foreſt, and to couple us.

*Jaq.* I would fain ſee this meeting. [*aſide.*

*Aud.* Well, the gods give us joy!

*Touch.* Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, ſtagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no aſſembly but horn beaſts. But what though [8]? Courage! As horns are odious, they are neceſſary. It is ſaid,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even ſo:—Poor men alone?—No, no; the nobleſt deer hath them as huge as the raſcal. Is the ſingle man therefore bleſſed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, ſo is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence is better than no ſkill, by ſo much is a horn more precious than to want.

7 — *I am* foul.] By *foul* is meant *coy* or *frowning*. HANMER.

I rather believe *foul* to be put for the ruſtick pronunciation of *full*. Audrey, ſuppoſing the Clown to have ſpoken of her as *a full ſlut*, ſays, naturally enough, *I am not a ſlut, though, I thank the gods, I am* foul, i. e. full. She was more likely to *thank the gods* for a belly-full, than for her being *coy* or *frowning*. TYRWHITT.

In confirmation of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, it may be obſerved, that in the ſong at the end of *Love's Labour's Loſt*, inſtead of—"and ways be *foul*," we have in the firſt quarto, 1598, "—and ways be *full*." In that and other of our author's plays many words ſeem to have been ſpelled by the ear. MALONE.

I think that by *foul* Audrey means not *fair*, or what we call *homely*. Audrey is neither coy nor ill-humoured; but ſhe thanks the gods for her homelineſs, as it renders her leſs expoſed to temptation. MASON.

8 — *what though?*] What then. JOHNSON.

*Enter*

*Enter Sir* Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes ſir Oliver :—Sir Oliver [9] Mar-text, you are well met: Will you diſpatch us here under this tree, or ſhall we go with you to your chapel?

*Sir Oli.* Is there none here to give the woman?

*Touch.* I will not take her on gift of any man.

*Sir Oli.* Truly, ſhe muſt be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

*Jaq.* [*advancing.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

*Touch.* Good even, good maſter *What ye call't:* How do you, ſir? You are very well met: God'ild you [1] for your laſt company: I am very glad to ſee you:—Even a toy in hand here, ſir:—Nay; pray, be cover'd.

*Jaq.* Will you be married, motley?

*Touch.* As the ox hath his bow [2], ſir, the horſe his curb, and the faulcon her bells, ſo man hath his deſires; and as pigeons bill, ſo wedlock would be nibbling.

*Jaq.* And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a buſh, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good prieſt that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainſcot; then one of you will prove a ſhrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

9 — *Sir Oliver*—] He that has taken his firſt degree at the univerſity, is in the academical ſtyle called *Dominus*, and in common language was heretofore termed *Sir*. This was not always a word of contempt; the graduates aſſumed it in their own writings; ſo Treviſa the hiſtorian writes himſelf *Syr* John de Treviſa. JOHNSON.

We find the ſame title beſtowed on many divines in our old comedies. STEEVENS.

So in a paſſage in Vol I. where after the word "univerſities" I ought to have added, "of Cambridge, and Dublin;" for the title, *Sir*, is not given to Bachelors of Arts at Oxford. MALONE.

A clergyman, who hath not been educated at the Univerſities, is ſtill diſtinguiſhed in ſome parts of North Wales, by the appellation of *Sir John*, *Sir William*, &c. NICHOLS.

1 — God'*ild* you] i. e. God *yield* you, God reward you. See *Macbeth*, Act I. ſc. vi. STEEVENS.

2 — *his* bow,—] i. e. his *yoke*. STEEVENS.

*Touch.*

*Touch.* I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuſe for me hereafter to leave my wife. [*aſide.*

*Jaq.* Go thou with me, and let me counſel thee.

*Touch.* Come, ſweet Audrey;
We muſt be married, or we muſt live in bawdry.
Farewell, good maſter Oliver!

Not—O ſweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver[3],
Leave me not behind thee;
But—Wind away,
Begone, I ſay,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt* JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, *and* AUDREY.

*Sir Oli.* 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantaſtical knave of them all ſhall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

SCENE

3 Not—*O ſweet Oliver, O brave Oliver*, &c.] Some words of an old ballad. WARBURTON.

The clown diſmiſſes ſir Oliver only becauſe Jaques had alarmed his pride, and raiſed his doubts, concerning the validity of a marriage ſolemnized by one who appears only in the character of an itinerant preacher. He intends afterwards to have recourſe to ſome other of more dignity in the ſame profeſſion. Dr. Johnſon's opinion, that the latter part of the Clown's ſpeech is only a repetition from ſome other ballad, or perhaps a different part of the ſame, is, I believe, juſt. STEEVENS.

That Touchſtone is influenced by the counſel of Jaques, may be inferred from the ſubſequent dialogue between the former and Audrey, A& V. ſc ii:

*Touch.* We ſhall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

*Aud.* 'Faith, *the prieſt was good enough, for all the old gentleman's ſaying.* MALONE.

*O ſweet* Oliver,] The epithet of *ſweet* ſeems to have been peculiarly appropriated to *Oliver*, for which perhaps he was originally obliged to the old ſong before us. No more of it, however, than theſe two lines ſeems to be preſerved. See B. Jonſon's *Underwood*, Vol. VI. p. 407:

"All the *mad* Rolands and *ſweet* Olivers."

And, in *Every man in his humour*, p. 88, is the ſame alluſion:

"Do not think, *ſweet* Oliver." TYRWHITT.

In the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 6, 1584, was entered by Richard Jones the ballad of

"O *ſwete Olyver*
"Leave me not behinde thee."

Again,

## SCENE IV.

*The ſame. Before a Cottage.*

*Enter* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

*Roſ.* Never talk to me, I will weep.

*Cel.* Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to conſider, that tears do not become a man.

*Roſ.* But have I not cauſe to weep?

*Cel.* As good cauſe as one would deſire; therefore weep.

*Roſ.* His very hair is of the diſſembling colour.

*Cel.* Something browner than Judas's[4]: marry, his kiſſes are Judas's own children.

Again, "The anſwer of *O ſweete Olyver.*" Again, in 1586, "*O ſweet Oliver* altered to the Scriptures." STEEVENS.

I often find a part of this ſong applied to Cromwell. In a paper called, *A Man in the Moon, diſcovering a World of Knavery under the Sun*, "the *junto* will go near to give us the *bagge*, if *O brave Oliver* come not ſuddenly to relieve them." The ſame alluſion is met with in *Cleaveland*. *Wind away* and *wind off* are ſtill uſed *provincially*: and, I believe, nothing but the *provincial* pronunciation is wanting to join the parts together. I read:

"Not—O ſweet Oliver!
"O brave Oliver!
"Leave me not *behi' thee*;
"But—wind away,
"Begone, I ſay,
"I will not to wedding *wi' thee.*" FARMER.

*Wind* is uſed for *wend* in *Cæſar and Pompey*, 1607. STEEVENS.

[4] *Something browner than* Judas's:—] *Judas* was conſtantly repreſented in ancient painting or tapeſtry, with *red hair* and beard. STEEVENS.

The new edition of Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol. V. p. 295, aſſerts, that painters conſtantly repreſented Judas the traytor with a *red* head. This conceit is thought to have ariſen in England from our ancient grudge to the *red-haired* Danes. TOLLET.

*Roſ.*

*Roſ.* I'faith, his hair is of a good colour [5].

*Cel.* An excellent colour: your cheſnut was ever the only colour.

*Roſ.* And his kiſſing is as full of ſanctity as the touch of holy bread.

*Cel.* He hath bought a pair of caſt lips of Diana [6]: a nun of winter's ſiſterhood [7] kiſſes not more religiouſly; the very vice of chaſtity is in them.

*Roſ.* But why did he ſwear he would come this morning, and comes not?

*Cel.* Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

*Roſ.* Do you think ſo?

*Cel.* Yes: I think he is not a pick-purſe, nor a horſe-ſtealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet [8], or a worm-eaten nut.

*Roſ.* Not true in love?

*Cel.* Yes, when he is in; but, I think, he is not in.

*Roſ.* You have heard him ſwear downright, he was.

[5] *I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.*] There is much of nature in this petty perverſeneſs of Roſalind: ſhe finds faults in her lover, in hope to be contradicted, and when Celia in ſportive malice too readily ſeconds her accuſations, ſhe contradicts herſelf rather than ſuffer her favourite to want a vindication. JOHNSON.

[6] — *a pair of* caſt *lips of Diana:*] i. e. a pair left off by Diana. THEOBALD.

[7] — *a nun of* winter's ſiſterhood—] i. e. of *an unfruitful ſiſterhood*, which had devoted itſelf to chaſtity. For as thoſe who were of the ſiſterhood of the ſpring, were the votaries of Venus; thoſe of ſummer, the votaries of Ceres; thoſe of autumn, of Pomona: ſo theſe of the *ſiſterhood of winter* were the votaries of Diana; called, *of winter*, becauſe that quarter is not, like the other three, productive of fruit or increaſe. On this account it is, that when the poet ſpeaks of what is moſt *poor*, he inſtances it in *winter*, in theſe fine lines of *Othello*:

" *But riches endleſs is* as poor as winter
" *To him that ever fears he ſhall be poor.*"

The other property of winter that made him term them of its ſiſterhood, is its coldneſs. So, in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*:

" *To be a* barren ſiſter *all your life,*
" *Chanting faint hymns to the* cold fruitleſs *moon.*" WARBURT.

[8] — *as concave as a* cover'd *goblet,*] Dr. Warburton aſks, "Why a *cover'd* goblet?" and anſwers, "becauſe a goblet is never kept covered but when empty." If that be the caſe, the cover is of little uſe; for when it is empty, it may as well be uncovered. But it is the idea of hollowneſs, not that of emptineſs, that Shakſpeare wiſhes to convey; and a goblet is more completely hollow when covered, than when it is not. MASON.

Cel.

*Cel. Was* is not *is:* beſides, the oath of lover is no ſtronger than the word of a tapſter; they are both the confirmers of falſe reckonings: He attends here in the foreſt on the duke your father.

*Roſ.* I met the duke yeſterday, and had much queſtion [9] with him: He aſked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; ſo he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is ſuch a man as Orlando?

*Cel.* O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verſes, ſpeaks brave words, ſwears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverſe, athwart [1] the heart of his lover [2]; as a puny tilter, that ſpurs his horſe but on one ſide, breaks his ſtaff like a noble gooſe: but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

*Enter* CORIN.

*Cor.* Miſtreſs, and maſter, you have oft enquired
After the ſhepherd that complain'd of love;

9 — *much* queſtion—] i. e. converſation. STEEVENS.

1 — *quite traverſe, athwart*, &c.] An unexperienced lover is here compared to a *puny tilter*, to whom it was a diſgrace to have his lance broken acroſs, as it was a mark either of want of courage or addreſs. This happened when the horſe flew on one ſide, in the career: and hence, I ſuppoſe, aroſe the jocular proverbial phraſe of *ſpurring the horſe only on one ſide*. Now as breaking the lance againſt his adverſary's breaſt, in a direct line, was honourable, ſo the breaking it *acroſs* againſt his breaſt was, for the reaſon above, diſhonourable: hence it is, that Sidney, in his *Arcadia*, ſpeaking of the mock-combat of Clinias and Dametas, ſays, *The wind took ſuch hold of his ſtaff that it* croſt quite over his breaſt, &c.—And to *break acroſs* was the uſual phraſe, as appears from ſome wretched verſes of the ſame author, ſpeaking of an unſkilful tilter:

" *Methought ſome ſtaves he miſt: if ſo, not much amiſs:*
" *For when he moſt did hit, he ever yet did miſs.*
" *One ſaid he* brake acroſs; *full well it ſo might be*, &c.

This is the alluſion. So that Orlando, a young gallant, affecting the faſhion, (for *brave*, is here uſed, as in other places, for faſhionable,) is repreſented either *unſkilful* in courtſhip, or *timorous*. The lover's meeting or appointment correſponds to the tilter's career; and as the one breaks ſtaves, the other breaks oaths. The buſineſs is only meeting fairly, and doing both with addreſs: and 'tis for the want of this, that Orlando is blamed. WARBURTON.

2 — *of his* lover;] i. e. of his miſtreſs. MALONE.

Who

Who you ſaw ſitting by me on the turf,
Praiſing the proud diſdainful ſhepherdeſs
That was his miſtreſs.

*Cel.* Well, and what of him?

*Cor.* If you will ſee a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of ſcorn and proud diſdain,
Go hence a little, and I ſhall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

*Roſ.* O, come, let us remove;
The ſight of lovers feedeth thoſe in love:—
Bring us unto this ſight, and you ſhall ſay
I'll prove a buſy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*Another part of the foreſt.*

*Enter* SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, do not ſcorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say, that you love me not; but ſay not ſo
In bitterneſs: The common executioner,
Whoſe heart the accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But firſt begs pardon; Will you ſterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops[3]?

*Enter*

3 ——— *will you ſterner be*
*Than he that* dies *and lives by bloody drops?*] I am afraid our bard is at his quibbles again. To *dye* means as well *to dip a thing in a colour foreign to its own*, as to *expire*. In this ſenſe, contemptible as it is, the executioner may be ſaid to *die* as well as *live* by *bloody drops*. Shakſpeare is fond of oppoſing theſe terms to each other. In *K. John* is a play on words not unlike this:

" ——— *all with purpled hands*
" Dy'd *in the* dying *ſlaughter of their foes.*"

Camden

*Enter* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *at a distance.*

*Phe.* I would not be thy executioner;
fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
hou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:
'is pretty, sure, and very probable,
hat eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,
ho shut their coward gates on atomies,—
ould be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
ow I do frown on thee with all my heart;
nd, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
ow counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
r, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
ie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
ow show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:

Camden has preserved an epitaph on a dyer, which has the same turn:

" He that *dyed* so oft in sport,
" *Dyed* at last, no colour for't." STEEVENS.

J. Davies of Hereford, in his *Scourge of Folly*, printed about 1611, has same conceit, and uses almost our author's words:

" *Of a proud lying* dyer.
" Turbine, the *dyer*, stalks before his dore,
" Like Cæsar, that by *dying* oft did thrive;
" And though the beggar be as proud as poore,
" Yet (like the mortifide) he *dyes* to *live*."

Again, *On the same:*

" Who lives well, dies well:—not by and by;
" For this man *lives* proudly, yet well doth *die*." MALONE.

So, in a Collection of Epigrams, Epitaphs, &c. entitled *Wits Bed-*, printed about 1615:

" On a rare dyer of silke.
" Here lies one, who *liv'd* by *dying*,
" Yet *dy'd* not truly till this lying." MALONE.

*He that lives and dies*, &c. i. e. he who to the very end of his life con-es a common executioner. So, in the second scene of the fifth Act this play, " *live* and *die* a shepherd." TOLLET.

*To die and live* by a thing is to be constant to it, to persevere in it to end. *Lives* therefore does not signify *is maintained*, but the two taken together mean, *who is all his life conversant with bloody* ps. MUSGRAVE.

Scratch

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some ſcar of it; lean but upon a ruſh [4],
The cicatrice and capable impreſſure [5]
Thy palm ſome moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am ſure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

*Sil.* O dear Phebe,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in ſome freſh cheek the power of fancy [6],
Then ſhall you know the wounds inviſible
That love's keen arrows make.

*Phe.* But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I ſhall not pity thee.

*Roſ.* And why, I pray you? [*advancing.*] Who might
be your mother [7],
That you inſult, exult, and all at once [8],
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,
(As, by my faith, I ſee no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Muſt you be therefore proud and pitileſs [9]?

Why,

4 — *lean* but *upon a ruſh*,] *But*, which is not in the old copy, was added for the ſake of the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

5 *The* cicatrice *and capable impreſſure*] *Cicatrice* is here not very properly uſed; it is the ſcar of a wound. *Capable impreſſure*, hollow mark. JOHNSON.

*Capable*, I believe, means here—*perceptible*. Our author often uſes the word for *intelligent*; (See a note on *Hamlet*,—

"His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,
"Would make them *capable*.")

hence, with his uſual licence, for *intelligible*, and then for *perceptible*. MALONE.

6 — *power of* fancy,] *Fancy* is here uſed for *love*, as before in the *Midſummer-Night's Dream*. JOHNSON.

7 — *Who might be your mother*,] It is common for the poets to expreſs cruelty by ſaying, of thoſe who commit it, that they were born of rocks, or ſuckled by tigreſſes. JOHNSON.

8 *That you inſult, exult, and* all at once,] The ſpeaker may mean thus: *Who might be your mother, that you inſult, exult, and that in all in a breath.* Such is perhaps the meaning of *all at once*. STEEVENS.

9 ——— *What though you have* no *beauty*,
*(As by my faith I ſee no more in you,*
*Than without candle may go dark to bed,)*
*Muſt you be therefore proud and pitileſs?*] The old copy reads—
What

Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I ſee no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's ſale-work [1]:—Od's my little life!
I think, ſhe means to tangle my eyes too:—
No, 'faith, proud miſtreſs, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-ſilk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my ſpirits to your worſhip [2].—
You fooliſh ſhepherd, wherefore do you follow her,

What though you have *no* beauty—. That *no* is a miſprint, appears clearly from the paſſage in Lodge's *Roſalynde* which Shakſpeare has here imitated: "Sometimes have I ſeen high diſdaine turned to hot deſires—Becauſe *thou art beautiful*, be not ſo coy; as there is nothing more faire, ſo there is nothing more fading."—Mr. Theobald corrected the error, by expunging the word *no*; in which he was copied by the ſubſequent editors; but omiſſion (as I have often obſerved) is of all the modes of emendation the moſt exceptionable. *No* was, I believe, a miſprint for *mo*, a word often uſed by our author and his contemporaries for *more*. So, in a former ſcene in this play: "I pray you, mar no *mo* of my verſes with reading them ill favour'dly." Again, in *Much ado about nothing*: "Sing no more ditties, ſing no *mo*." Again, in the *Tempeſt*: "*Mo* widows of this buſineſs making—." Many other inſtances might be added. The word is found in almoſt every book of that age. As *no* is here printed inſtead of *mo*, ſo in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V we find in the folio, 1623, *Mo* matter, for *No* matter. This correction being leſs violent than Mr. Theobald's, I have inſerted it in the text. "What though I ſhould allow you had *more* beauty than he, (ſays Roſalind,) *though* by my faith, &c." (for ſuch is the force of *As* in the next line) "muſt you therefore treat him with diſdain?" In *Antony and Cleopatra* we meet with a paſſage conſtructed nearly in the ſame manner:

"——— Say, this becomes him,
"(*As* his compoſure muſt be rare indeed
"Whom theſe things *cannot* blemiſh,) yet, &c."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Leſt*:

"But ſay that he, or we, (*as neither have*)
"Receiv'd that ſum," &c.

Again, more appoſitely, in Camden's *Remaines*, p. 190, edit. 1605: "I force not of ſuch fooleries; but if *I have any* ſkill in ſooth-ſaying (*as* in ſooth I have *none*,) it doth prognoſticate that I ſhall change copie from a duke to a king." Malone.

[1] *Of nature's* ſale-work:] i. e. thoſe works that nature makes up carelefsly and without exactneſs. The alluſion is to the practice of mechanicks, whoſe *work* beſpoke is more elaborate than that which is made up for chance-cuſtomers, or to ſell in quantities to retailers, which is called *ſale-work*. Warburton.

[2] *That can* entame *my ſpirits to your worſhip*.] So, in *Much ado about nothing*:

"*Taming* my wild heart to thy loving hand." Steevens.

Like foggy ſouth, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thouſand times a properer man,
Than ſhe a woman: 'Tis ſuch fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glaſs, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you ſhe ſees herſelf more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can ſhow her.—
But, miſtreſs, know yourſelf; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, faſting, for a good man's love:
For I muſt tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
Foul is moſt foul, being foul to be a ſcoffer [3].
So, take her to thee, ſhepherd;—fare you well.

*Phe.* Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together; I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

*Roſ.* He's fallen in love with her foulneſs [4], and ſhe'll fall in love with my anger:—If it be ſo, as faſt as ſhe anſwers thee with frowning looks, I'll ſauce her with bitter words.—Why look you ſo upon me?

*Phe.* For no ill will I bear you.

*Roſ.* I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falſer than vows made in wine:
Beſides, I like you not: If you will know my houſe,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:
Will you go, ſiſter?—Shepherd, ply her hard:—
Come, ſiſter:—Shepherdeſs, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could ſee,
None could be ſo abus'd in ſight as he [5].
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt* Ros. Cel. *and* Corin.

*Phe.* Dead ſhepherd, now I find thy ſaw of might;
"Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight [6]?"

*Sil.*

3 *Foul is moſt foul, being foul to be a ſcoffer.*] The ſenſe is, *the ugly ſeem moſt ugly, when*, though *ugly, they are ſcoffers.* Johnson.

4 — *with* her *foulneſs.*] The old copy reads—*your* foulneſs. Corrected by Sir Thomas Hanmer. Malone.

5 — *though all the world could ſee,*
*None could be ſo abus'd in ſight as he.*] Though all mankind could look on you, none could be ſo *deceived* as to think you beautiful but he. Johnson.

6 *Dead ſhepherd, now I find thy ſaw of might;*
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight?] The ſecond of theſe lines

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe,—
*Phe.* Ha! what ſay'ſt thou, Silvius?
*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, pity me.
*Phe.* Why, I am ſorry for thee, gentle Silvius.
*Sil.* Wherever ſorrow is, relief would be:
If you do ſorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your ſorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.
*Phe.* Thou haſt my love; Is not that neighbourly?
*Sil.* I would have you.
*Phe.* Why, that were covetouſneſs.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:
But ſince that thou canſt talk of love ſo well,
Thy company, which erſt was irkſome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompence,
Than thine own gladneſs that thou art employ'd.
*Sil.* So holy, and ſo perfect is my love,
And I in ſuch a poverty of grace,
That I ſhall think it a moſt plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harveſt reaps: looſe now and then
A ſcatter'd ſmile, and that I'll live upon.
*Phe.* Know'ſt thou the youth that ſpoke to me ere-while?
*Sil.* Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old Carlot once was maſter of.
*Phe.* Think not I love him, though I aſk for him;
'Tis but a peeviſh boy:—yet he talks well;
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that ſpeaks them pleaſes thoſe that hear.

lines is from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1637, ſig. B b, where it ſtands thus:

" Where both deliberate, the love is ſlight:
" *Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight?*" STEEVENS.

This poem of Marlowe's was ſo popular (as appears from many of the contemporary writers,) that a quotation from it muſt have been known at once, at leaſt by the more enlightened part of the audience. Our author has again alluded to it in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.—The "dead ſhepherd," Marlowe, was killed in a brothel in 1593. Two editions of *Hero and Leander*, I believe, had been publiſhed before the year 1600; it being entered in the Stationers' Books, Sept. 28, 1593, and again in 1597. MALONE.

It is a pretty youth;—Not very pretty:—
But, ſure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: The beſt thing in him
Is his complexion; and faſter than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but ſo ſo; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redneſs in his lip;
A little riper and more luſty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas juſt the difference
Betwixt the conſtant red, and mingled damaſk.
There be ſome women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cauſe [7] to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He ſaid, mine eyes were black, and my hair black,
And, now I am remember'd, ſcorn'd at me:
I marvel, why I anſwer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou ſhalt bear it; Wilt thou, Silvius?

*Sil.* Phebe, with all my heart.

*Phe.* I'll write it ſtraight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and paſſing ſhort:
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

7 *I have more cauſe*—] *I*, which ſeems to have been inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

# ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The ſame.*

*Enter* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES.

*Jaq.* I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better [8] acquainted with thee.

*Roſ.* They ſay, you are a melancholy fellow.

*Jaq.* I am ſo; I do love it better than laughing.

*Roſ.* Thoſe, that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themſelves to every modern cenſure, worſe than drunkards.

*Jaq.* Why, 'tis good to be ſad and ſay nothing.

*Roſ.* Why then, 'tis good to be a poſt.

*Jaq.* I have neither the ſcholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the muſician's, which is fantaſtical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the ſoldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all theſe: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many ſimples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the ſundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination [9] wraps me in a moſt humorous ſadneſs.

*Roſ.* A traveller! By my faith, you have great reaſon to be ſad: I fear, you have ſold your own lands, to ſee other

[8] — *let me* be *better*—] *Be*, which is wanting in the old copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[9] — my *often rumination*—] The old copy has—*by* often. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Perhaps we ſhould rather read "—*and* which, by often rumination, wraps me in a moſt humorous ſadneſs." MALONE.

men's;

men's; then, to have ſeen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

*Jaq.* Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

*Enter* ORLANDO.

*Roſ.* And your experience makes you ſad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me ſad; and to travel for it too.

*Orl.* Good day, and happineſs, dear Roſalind!

*Jaq.* Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verſe. [*Exit.*

*Roſ.* Farewel, monſieur traveller: Look, you liſp, and wear ſtrange ſuits; diſable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almoſt chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will ſcarce think you have ſwam in a gondola [1].—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you ſerve me ſuch another trick, never come in my ſight more.

*Orl.* My fair Roſalind, I come within an hour of my promiſe.

*Roſ.* Break an hour's promiſe in love? He that will divide a minute into a thouſand parts, and break but a part of the thouſandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be ſaid of him, that Cupid hath clap'd him o' the ſhoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

*Orl.* Pardon me, dear Roſalind.

*Roſ.* Nay, an you be ſo tardy, come no more in my ſight; I had as lief be woo'd of a ſnail.

*Orl.* Of a ſnail?

*Roſ.* Ay, of a ſnail; for though he comes ſlowly, he carries his houſe on his head; a better jointure, I think,

[1] —*ſwam in a gondola.*—] That is, *been at* Venice, the ſeat at that time of all licentiouſneſs, where the young Engliſh gentlemen waſted their fortunes, debaſed their morals, and ſometimes loſt their religion.

The faſhion of travelling, which prevailed very much in our author's time, was conſidered by the wiſer men as one of the principal cauſes of corrupt manners. It was therefore gravely cenſured by Aſcham in his *Schoolmaſter*, and by biſhop Hall in his *Quo Vadis*; and is here, and in other paſſages, ridiculed by Shakſpeare. JOHNSON.

than

than you can make a woman [2]: Beſides, he brings his deſtiny with him.

*Orl.* What's that?

*Roſ.* Why, horns; which ſuch as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the ſlander of his wife.

*Orl.* Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Roſalind is virtuous.

*Roſ.* And I am your Roſalind.

*Cel.* It pleaſes him to call you ſo; but he hath a Roſalind of a better leer than you [3].

*Roſ.* Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holyday humour, and like enough to conſent:—What would you ſay to me now, an I were your very very Roſalind?

*Orl.* I would kiſs, before I ſpoke.

*Roſ.* Nay, you were better ſpeak firſt; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occaſion to kiſs. Very good orators, when they are out, they will ſpit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanlieſt ſhift is to kiſs.

*Orl.* How if the kiſs be denied?

*Roſ.* Then ſhe puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

*Orl.* Who could be out, being before his beloved miſtreſs?

*Roſ.* Marry, that ſhould you, if I were your miſtreſs; or I ſhould think my honeſty ranker than my wit.

*Orl.* What, of my ſuit?

*Roſ.* Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your ſuit. Am not I your Roſalind?

*Orl.* I take ſome joy to ſay you are, becauſe I would be talking of her.

*Roſ.* Well, in her perſon, I ſay—I will not have you.

*Orl.* Then, in mine own perſon, I die.

[2] —*than you* can *make a woman:*] Old Copy—you make a woman. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

[3] —*a Roſalind of a better* leer *than you.*] i. e. of a better feature, complexion, or colour, than you. So, in P. Holland's *Pliny*, B. XXXI. c. ii. p. 403. The word ſeems to be derived from the Saxon *Hleare*, facies, frons, vultus. TOLLET.

In the notes on the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, Vol. IV. p. 320, *leer* is ſuppoſed to mean *ſkin*. STEEVENS.

*Roſ.*

*Roſ.* No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almoſt ſix thouſand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own perſon, *videlicet*, in a love cauſe. Troilus had his brains daſh'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midſummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to waſh him in the Helleſpont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the fooliſh chroniclers of that age [4] found it was—Hero of Seſtos. But theſe are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

*Orl.* I would not have my right Roſalind of this mind; for, I proteſt, her frown might kill me.

*Roſ.* By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Roſalind in a more coming-on diſpoſition; and aſk me what you will, I will grant it.

*Orl.* Then love me, Roſalind.

*Roſ.* Yes, faith will I, fridays, and ſaturdays, and all.

*Orl.* And wilt thou have me?

*Roſ.* Ay, and twenty ſuch.

*Orl.* What ſay'ſt thou?

*Roſ.* Are you not good?

*Orl.* I hope ſo.

*Roſ.* Why then, can one deſire too much of a good thing?—Come, ſiſter, you ſhall be the prieſt, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you ſay, ſiſter?

*Orl.* Pray thee, marry us.

*Cel.* I cannot ſay the words.

*Roſ.* You muſt begin,—*Will you, Orlando,*—

*Cel.* Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Roſalind?

*Orl.* I will.

*Roſ.* Ay, but when?

4 — chroniclers *of that age*—] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*coroners*, by the advice, as Dr. Warburton hints, of ſome anonymous critick. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards propoſes the ſame emendation, and ſupports it by a paſſage in *Hamlet*: "The *coroner* hath ſat on her, and *finds it*—*Chriſtian burial.*" I believe, however, the old copy is right; though *found* is undoubtedly uſed in its forenſick ſenſe. MALONE.

*Orl.*

*Orl.* Why now; as faſt as ſhe can marry us.

*Roſ.* Then you muſt ſay,—*I take thee, Roſalind, for wife.*

*Orl.* I take thee, Roſalind, for wife.

*Roſ.* I might aſk you for your commiſſion; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my huſband: There's a girl goes before the prieſt [5]; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

*Orl.* So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

*Roſ.* Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have poſſeſs'd her.

*Orl.* For ever, and a day.

*Roſ.* Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the ſky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot againſt rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my deſires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain [6], and I will do that when you are diſpos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen [7], and that when thou art inclined to ſleep.

[5] — There's *a girl goes before the prieſt*;] Surely we ſhould read—*There* a girl goes before the prieſt. i. e. there, viz. in ſaying, "*I do take thee for my huſband*," a girl anticipates the prieſt; is ready with her anſwer before the queſtion, "Wilt thou take, &c." is put to her.—The reading of the old copy is to me unintelligible. MALONE.

[6] — *I will weep for nothing, like* Diana in the fountain,] There being nothing in mythology to which theſe words could relate, I ſome years ago conjectured that the alluſion muſt have been to ſome well known conduit. Very ſoon after my note was printed, I found my conjecture confirmed, and obſerved in A SECOND APPENDIX to my SUPPLEMENT to *Shakſpeare*, printed in 1783, p. 13, that our author without doubt alluded to the ancient CROSS in Cheapſide, at the Eaſt ſide of which (ſays Stowe) "a curious wrought tabernacle of gray marble was then ſet up, [in the year 1596,] and in the ſame an alabaſter image of DIANA, and *water conveyed from the Thames, prilling from her naked breaſt*." SURVEY OF LONDON, p. 484, edit. 1618. MALONE.

Statues, and particularly that of *Diana*, with water conveyed through them to give them the appearance of weeping figures, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. So, in Roſamond's Epiſtle to Henry II. by Drayton:

"Here in the garden wrought by curious hands
"Naked *Diana* in the fountain ſtands." WHALLEY.

[7] — *I will laugh like a* hyen,—] The bark of the *hyena* very much reſembles a loud laugh. So, in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

"You *laugh hyena*-like, weep like a crocodile." STEEVENS.

*Orl.* But will my Roſalind do ſo?

*Roſ.* By my life, ſhe will do as I do.

*Orl.* O, but ſhe is wiſe.

*Roſ.* Or elſe ſhe could not have the wit to do this: the wiſer, the waywarder: Make the doors [8] upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the caſement; ſhut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole: ſtop that, 'twill fly with the ſmoke out at the chimney.

*Orl.* A man that had a wife with ſuch a wit, he might ſay,—*Wit, whither wilt* [9]*?*

*Roſ.* Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

*Orl.* And what wit could wit have to excuſe that?

*Roſ.* Marry, to ſay,—ſhe came to ſeek you there. You ſhall never take her without her anſwer [1], unleſs you take her without her tongue. O that woman that cannot

[8] — *make the doors*—] This is an expreſſion uſed in ſeveral of the midland counties, inſtead of *bar the doors*. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

" The doors are *made* againſt you." STEEVENS.

[9] — *Wit, whither wilt?*] This was an exclamation much in uſe, when any one was either talking nonſenſe, or uſurping a greater ſhare in converſation than juſtly belonged to him. So, in the preface to *Greene's Groat's-worth of Wit*, 1620:

" *Wit, whither wilt thou?* Woe is me,
" Thou haſt brought me to this miſerie."

The ſame expreſſion occurs more than once in Taylor the water-poet, and ſeems to have been the title of ſome ludicrous performance. STEEVENS.

If I remember right, theſe are the firſt words of an old madrigal. MALONE.

[1] *You ſhall never take her without her anſwer,*] See Chaucer, *Marchantes Tale*, ver. 10138—10149:

" Ye, ſire, quod Proſerpine, and wol ye ſo?
" Now by my modre Ceres ſoule I ſwere,
" That I ſhall yeve hire ſuffiſant anſwere,
" And alle women after for hire ſake;
" That though they ben in any gilt ytake,
" With face bold they ſhul hemſelve excuſe,
" And bere hem doun that wolden hem accuſe.
" For lacke of anſwere, non of us ſhul dien.
" Al had ye ſeen a thing with bothe youre eyen,
" Yet ſhul we ſo viſage it hardely,
" And wepe and ſwere and chiden ſubtilly,
" That ye ſhull ben as lewed as ben gees." TYRWHITT.

make

make her fault her huſband's occaſion [2], let her never nurſe her child herſelf, for ſhe will breed it like a fool.

*Orl.* For theſe two hours, Roſalind, I will leave thee.

*Roſ.* Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

*Orl.* I muſt attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

*Roſ.* Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no leſs:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one caſt away, and ſo,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

*Orl.* Ay, ſweet Roſalind.

*Roſ.* By my troth, and in good earneſt, and ſo God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promiſe, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the moſt pathetical break-promiſe [3], and the moſt hollow lover, and the moſt unworthy of her you call Roſalind, that may be choſen out of the groſs band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my cenſure, and keep your promiſe.

*Orl.* With no leſs religion, than if thou wert indeed my Roſalind: So, adieu.

*Roſ.* Well, time is the old juſtice that examines all ſuch offenders, and let time try: Adieu! [*Exit* ORLANDO.

*Cel.* You have ſimply miſuſed our ſex in your love-prate: we muſt have your doublet and hoſe pluck'd over your head, and ſhew the world what the bird hath done to her own neſt [4].

*Roſ.* O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didſt know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be ſounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

[2] — *make* her fault *her huſband's occaſion*,] That is, repreſent *her fault* as occaſioned by her huſband. JOHNSON.

[3] — *I will think you the moſt* pathetical *break-promiſe*,] The ſame epithet occurs again in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, and with as little apparent meaning: "— moſt *pathetical* nit. STEEVENS.

I believe, by *pathetical* break-promiſe Roſalind means a lover whoſe falſehood would moſt *deeply affect* his miſtreſs. MALONE.

[4] — *to her own neſt.*] So, in Lodge's *Roſalynde*: "And I pray you (quoth Aliena) if your robes were off, what metal are you made of, that you are ſo ſatyricall againſt women? Is it not a foule bird defile her owne neſt?" STEEVENS.

*Cel.*

*Cel.* Or rather, bottomleſs; that as faſt as you pour affection in, it runs out.

*Roſ.* No, that ſame wicked baſtard of Venus, that was begot of thought[5], conceiv'd of ſpleen, and born of madneſs; that blind raſcally boy, that abuſes every one's eyes, becauſe his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the ſight of Orlando: I'll go find a ſhadow, and ſigh till he come.

*Cel.* And I'll ſleep. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Another part of the foreſt.*

*Enter* JAQUES, *and Lords, in the habit of foreſters.*

*Jaq.* Which is he that kill'd the deer?

1. *Lord.* Sir, it was I.

*Jaq.* Let's preſent him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to ſet the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no ſong, foreſter, for this purpoſe?

2. *Lord.* Yes, ſir.

*Jaq.* Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, ſo it make noiſe enough.

## SONG.

1. *What ſhall he have, that kill'd the deer?*
2. *His leather ſkin, and horns to wear*[6].

1. *Then*

5 *of* thought.] That is, of melancholy. See a note on *Twelfth Night*, Act I. "She pined in *thought*—." MALONE.

6 *His leather* ſkin *and* horns *to wear.*] Shakſpeare ſeems to have formed this ſong on a hint afforded by the novel which furniſhed him with the plot

1. *Then ſing him home:*
*Take thou no ſcorn, to wear the horn* *;
*It was a creſt ere thou waſt born.*
1. *Thy father's father wore it;*
2. *And thy father bore it:*
All. *The horn, the horn, the luſty horn,*
*Is not a thing to laugh to ſcorn.*

{ The reſt ſhall bear this burden.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III[7].

*Enter* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

*Roſ.* How ſay you now? Is it not paſt two o'clock? and here much Orlando[8]!

*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to ſleep: Look, who comes here.

plot of his play. "What news, Forreſter? Haſt thou wounded ſome deere, and loſt him in the fall? Care not, man, for ſo ſmall a loſſe; thy fees was but the *ſkinne*, the ſhoulders, and the *horns*." Lodge's *Roſalynde, or Euphues's Golden Legacie*, 1592. For this quotation the reader is indebted to Mr. Malone. STEEVENS.

* *Take thou no ſcorn, to wear the horn*;] In *King John*, in two parts, 1591, a play which our author had without doubt attentively read, we find theſe lines:

"But let the fooliſh Frenchman *take no ſcorn*,
"If Philip front him with an Engliſh *horn*." MALONE.

7 The foregoing noiſy ſcene was introduced only to fill up an interval, which is to repreſent two hours. This contraction of the time we might impute to poor Roſalind's impatience, but that a few minutes after we find Orlando ſending his excuſe. I do not ſee that by any probable diviſion of the acts this abſurdity can be obviated. JOHNSON.

8 — *and here* much *Orlando!*] *Much* in our author's time was an expreſſion denoting admiration. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

"What, with two points on your ſhoulder? *much!*"

Again, in *the Taming of the Shrew*:

"'Tis *much!*—Servant, leave me and her alone." MALONE.

Here's *much* Orlando; i. e. here's *no* Orlando, or, we may look for him. We have ſtill the uſe of this expreſſion, as when we ſay, ſpeaking of a perſon who we ſuſpect will not keep his appointment, "Ay, you will be ſure to ſee him there *much!*" WHALLEY.

So the vulgar yet ſay, "I ſhall get *much* by that no doubt," meaning that they ſhall get nothing. MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter* SILVIUS.

*Sil.* My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this:
[*gives a letter.*
I know not the contents; but, as I gueſs,
By the ſtern brow, and waſpiſh action
Which ſhe did uſe as ſhe was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltleſs meſſenger.

*Roſ.* Patience herſelf would ſtartle at this letter,
And play the ſwaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She ſays, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and, that ſhe could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix: Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes ſhe ſo to me?—Well, ſhepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

*Sil.* No, I proteſt, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

*Roſ.* Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I ſaw her hand: ſhe has a leathern hand,
A freeſtone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a huſwife's hand: but that's no matter:
I ſay, ſhe never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

*Sil.* Sure, it is hers.

*Roſ.* Why, 'tis a boiſterous and a cruel ſtile,
A ſtile for challengers; why, ſhe defies me,
Like Turk to Chriſtian: woman's gentle brain[4]
Could not drop forth ſuch giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance:—Will you hear the letter?

*Sil.* So pleaſe you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

4 — woman's *gentle brain*—] Old Copy—*women's*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

*Roſ.*

*Roſ.* She Phebes me: Mark how the tyrant writes.

*Art thou god to ſhepherd turn'd,* [reads.
*That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?*—

Can a woman rail thus?

*Sil.* Call you this railing?

*Roſ.* *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
*War'ſt thou with a woman's heart?*

Did you ever hear ſuch railing?—

*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,*
*That could do no vengeance* [5] *to me.*—

Meaning me a beaſt.—

*If the ſcorn of your bright eyne*
*Have power to raiſe ſuch love in mine,*
*Alack, in me what ſtrange effect*
*Would they work in mild aſpect?*
*Whiles you chid me, I did love;*
*How then might your prayers move?*
*He, that brings this love to thee,*
*Little knows this love in me:*
*And by him ſeal up thy mind;*
*Whether that thy youth and kind* [6]
*Will the faithful offer take*
*Of me, and all that I can make;*
*Or elſe by him my love deny,*
*And then I'll ſtudy how to die.*

*Sil.* Call you this chiding?

*Cel.* Alas, poor ſhepherd!

*Roſ.* Do you pity him? no, he deſerves no pity.—Wilt thou love ſuch a woman?—What, to make thee an inſtrument, and play falſe ſtrains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for, I ſee, love hath made thee a tame ſnake [7],) and ſay this to her;—That if ſhe love me, I charge her to love thee: if ſhe will not, I will never have

[5] — *vengeance*] is uſed for *miſchief*. JOHNSON.

[6] — *youth and* kind] *Kind* is the old word for *nature*. JOHNSON.

[7] — *I ſee, love hath made thee a tame* ſnake,] This term was, in our author's time, frequently uſed to expreſs a poor contemptible fellow. So, in *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, 1600: "— and you, poor *ſnakes*, come ſeldom to a booty." Again, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

"—— the pooreſt *ſnake*,
"That feeds on lemons, pilchards—." MALONE.

her,

her, unleſs thou intreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit* SILVIUS.

*Enter* OLIVER.

*Oli.* Good morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know
Where, in the purlieus of this foreſt *, ſtands
A ſheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

*Cel.* Weſt of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of oſiers, by the murmuring ſtream,
Left on your right hand [7], brings you to the place:
But at this hour the houſe doth keep itſelf,
There's none within.

*Oli.* If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then ſhould I know you by deſcription;
Such garments, and ſuch years: *The boy is fair,*
*Of female favour, and beſtows himſelf*
*Like a ripe ſiſter: but the woman low* [8],
*And browner than her brother.* Are not you
The owner of the houſe I did enquire for?

*Cel.* It is no boaſt, being aſk'd, to ſay, we are.

*Oli* Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his Roſalind,
He ſends this bloody napkin [9]; Are you he?

* —— *in the* purlieus *of this foreſt*——] "Purlieu," ſays Manwood's *Treatiſe on the Foreſt Laws*, c. 20. "is a certain territorie of ground adjoyning unto the foreſt, meered and bounded with unmoveable marks, meeres and boundaries, which territories of ground was alſo foreſt, and afterwards diſaforeſted againe by the perambulations made for the ſevering of the new foreſt from the old." REED.

Bullokar, in his *Expoſitor*, 1616, deſcribes a *purlieu* as "a place neere joining to a foreſt, where it is lawful for the owner of the ground to hunt, if he can diſpend fortie ſhillings by the yeere, of freeland." MALONE.

7 Left *on your right hand*,—] i. e. paſſing by the rank of oziers, and *leaving* them on your right hand, you will reach the place. MALONE.

8 — but *the woman low*,] *But*, which is not in the old copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio, to ſupply the metre. I ſuſpect, it is not the word omitted, but have nothing better to propoſe. MALONE.

9 — *napkin*,] i. e. *handkerchief*. So, in *Othello*:
"Your *napkin* is too little." STEEVENS.

*Roſ.*

*Roſ.* I am: What muſt we underſtand by this?
*Oli.* Some of my ſhame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was ſtain'd.
*Cel.* I pray you, tell it.
*Oli.* When laſt the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promiſe to return again
Within an hour [1]; and, pacing through the foreſt,
Chewing the food of ſweet and bitter fancy [2],
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aſide,
And, mark, what object did preſent itſelf!
Under an old oak [3], whoſe boughs were moſs'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'er-grown with hair,
Lay ſleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded ſnake had wreath'd itſelf,

[1] Within an hour;] We muſt read, *within two hours*. JOHNSON.
May not *within an hour* ſignify *within a certain time*? TYRWHITT.

[2] — *of ſweet and bitter* fancy,] i. e. *love*, which is always thus deſcribed by our old poets, as compoſed of contraries. See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. ſc. ii. So, in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1590: "I have noted the variable diſpoſition of *fancy*,——a *bitter* pleaſure wrapt in *ſweet* prejudice." MALONE.

[3] *Under an old oak*, &c.] The paſſage ſtands thus in Lodge's *Novel*. "Saladyne wearie with wandring up and downe, and hungry with long faſting, finding a little cave by the ſide of a thicket, eating ſuch fruite as the forreſt did affoord, and contenting himſelf with ſuch drinke as nature had provided, and thirſt made delicate, after his repaſt he fell in a dead ſleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lion came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and eſpying Saladyne, began to ceaze upon him: but ſeeing he lay ſtill without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lyons hate to pray on dead carkaſſes: and yet deſirous to have ſome foode, the lyon lay downe and watcht to ſee if he would ſtirre. While thus Saladyne ſlept ſecure, fortune that was careful of her champion, began to ſmile, and brought it ſo to paſſe, that Roſader (having ſtricken a deere that but lightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the grove with a boare-ſpeare in his hande in great haſte, he ſpyed where a man lay aſleepe, and a lyon faſt by him: amazed at this ſight, as he ſtood gazing, his noſe on the ſodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was ſome friend of his. Whereupon drawing more nigh, he might eaſily diſcerne his viſage, and perceived by his phiſnomie that it was his brother Saladyne, which drave Roſader into a deepe paſſion, as a man perplexed, &c —But the preſent time craved no ſuch doubting ambages: for he muſt eyther reſolve to hazard his liſe for his reliefe, or elſe ſteale away and leave him to the cruelue of the lyon. In which doubt hee thus briefly debated," &c. STEEVENS.

Who

Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but ſuddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itſelf,
And with indented glides did ſlip away
Into a buſh: under which buſh's ſhade
A lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry [4],
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the ſleeping man ſhould ſtir; for 'tis
The royal diſpoſition of that beaſt,
To prey on nothing that doth ſeem as dead:
This ſeen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

*Cel.* O, I have heard him ſpeak of that ſame brother;
And he did render him [5] the moſt unnatural
That liv'd 'mongſt men.

*Oli.* And well he might ſo do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

*Roſ.* But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,
Food to the ſuck'd and hungry lioneſs?

*Oli.* Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd ſo:
But kindneſs, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, ſtronger than his juſt occaſion,
Made him give battle to the lioneſs,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling [6]
From miſerable ſlumber I awak'd.

*Cel.* Are you his brother?

*Roſ.* Was it you he reſcu'd?

*Cel.* Was't you that did ſo oft contrive to kill him?

*Oli.* 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not ſhame
To tell you what I was, ſince my converſion
So ſweetly taſtes, being the thing I am.

*Roſ.* But, for the bloody napkin?—

*Oli.* By, and by.

4 *A lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry,*] So, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

" ——— the ſtarven *lioneſs*,
" When ſhe is *dry ſuckt* of her eager young." STEEVENS.

5 *And he did* render *him*—] i. e. *deſcribe* him. MALONE.

6 — *in which* hurtling] To *hurtle* is to move with impetuoſity and tumult. So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

" A noiſe of battle *hurtled* in the air."

Again, in Naſh's *Lenten Stuff*, &c 1599: — " hearing of the gangs of good fellows that *hurtled* and buſtled thither, &c." STEEVENS.

When

When from the firſt to laſt, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had moſt kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that deſert place *;—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me freſh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me inſtantly unto his cave,
There ſtripp'd himſelf, and here upon his arm
The lioneſs had torn ſome fleſh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Roſalind.
Brief, I recovered him; bound up his wound;
And, after ſome ſmall ſpace, being ſtrong at heart,
He ſent me hither, ſtranger as I am,
To tell this ſtory, that you might excuſe
His broken promiſe, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in this blood [7], unto the ſhepherd youth
That he in ſport doth call his Roſalind.

*Cel.* Why, how now, Ganymed? ſweet Ganymed?

[ROSALIND *faints.*

*Oli.* Many will ſwoon when they do look on blood.

*Cel.* There is more in it:—Couſin—Ganymed [8]!

*Oli.* Look, he recovers.

*Roſ.* I would, I were at home.

*Cel.* We'll lead you thither:—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

*Oli.* Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man?—You lack a man's heart.

*Roſ.* I do ſo, I confeſs it. Ah, ſir [9], a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!—

* *As how I came into that deſert place*;] I believe, a line following this has been loſt. MALONE.

7 *Dy'd in* this *blood*,—] Thus the old copy. The editor of the ſecond folio changed *this* blood unneceſſarily to — *his* blood. Oliver points to the handkerchief, when he preſents it; and Roſalind could not doubt whoſe blood it was after the account that had been before given. MALONE.

8 *Couſin—Ganymed!*] Celia in her firſt fright forgets Roſalind's character and diſguiſe, and calls out *couſin*, then recollects herſelf, and ſays Ganymed JOHNSON.

9 *Ah*, Sir,—] The old copy reads—Ah, *Sirra*, &c. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

*Oli.*

*Oli.* This was not counterfeit; there is too great teſtimony in your complexion, that it was a paſſion of earneſt.

*Roſ.* Counterfeit, I aſſure you.

*Oli.* Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

*Roſ.* So I do: but, i'faith, I ſhould have been a woman by right.

*Cel.* Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards:—Good ſir, go with us.

*Oli.* That will I, for I muſt bear anſwer back
How you excuſe my brother, Roſalind.

*Roſ.* I ſhall deviſe ſomething: But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him:—Will you go? [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT V. SCENE I.

*The ſame.*

*Enter* TOUCHSTONE, *and* AUDREY.

*Touch.* We ſhall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

*Aud.* 'Faith, the prieſt was good enough, for all the old gentleman's ſaying.

*Touch.* A moſt wicked ſir Oliver, Audrey, a moſt vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the foreſt lays claim to you.

*Aud.* Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no intereſt in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

*Enter*

*Enter* WILLIAM.

*Touch.* It is meat and drink to me to ſee a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to anſwer for; we ſhall be flouting; we cannot hold.

*Will.* Good even, Audrey.

*Aud.* God ye good even, William.

*Will* And good even to you, ſir.

*Touch.* Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

*Will.* Five and twenty, ſir.

*Touch.* A ripe age: Is thy name, William?

*Will.* William, ſir.

*Touch* A fair name: Waſt born i'the foreſt here?

*Will.* Ay, ſir, I thank God.

*Touch. Thank God;*—a good anſwer: Art rich?

*Will.* 'Faith, ſir, ſo, ſo.

*Touch. So, ſo,* is good, very good, very excellent good: —and yet it is not; it is but ſo ſo. Art thou wiſe?

*Will.* Ay, ſir, I have a pretty wit.

*Touch.* Why, thou ſay'ſt well. I do now remember a ſaying; *The fool doth think he is wiſe, but the wiſe man knows himſelf to be a fool.* The heathen philoſopher, when he had a deſire to eat a grape [1], would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid [2]?

*Will.*

[1] *The heathen philoſopher, when he had a deſire to eat a grape,* &c.] This was deſigned as a ſneer on the ſeveral trifling and inſignificant ſayings and actions, recorded of the ancient philoſophers, by the writers of their lives, ſuch as Diogenes Laertius, Philoſtratus, Eunapius, &c. as appears from its being introduced by one of their *wiſe ſayings.*

WARBURTON.

A book called *The Dictes and Sayinges of the Philoſophers,* was printed by Caxton in 1477. It was tranſlated out of French into Engliſh by Lord Rivers. From this performance, or ſome republication of it, Shakſpeare's knowledge of theſe philoſophical trifles might be derived.

STEEVENS.

[2] — *meaning thereby that* grapes *were made to eat, and* lips *to open.* You do love this maid?] Part of this dialogue ſeems to have grown out of

*Will.* I do, ſir.

*Touch.* Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

*Will.* No, ſir.

*Touch.* Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink, being pour'd out of a cup into a glaſs, by filling the one doth empty the other: For all your writers do conſent, that *ipſe* is he; now you are not *ipſe*, for I am he.

*Will.* Which he, ſir.

*Touch.* He, ſir, that muſt marry this woman: Therefore, you, clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the ſociety,—which in the booriſh is, company,—of this female, —which in the common is,—woman, which together is, abandon the ſociety of this female; or, clown, thou periſheſt; or, to thy better underſtanding, dieſt; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, tranſlate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poiſon with thee, or in baſtinado, or in ſteel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

*Aud.* Do, good William.

*Will.* God reſt you merry, ſir. [*Exit.*

*Enter* CORIN.

*Cor.* Our maſter and miſtreſs ſeek you; come, away, away.

*Touch.* Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

of the novel on which the play is formed: "Phebe is no latice for your *lips*, and her *grapes* hang ſo hie, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot." MALONE.

## SCENE II.

*The ſame.*

*Enter* ORLANDO, *and* OLIVER.

*Orl.* Is't poſſible [3], that on ſo little acquaintance you ſhould like her? that, but ſeeing, you ſhould love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, ſhe ſhould grant? And will you perſevere to enjoy her?

*Oli.* Neither call the giddineſs of it in queſtion, the poverty of her, the ſmall acquaintance, my ſudden wooing, nor her ſudden conſenting *; but ſay with me, I love Aliena; ſay with her, that ſhe loves me; conſent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it ſhall be to your good; for my father's houſe, and all the revenue that was old ſir Rowland's, will I eſtate upon you, and here live and die a ſhepherd.

*Enter* ROSALIND.

*Orl.* You have my conſent. Let your wedding be tomorrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented

[3] *Is't poſſible*, &c.] Shakſpeare, by putting this queſtion into the mouth of Orlando, ſeems to have been aware of the impropriety which he had been guilty of by deſerting his original. In Lodge's *Novel*, the elder brother is inſtrumental in ſaving Aliena from a band of ruffians, who "thought to ſteale her away, and to give her to the king for a preſent, hopeing, becauſe the king was a great leacher, by ſuch a gift to purchaſe all their pardons." Without the intervention of this circumſtance, the paſſion of Aliena appears to be very haſty indeed. STEEVENS.

* —*nor* her *ſudden conſenting*;] Old Copy—nor ſudden. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

followers:

followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Roſalind.

*Roſ.* God ſave you, brother.

*Oli.* And you, fair ſiſter[4].

*Roſ.* O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to ſee thee wear thy heart in a ſcarf.

*Orl.* It is my arm.

*Roſ.* I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

*Orl.* Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

*Roſ.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to ſwoon, when he ſhew'd me your handkerchief?

*Orl.* Ay, and greater wonders than that.

*Roſ.* O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing ſo ſudden, but the fight of two rams[5], and Cæſar's thraſonical brag of—I *came*, *ſaw*, and *overcame*: For your brother and my ſiſter no ſooner met, but they look'd; no ſooner look'd, but they lov'd; no ſooner lov'd, but they ſigh'd; no ſooner ſigh'd, but they aſk'd one another the reaſon; no ſooner knew the reaſon, but they ſought the remedy: and in theſe degrees have they made a pair of ſtairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or elſe be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them[6].

*Orl.* They ſhall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happineſs through another man's eyes! By ſo much the more ſhall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heavineſs,

4 *And you*, fair ſiſter.] I know not why Oliver ſhould call Roſalind *ſiſter*. He takes her yet to be a man. I ſuppoſe we ſhould read,—*and you*, and your *fair ſiſter*. JOHNSON.

Oliver ſpeaks to her in the character ſhe had aſſumed, of a woman courted by Orlando his brother. CHAMIER.

5 — *never any thing ſo ſudden, but* the fight of two rams,] So, in Laneham's *Account of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth Caſtle*, 1575:

"— outrageous in their racez az *rams* at their rut."

STEEVENS.

6 — clubs *cannot* part *them*.] It appears from many of our old dramas that, in our author's time, it was a common cuſtom, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out "*Clubs*, *clubs*," (that is, peace-officers armed with *clubs*,) to *part* the combatants. So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"*Clubs*, *clubs*; theſe lovers will not *keep the peace*."

The preceding words,—"they are in the very *wrath* of love,"—ſhow that our author had this in contemplation. MALONE.

by

by how much I ſhall think my brother happy, in having what he wiſhes for.

*Roſ.* Why then, to-morrow I cannot ſerve your turn for Roſalind?

*Orl.* I can live no longer by thinking.

*Roſ.* I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I ſpeak to ſome purpoſe,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I ſpeak not this, that you ſhould bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inſomuch, I ſay, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater eſteem than may in ſome little meaſure draw a belief from you, to do yourſelf good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you pleaſe, that I can do ſtrange things: I have, ſince I was three years old, converſed with a magician, moſt profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Roſalind ſo near the heart as your geſture cries it out, when your brother marries Alienа, ſhall you marry her: I know into what ſtraights of fortune ſhe is driven; and it is not impoſſible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to ſet her before your eyes to-morrow, human as ſhe is[7], and without any danger.

*Orl.* Speak'ſt thou in ſober meanings?

*Roſ.* By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I ſay I am a magician[8]; Therefore, put you in your beſt array, bid your friends[9]; for if you will be married to-morrow, you ſhall; and to Roſalind, if you will.

*Enter* SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

*Phe.* Youth, you have done me much ungentleneſs,
To ſhew the letter that I writ to you.

7 — *human as ſhe is,*] That is, not a phantom, but the real Roſalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation. JOHNSON.

8 — *which I tender dearly, though I ſay I am a magician*] Though I pretend to be a magician, and therefore might be ſuppoſed able to elude death. MALONE.

9 — bid *your friends*;] A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *The Merchant of Venice*. MALONE.

*Roſ.* I care not, if I have: it is my ſtudy,
To ſeem deſpightful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful ſhepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worſhips you.

*Phe.* Good ſhepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of ſighs and tears;—
And ſo am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymed.

*Orl.* And I for Roſalind.

*Roſ.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of faith and ſervice;—
And ſo am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymed.

*Orl.* And I for Roſalind.

*Roſ.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of fantaſy,
All made of paſſion, and all made of wiſhes;
All adoration, duty, and obſervance,
All humbleneſs, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obſervance [1];—
And ſo am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And ſo am I for Ganymed.

*Orl.* And ſo am I for Roſalind.

*Roſ.* And ſo am I for no woman.

*Phe.* If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?
[*to* Roſalind.

*Sil.* If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?
[*to* Phebe.

*Orl.* If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?

*Roſ.* Who do you ſpeak to [2], *why blame you me to love you?*

*Orl.* To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

*Roſ.* Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Iriſh wolves againſt the moon [3].—I will help you, [*to* Sil.]

1 — *all trial, all* obſervance;—] I ſuſpect the author wrote—all *obedience*. It is highly probable that the compoſitor caught *obſervance* from the line above, and very unlikely that the ſame word ſhould have been ſet down twice by Shakſpeare ſo cloſe to each other. MALONE.

2 Who *do you ſpeak* to,] Old Copy—*Why* do you ſpeak *to*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

3 — *'tis like the howling of Iriſh wolves againſt the moon.*] This is borrowed from Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1590:

"I tell thee, Montanus, in courting Phœbe, thou barkeſt with the *wolves* of Syria *againſt the moone*." MALONE.

if

if I can:—I would love you, [*to* PHE.] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*to* PHE.] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will ſatisfy you, [*to* ORL.] if ever I ſatisfy'd man, and you ſhall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [*to* SIL.] if what pleaſes you contents you, and you ſhall be married to-morrow.—As you [*to* ORL.] love Roſalind, meet;—as you [*to* SIL.] love Phebe, meet;—And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So fare you well; I have left you commands.

*Sil.* I'll not fail, if I live.

*Phe.* Nor I.

*Orl.* Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*The ſame.*

*Enter* TOUCHSTONE, *and* AUDREY.

*Touch.* To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

*Aud.* I do deſire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no diſhoneſt deſire, to deſire to be a woman of the world[4]. Here come two of the baniſh'd duke's pages.

*Enter two Pages.*

1. *Page.* Well met, honeſt gentleman.

*Touch.* By my troth, well met: Come, ſit, ſit, and a ſong.

4 — *a woman* of the world.] To *go to the world*, is to be married. So, in *Much ado about nothing*: "Thus (ſays Beatrice) every one *goes to the world*, but I." STEEVENS.

An anonymous writer has obſerved that in this phraſe there may be an alluſion to St. Luke's Goſpel, xx. 34. "The children of this world marry, and are given in marriage." MALONE.

2. *Page.* We are for you: ſit i'the middle.

1. *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or ſpitting, or ſaying we are hoarſe; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2. *Page.* I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypſies on a horſe.

## SONGS.

### I.

*It was a lover, and his laſs,*
*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,*
*That o'er the green corn-field did paſs*
*In the ſpring time, the only pretty rank time*[6],
*When birds do ſing, hey ding a ding, ding;*
*Sweet lovers love the ſpring.*

### II.

*Between the acres of the rye,*
*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,*
*Theſe pretty country folks would lie,*
*In ſpring time,* &c.

### III.

*This carol they began that hour,*
*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,*
*How that a life was but a flower*
*In ſpring time,* &c.

5 The ſtanzas of this ſong are in all the editions evidently tranſpoſed: as I have regulated them, that which in the former copies was the ſecond ſtanza, is now the laſt.

The ſame tranſpoſition of theſe ſtanzas is made by Dr. Thirlby, in a copy containing ſome notes on the margin, which I have peruſed by the favour of Sir Edward Walpole. JOHNSON.

6 — *the only pretty* rank *time,*] The old copy reads—*rang* time. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnſon. Mr. Pope and the three ſubſequent editors read—the pretty *ſpring* time. Mr. Steevens propoſes—"*ring* time, i. e. the apteſt ſeaſon for marriage." The paſſage does not deſerve much conſideration. MALONE.

IV.

IV.

*And therefore take the preſent time,*
*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;*
*For love is crowned with the prime*
*In ſpring time,* &c.

*Touch.* Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1. *Page.* You are deceiv'd, ſir; we kept time, we loſt not our time.

*Touch.* By my troth, yes; I count it but time loſt to hear ſuch a fooliſh ſong. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices.—Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*Another part of the foreſt.*

*Enter* Duke *Senior*, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, *and* CELIA.

*Duke S.* Doſt thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promiſed?

*Orl.* I ſometimes do believe, and ſometimes do not;
As thoſe that fear, they hope, and know they fear 7.

7 *As thoſe that fear*, they hope, *and know* they *fear.*] The meaning, I think, is, *As thoſe who fear*,—*they*, even thoſe very perſons, entertain *hopes*, that their fears will not be realized; *and* yet at the ſame time they well *know* that there is reaſon for *their fears.* MALONE.

The author of the *Reviſal* would read:

As thoſe that fear *their* hope, and know *their* fear. STEEVENS.

Perhaps we might read:

As thoſe that *feign* they hope, and know they fear. BLACKSTONE.

*Enter*

*Enter* ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

*Roſ.* Patience once more, whiles our compáct is urg'd:
You ſay, if I bring in your Roſalind, [*to the* Duke.
You will beſtow her on Orlando here?
*Duke S.* That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.
*Roſ.* And you ſay, you will have her, when I bring her?
[*to* Orlando.
*Orl.* That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.
*Roſ.* You ſay, you'll marry me, if I be willing?
[*to* Phebe.
*Phe.* That will I, ſhould I die the hour after.
*Roſ.* But, if you do refuſe to marry me,
You'll give yourſelf to this moſt faithful ſhepherd?
*Phe.* So is the bargain.
*Roſ.* You ſay, that you'll have Phebe, if ſhe will?
[*to* Silvius.
*Sil.* Though to have her and death were both one thing.
*Roſ.* I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep your word, Phebe [8], that you'll marry me;
Or elſe, refuſing me, to wed this ſhepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If ſhe refuſe me:—and from hence I go,
To make theſe doubts all even. [*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Cel.
*Duke S.* I do remember in this ſhepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.
*Orl.* My lord, the firſt time that I ever ſaw him,
Methought, he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is foreſt-born;
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many deſperate ſtudies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obſcured in the circle of this foreſt.

[8] *Keep* your *word, Phebe,*] The old copy reads—Keep *you* your word; the compoſitor's eye having probably glanced on the line next but one above. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

*Jaq.* There is, ſure, another flood toward, and theſe couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very ſtrange beaſts [9], which in all tongues are call'd fools.

*Touch.* Salutation and greeting to you all!

*Jaq.* Good my lord, bid him welcome: This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have ſo often met in the foreſt: he hath been a courtier, he ſwears.

*Touch.* If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a meaſure [1]; I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politick with my friend, ſmooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

*Jaq.* And how was that ta'en up?

*Touch.* 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the ſeventh cauſe [2].

*Jaq.* How ſeventh cauſe?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

*Duke S.* I like him very well.

*Touch.* God'ild you, ſir [3]; I deſire you of the like [4]. I preſs in here, ſir, amongſt the reſt of the country copula-

9 *Here comes a pair of very* ſtrange beaſts, &c.] *Strange beaſts* are only what we call *odd* animals. JOHNSON.

1 *I have trod a* meaſure;] i. e. I have danced. Touchſtone to prove that he has been a courtier, particularly mentions a *meaſure*, becauſe it was a very ſtately ſolemn dance. So, in *Much ado about nothing*: "—the wedding mannerly modeſt, as *a meaſure*, full of ſtate and ancientry." MALONE.

2 —*and found the quarrel was upon the* ſeventh cauſe.] So all the copies; but it is apparent from the ſequel that we muſt read—*the quarrel was* not *upon the ſeventh cauſe*. JOHNSON.

By the *ſeventh cauſe* Touchſtone, I apprehend, means, the lie *ſeven times removed*; i. e. the *retort courteous*, which is *removed* ſeven times (counting backwards) from the *lie direct*, the laſt and moſt aggravated ſpecies of lie. See the ſubſequent note on the words "——a lie ſeven times removed." MALONE.

3 God'ild you, *ſir*;] i. e. *God yield you*, reward you. See a note on *Macbeth*, Act I. ſc. vi. STEEVENS.

4 —*I deſire* you of *the like*.] See a note on the firſt ſcene of the third act of the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, where examples of this phraſeology are given. STEEVENS.

tives,

tives, to ſwear, and to forſwear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks[5]:—A poor virgin, ſir, an ill-favour'd thing, ſir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, ſir, to take that that no man elſe will: Rich honeſty dwells like a miſer, ſir, in a poor houſe; as your pearl, in your foul oyſter.

*Duke S.* By my faith, he is very ſwift and ſententious.

*Touch.* According to the fool's bolt, ſir, and ſuch dulcet diſeaſes[6].

*Jaq.* But, for the ſeventh cauſe; how did you find the quarrel on the ſeventh cauſe?

*Touch.* Upon a lie ſeven times removed[7];—Bear your body more ſeeming, Audrey:—as thus, ſir. I did diſlike the

5 — *according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:*] *To ſwear according as marriage binds*, is to take the oath enjoin'd in the ceremonial of marriage. JOHNSON.

As *blood* breaks, is, as *paſſion* inſtigates to diſregard the marriage vow. MALONE.

6 — *dulcet diſeaſes.*] This I do not underſtand. For *diſeaſes* it is eaſy to read *diſcourſes*; but, perhaps the fault may lie deeper. JOHNSON.

Perhaps he calls a proverb a *diſeaſe*. Proverbial ſayings may appear to him as the *ſurfeiting diſeaſes* of converſation. They are often the plague of commentators. Dr. Farmer would read—*in* ſuch dulcet diſeaſes, i. e. in the ſweet uneaſineſſes of love, a time when people uſually talk nonſenſe. STEEVENS.

Without ſtaying to examine how far the poſition laſt advanced is founded in truth, I ſhall only add that I believe the text is right, and that this word is *capriciouſly* uſed for *ſayings*, though neither in its primary or figurative ſenſe it has any relation to that word. In the *Merchant of Venice* the Clown talks in the ſame ſtyle, but more intelligibly:—"the young gentleman (*according* to the fates and deſtinies, and *ſuch* odd *ſayings*, the ſiſters three, and *ſuch* branches of learning) is indeed deceaſed." MALONE.

7 *Upon a lie ſeven times* removed;—] Touchſtone here enumerates ſeven kinds of lies, from the *Retort courteous* to the *ſeventh* and moſt aggravated ſpecies of lie, which he calls the *lie direct*. The courtier's anſwer to his intended affront, he expreſsly tells us, was the *Retort courteous*, the *firſt* ſpecies of lie. When therefore he ſays, that they *found the quarrel* was *on the lie ſeven times* REMOVED, we muſt underſtand by the latter word, the lie removed ſeven times, counting backwards, (as the word *removed* ſeems to intimate,) from the laſt and moſt aggravated ſpecies of lie, namely, the *lie direct*. So, in *All's well that ends well*:

"Who hath ſome four or five *removes* come ſhort
"To tender it herſelf."

Again, in the play before us: "Your accent is ſomething finer than you could purchaſe in ſo *removed* a dwelling," i. e. ſo *diſtant* from the haunts of men.

When

the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he ſent me word, if I ſaid his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the *Retort courteous.* If I ſent him word again, it was not well cut, he would ſend me word, he cut it to pleaſe himſelf: This is call'd the *Quip modeſt.* If again, it was not well cut, he diſabled my judgment: This is call'd the *Reply churliſh.* If again, it was not well cut, he would anſwer, I ſpake not true: This is call'd the *Reproof valiant.* If again, it was not well cut, he would ſay, I lie: This is called the *Counter-check quarrelſome:* and ſo to the *Lie circumſtantial,* and the *Lie direct.*

*Jaq.* And how oft did you ſay, his beard was not well cut?

*Touch.* I durſt go no further than the *Lie circumſtantial,* nor he durſt not give me the *Lie direct*; and ſo we meaſured ſwords, and parted.

*Jaq.* Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

*Touch.* O ſir, we quarrel in print, by the book [8]; as you



When Touchſtone and the courtier met, they found their quarrel *originated* on the *ſeventh cauſe*, i. e. on *the Retort courteous*, or the lie *ſeven times removed.* In the courſe of their altercation, *after* their meeting, Touchſtone did not dare to go farther than the ſixth ſpecies, (counting in regular progreſſion from the firſt to the laſt,) the *lie circumſtantial*; and the courtier was afraid to give him the *lie direct*; ſo they parted. In a ſubſequent enumeration of the degrees of a lie Touchſtone expreſſly names the *Retort courteous*, as the *firſt*; calling it therefore here "the *ſeventh* cauſe," and "the lie *ſeven* times removed," he muſt mean, *diſtant* ſeven times from the moſt offenſive lie, the *lie direct.* There is certainly therefore no need of reading with Dr. Johnſon in a former paſſage—"We found the quarrel was *not* on the ſeventh cauſe."

The miſapprehenſion of that moſt judicious critick relative to theſe paſſages muſt apologize for my having employed ſo many words in explaining them. MALONE.

[8] *O ſir, we quarrel in print, by the book*;] The poet has, in this ſcene, rallied the mode of formal duelling, then ſo prevalent, with the higheſt humour and addreſs: nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his clown ſo knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatiſe of one Vincentio Saviolo, intitled, *Of honour and honourable quarrels*, in quarto, printed by Wolf, 1594. The firſt part of this tract he entitles, *A diſcourſe moſt neceſſary for all gentlemen that have in regard their honours, touching the giving and receiving the lie, whereupon the* Duello *and the* Combat *in divers forms doth enſue; and many other inconveniencies for lack only of true knowledge of honour, and the right* underſtanding of words, *which is here ſet down.* The contents of

have books for good manners[9]: I will name you the degrees. The firſt, the Retort courteous; the ſecond, the Quip modeſt; the third, the Reply churliſh; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelſome; the ſixth, the Lie with circumſtance; the ſeventh, the Lie direct. All theſe you may avoid, but the Lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when ſeven juſtices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo*, and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace maker; much virtue in *If*.

of the ſeveral chapters are as follow. I. *What the reaſon is that the party unto whom the lie is given ought to become challenger, and of the nature of lies.* II. *Of the manner and diverſity of lies.* III. *Of lies certain,* [or direct.] IV. *Of conditional lies,* [or the lie circumſtantial.] V. *Of the lie in general.* VI. *Of the lie in particular.* VII. *Of ſoliſh lies.* VIII. *A concluſion touching the wreſting or returning back of the lie,* [or the countercheck quarrelſome.] In the chapter of *conditional lies*, ſpeaking of the particle *if*, he ſays, "— *Conditional lies be ſuch as are given conditionally, as if a man ſhould ſay or write theſe words:— if thou haſt ſaid that I have offered my lord abuſe, thou lieſt; or* if *thou ſayeſt ſo hereafter, thou ſhalt lie. Of theſe kind of lies, given in this manner, often ariſe much contention in words,—whereof no ſure concluſion can ariſe.*" By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another's throat, while there is an *if* between. Which is the reaſon of Shakſpeare making the Clown ſay, "*I knew when ſeven juſtices could not make up a quarrel: but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an* if; *as*, if you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo, *and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your* if *is the only peace maker; much virtue in* if." Caranza was another of theſe authentick authors upon the Duello. Fletcher in his laſt act of *Love's Pilgrimage* ridicules him with much humour. WARBURTON.

The words which I have included within crotchets are Dr. Warburton's. They have been hitherto printed in ſuch a manner as might lead the reader to ſuppoſe that they made a part of Saviolo's work. The paſſage was very inaccurately printed by Dr. Warburton in other reſpects, but has here been corrected by the original. MALONE.

9 — *books for good manners:*] One of theſe books I have ſeen. It is entitled, *The Boke of Nurture, or Schole of good Manners, for Men, Servants, and Children*, with *ſtans puer ad menſam*; black letter, without date. STEEVENS.

Another is "Galateo of Maiſter John Caſa, archbiſhop of Benevento; or rather a treatiſe of the manners and behaviours it behoveth a man to uſe and eſchewe in his familiar converſation. A work very neceſſary and profitable for all gentlemen, or other; tranſlated from the Italian, by Robert Peterſon of Lincoln's Inn," quarto, 1576. REED.

Jaq.

*Jaq.* Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

*Duke S.* He uſes his folly like a ſtalking horſe [1], and under the preſentation of that he ſhoots his wit.

*Enter* HYMEN [2], *leading* ROSALIND *in woman's cloaths; and* CELIA.

Still Muſick.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,*
*When earthly things made even*
*Atone together.*
*Good duke, receive thy daughter,*
*Hymen from heaven brought her,*
*Yea, brought her hither;*
*That thou might'ſt join her hand with his,*
*Whoſe heart within her boſom is* [3].

*Roſ.*

[1] —*like a* ſtalking-horſe,] A ſtalking-horſe is a wooden figure of a real horſe, that is moved on wheels, and behind which ſportſmen take their ſtand to ſhoot at deer or other game.

[2] *Enter* Hymen,] Roſalind is imagined by the reſt of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a ſuppoſed aerial being in the character of Hymen. JOHNSON.

[3] *That thou might'ſt join* her *hand with his,*
*Whoſe heart within* her *boſom is.*] The old copy, inſtead of *her*, reads *his* in both lines. Mr. Rowe corrected the firſt, and I once thought that emendation ſufficient, and that *Whoſe* might have referred not to the laſt antecedent *his*, but to *her*, i. e. Roſalind. Our author frequently takes ſuch licences But on further conſideration it appears to me probable, that the ſame abbreviation was uſed in both lines, and that as *his* was *certainly* a miſprint in the firſt line for *her*, ſo it alſo was in the ſecond, the conſtruction being ſo much more eaſy in that way than the other. "That thou might'ſt join her hand with the hand of him whoſe heart is lodged in her boſom;" i. e. whoſe affection ſhe already poſſeſſes. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, the king ſays to the princeſs:

"Hence ever then *my heart is in thy breaſt.*"

In the ſame play we meet with the error that has happened here. The princeſs addreſſing the *ladies* who attend her, ſays—

"But while 'tis ſpoke, each turn away *his* face."

Again,

*Roſ.* To you I give myſelf, for I am yours. [*to* Duke S.
To you I give myſelf, for I am yours. [*to* Orlando.

*Duke S.* If there be truth in ſight, you are my daughter.

*Orl.* If there be truth in ſight [4], you are my Roſalind.

*Phe.* If ſight and ſhape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!

*Roſ.* I'll have no father, if you be not he:—
I'll have no huſband, if you be not he:— [*to* Orlando.
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not ſhe. [*to* Phebe.

*Hym.* Peace, ho! I bar confuſion:
'Tis I muſt make concluſion
Of theſe moſt ſtrange events:
Here's eight that muſt take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents [5].
You and you no croſs ſhall part; [*to* Orl. *and* Roſ.
You and you are heart in heart: [*to* Oli. *and* Cel.
You [*to* Phebe] to his love muſt accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:—
You and you are ſure together, [*to* Touch. *and* Aud.
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we ſing,
Feed yourſelves with queſtioning;
That reaſon wonder may diminiſh,
How thus we met, and theſe things finiſh.

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Bids him farewell, and look well to her *heart*,
"The which by Cupid's bow ſhe doth proteſt,
"He carried thence *incaged in his breaſt*."

Again, in *King Richard III.*

"Even ſo thy breaſt incloſeth my poor heart."

Again, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Thy heart thou leav'ſt with her, when thou doſt hence depart,
"And in thy breaſt incloſed bear'ſt her tender friendly heart."

Again, in a former ſcene of the play before us,

"Helen's cheek, but not *his* heart." MALONE.

4 *If there be truth in ſight,*] The anſwer of Phebe makes it probable that Orlando ſays, *if there be truth in* ſhape: that is, *if a form may be truſted*; if one cannot uſurp the form of another. JOHNSON.

5 *If truth holds true contents.*] That is, if there be *truth in truth*, unleſs truth fails of veracity. JOHNSON.

SONG.

## SONG.

*Wedding is great Juno's crown* [6];
*O bleſſed bond of board and bed!*
*'Tis Hymen peoples every town;*
*High wedlock then be honoured:*
*Honour, high honour and renown,*
*To Hymen, god of every town!*

*Duke S.* O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no leſs degree.
*Phe.* I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine. [*to* Syl.

*Enter* JAQUES DE BOYS.

*Jaq. de B.* Let me have audience for a word, or two.—
I am the ſecond ſon of old ſir Rowland,
That bring theſe tidings to this fair aſſembly:—
Duke Frederick [7], hearing how that every day
Men of great worth reſorted to this foreſt,
Addreſs'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purpoſely to take
His brother here, and put him to the ſword:

[6] *Wedding is*, &c.] Catullus, addreſſing himſelf to Hymen, has this ſame:

*Quæ tuis careat ſacris,*
*Non queat dare præſides*
*Terra finibus: at queat*
*Te volente. Quis huic deæ*
*Compararier auſit?* JOHNSON.

[7] *Duke Frederick*, &c.] In Lodge's *Novel* the uſurping duke is not diverted from his purpoſe by the pious counſels of a hermit, but is ſubdued and killed by the twelve peers of France, who were brought by the third brother of *Roſader* (the *Orlando* of this play) to aſſiſt him in the recovery of his right. STEEVENS.

And

And to the ſkirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After ſome queſtion with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his baniſh'd brother,
And all their lands reſtor'd to them again *
That were with him exil'd: This to be true,
I do engage my life.

*Duke S.* Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'ſt fairly to thy brother's wedding:
To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,
A land itſelf at large, a potent dukedom.
Firſt, in this foreſt, let us do thoſe ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd ſhrewd days and nights with us,
Shall ſhare the good of our returned fortune,
According to the meaſure of their ſtates.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our ruſtick revelry:—
Play, muſick;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With meaſure heap'd in joy, to the meaſures fall.

*Jaq.* Sir, by your patience:—If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

*Jaq. de B.* He hath.

*Jaq.* To him will I: out of theſe convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath; [*to* Duke S.
Your patience, and your virtue, well deſerves it:—
You [*to* Orl.] to a love, that your true faith doth merit:—
You [*to* Oli.] to your land, and love, and great allies:—
You [*to* Syl.] to a long and well deſerved bed;—
And you [*to* Touch.] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victual'd:—So to your pleaſures;
I am for other than for dancing meaſures.

*Duke S.* Stay, Jaques, ſtay.

* — *to* them *again*] Old Copy—to *him*—. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

*Jaq.*

*Jaq.* To ſee no paſtime, I:—what you would have
I'll ſtay to know at your abandon'd cave [8]. [*Exit.*

*Duke S.* Proceed, proceed: we will begin theſe rites,
As we do truſt they'll end, in true delights. [*A dance.*

## EPILOGUE.

*Roſ.* It is not the faſhion to ſee the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandſome, than to ſee the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no buſh* [9], 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do uſe good buſhes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a caſe am I in then [1], that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot inſinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furniſh'd like a beggar [2], therefore

[8] *To ſee no paſtime, I:—what you would have,*
*I'll ſtay to know at your abandon'd cave.*] Amidſt this general feſtivity, the reader may be ſorry to take his leave of Jaques, who appears to have no ſhare in it, and remains behind unreconciled to ſociety. He has, however, filled with a gloomy ſenſibility the ſpace allotted to him in the play, and to the laſt preſerves that reſpect which is due to him as a conſiſtent character, and an amiable though ſolitary moraliſt.

It may be obſerved, with ſcarce leſs concern, that Shakſpeare has on this occaſion forgot old Adam, the ſervant of Orlando, whoſe fidelity ſhould have entitled him to notice at the end of the piece, as well as to that happineſs which he ſhould naturally have found, in the return of fortune to his maſter. STEEVENS.

It is the more remarkable, that old Adam is forgotten; ſince at the end of the novel, Lodge makes him *captaine of the king's guard.* FARMER.

[9] — *no buſh,*] It appears formerly to have been the cuſtom to hang a *tuft of ivy* at the door of a vintner. I ſuppoſe *ivy* was rather choſen than any other plant, as it has relation to *Bacchus.* STEEVENS.

[1] *What a caſe am I in then,* &c.] Here ſeems to be a chaſm, or ſome other depravation, which deſtroys the ſentiment here intended. The reaſoning probably ſtood thus: *Good wine needs no buſh, good plays need no epilogue,* but bad wine requires a good buſh, and a bad play a good epilogue. *What caſe am I in then?* To reſtore the words is impoſſible; all that can be done without copies, is to note the fault. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon miſtakes the meaning of this paſſage. Roſalind ſays, that good plays need no epilogue; yet even good plays do prove the better for a good one. What a caſe then was ſhe in, who had neither preſented them with a good play, nor had a good epilogue to prejudice them in favour of a bad one? MASON.

[2] — *furniſh'd like a beggar,*] That is, *dreſſed:* ſo before,—"he was *furniſhed* like a huntſman." JOHNSON.

to

to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleaſes you; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your ſimpering, none of you hate them,) that, between you and the women, the play may pleaſe.

If

* *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleaſes* you: *and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,—that between you and the women*, &c.] This paſſage ſhould be read thus, *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleaſes* them; *and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,*—to like as much as pleaſes them, *that between you and the women*, &c. Without the alteration of *you* into *them* the invocation is nonſenſe; and without the addition of the words, *to like as much as pleaſes them*, the inference of, *that between you and the women the play may paſs*, would be unſupported by any precedent premiſes. The words ſeem to have been ſtruck out by ſome ſenſeleſs player, as a vicious redundancy. WARBURTON.

The words "*you*" and "ym" written as was the cuſtom in that time, were in manuſcript ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable. The emendation is very judicious and probable. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath obſerves, that if Dr. Warburton's interpolation be admitted ["to like as much, &c."] "the men are to like only juſt as much as pleaſed the women, and the women only juſt as much as pleaſed the men; neither are to like any thing from their own taſte: and if both of them diſliked the whole, they would each of them equally fulfil what the poet deſires of them.—But Shakſpeare did not write ſo nonſenſically; he deſires the women to like as much as pleaſed the men, and the men to *ſet the ladies a good example*; which exhortation to the men is evidently enough implied in theſe words, "that between you and the women the play may pleaſe."

Mr. Heath, though he objects (I think very properly) to the interpolated ſentence, admits by his interpretation the change of—"pleaſes *you*" to "—pleaſes *them*;" which has been adopted by the late editors. I by no means think it neceſſary; nor is Mr. Heath's expoſition in my opinion correct. The text is ſufficiently clear, without any alteration. Roſalind's addreſs appears to me ſimply this: "I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to approve of as much of this play as affords you entertainment; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, [not to *ſet an example to*, but] to *follow* or *agree in opinion* with the ladies; that between you both the play may be ſucceſsful." The words "to follow, or agree in opinion with, the ladies," are not indeed expreſſed, but plainly implied in thoſe ſub equent; "that, between you and the women, the play may pleaſe." In the epilogue to *K. Henry IV.* P. II. the addreſs to the audience proceeds in the ſame order: "All the gentlewomen here have forgiven (i. e. are favourable to] me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not *agree with* the gentlewomen, which was never ſeen before in ſuch an aſſembly."

The

If I were a woman [5], I would kiſs as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that liked me [6], and breaths that I defy'd not: and, I am ſure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or ſweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'ſy, bid me farewel.

[*Exeunt.*

The old copy reads—as *pleaſe* you. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe; but the old copy is certainly right, and ſuch was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's age. So, in *King Richard III.*

" Where every horſe bears his commanding rein,
" And may direct his courſe, as *pleaſe* himſelf."

Again, in *Hamlet:*

" —— a pipe for fortune's finger,
" To ſound what ſtop ſhe *pleaſe*."

Again, in *K. Henry VIII.*

" ——— All men's honours
" Lie like one lump before him, to be faſhion'd
" Into what pitch he *pleaſe*." MALONE.

5 *If I were a woman,*] Note that in this author's time the parts of women were always performed by men or boys. HANMER.

6 — *that* liked me,] i. e. that I liked. MALONE.

Of this play the fable is wild and pleaſing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which Roſalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroiſm of her friendſhip. The character of Jaques is natural and well preſerved. The comick dialogue is very ſprightly, with leſs mixture of low buffoonery than in ſome other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By haſtening to the end of this work, Shakſpeare ſuppreſſed the dialogue between the uſurper and the hermit, and loſt an opportunity of exhibiting a moral leſſon in which he might have found matter worthy of his higheſt powers. JOHNSON.

# THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

# Perſons Repreſented.

*A Lord.*
Chriſtopher Sly, *a drunken tinker.*
*Hoſteſs, Page, Players, Huntſmen, and other ſervants attending on the Lord.*
} *Perſons in the Induction.*

Baptiſta, *a rich gentleman of* Padua.
Vincentio, *an old gentleman of* Piſa.
Lucentio, *ſon to* Vincentio, *in love with* Bianca.
Petruchio, *a gentleman of* Verona, *a ſuitor to* Catharina.
Gremio, Hortenſio, } *Suitors to* Bianca.
Tranio, Biondello, } *Servants to* Lucentio.
Grumio, Curtis, } *Servants to* Petruchio.
Pedant, *an old fellow ſet up to perſonate* Vincentio.

Catharina, *the Shrew;* Bianca, *her Siſter.* } *Daughters to* Baptiſta.
*Widow.*

*Tailor, Haberdaſher, and Servants attending on* Baptiſta *and* Petruchio.

*SCENE, ſometimes in* Padua; *and ſometimes in* Petruchio's *Houſe in the Country.*

## Characters in the Induction

to the Original Play of *The Taming of a Shrew*, entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and printed in quarto in 1607.

*A Lord*, &c.
Sly.
*A Tapſter.*
*Page*, *Players*, *Huntſmen*, &c.

## Perſons Repreſented.

Alphonſus, *a Merchant of* Athens.
Jerobel, *Duke of* Ceſtus.
Aurelius, *his Son*,
Ferando,
Polidor,
} *Suitors to the Daughters of* Alphonſus.
Valeria, *Servant to* Aurelius.
Sander, *Servant to* Ferando.
Phylotus, *a Merchant who perſonates the* Duke.

Kate,
Emelia,
Phylema,
} *Daughters to* Alphonſus.

*Tailor*, *Haberdaſher*, *and Servants to* Ferando *and* Alphonſus.

*SCENE*, Athens; *and ſometimes* Ferando's *Country Houſe.*

# THE TAMING OF THE SHREW [1].

## INDUCTION.

### SCENE I.

*Before an Alehouſe on a Heath.*

*Enter* HOSTESS *and* SLY.

*Sly.* I'll pheeſe you [2], in faith.

*Hoſt.* A pair of ſtocks, you rogue!

*Sly.*

[1] I once thought the title of this play might have been taken from an old ſtory, entitled, *The Wyf lapped in Morells ſkin, or The Taming of a Shrew*; but I have ſince diſcovered among the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company the following: "Peter Shorte] May 2, 594, a pleaſaunt conceyted hyſtorie called, "*The Taminge of a Shrewe.*" It is likewiſe entered to Nich. Ling, Jan. 22, 1606; and to John Smythwicke, Nov. 19, 1607.

It was no uncommon practice among the authors of the age of Shakſpeare, to avail themſelves of the titles of ancient performances. Thus, as Mr. Warton has obſerved, Spenſer ſent out his *Paſtorals* under the title of the *Shepherd's Kalendar*, a work which had been printed by Wynkyn de Worde, and reprinted about twenty years before theſe poems of Spenſer appeared, viz. 1559.

Dr. Percy, in the firſt volume of his *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, is of opinion, that *The frolickſome Duke, or the Tinker's Good Fortune*, an ancient ballad in the Pepys' *Collection*, might have ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare the Induction for this comedy.

Chance,

*Sly.* Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues: Look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore

Chance, however, has at laſt furniſhed me with the original to which Shakſpeare was indebted for his fable. The reader who is deſirous to examine this piece may find it among *Six old Plays on which Shakſpeare founded*, &c. publiſhed by S. Leacroft, at Charing Croſs, as a ſupplement to our commentaries on Shakſpeare.

Beaumont and Fletcher wrote what may be called a ſequel to this comedy, viz. *The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed*; in which Petruchio is ſubdued by a ſecond wife.—STEEVENS.

Our author's *Taming of the Shrew* was written, I imagine, in 1594. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. I.

The circumſtance on which the Induction to the anonymous play, as well as that to the preſent comedy, is founded, is related (as Langbaine has obſerved) by Heuterus, *Rerum Burgund.* lib. iv. The earlieſt Engliſh original of this ſtory in proſe that I have met with, is the following, which is found in Goulart's ADMIRABLE AND MEMORABLE HISTORIES, tranſlated by E. Grimſtone, quarto 1607; but this tale (which Goulart tranſlated from Heuterus) had undoubtedly appeared in Engliſh, in ſome other ſhape, before 1594:

"PHILIP called the good Duke of *Bourgondy*, in the memory of our anceſtors, being at Bruxelles with his Court, and walking one night after ſupper through the ſtreets, accompanied with ſome of his favorits, he found lying upon the ſtones a certaine artiſan that was very dronke, and that ſlept ſoundly. It pleaſed the prince in this artizan to make trial of the vanity of our life, whereof he had before diſcourſed with his familiar friends. He therefore cauſed this ſleeper, to be taken up, and carried into his palace: he commands him to be layed in one of the richeſt beds; a riche night-cap to be given him; his foule ſhirt to be taken off, and to have another put on him of fine Holland. When as this dronkard had diſgeſted his wine, and began to awake, behold there comes about his bed Pages and Groomes of the Dukes chamber, who drawe the curteines, make many courteſies, and, being bare-headed, aſke him if it pleaſe him to riſe, and what apparell it would pleaſe him to put on that day.—They bring him rich apparell. This new *Monſieur* amazed at ſuch courteſie, and doubting whether he dreampt or waked, ſuffered him elſe to be dreſt, and led out of the chamber. There came noblemen which ſaluted him with all honour, and conduct him to the Maſſe, where with great ceremonie they give him the booke of the Goſpell, and the Pixe to kiſſe, as they did uſually to the Duke. From the Maſſe they bring him backe unto the pallace; he waſhes his hands, and ſittes downe at the table well furniſhed. After dinner, the great Chamberlaine commands cards to be brought with a great ſumme of money. This Duke in imagination playes with the chiefe of the court. Then they carry him to walke in the gardein, and to hunt the hare, and to hawke. They bring him back unto the pallace, where he ſups in ſtate. Candles being light, the muſitions begin to play; and, the tables taken away, the gentlemen and gentlewomen fell to dancing. *Then they played a pleaſant Comedie*, after which followed a Banket, whereat they had preſently ſtore of Ipocras and precious wine, with all ſorts of confitures,

to

Therefore, *paucas pallabris* [4]; let the world ſlide [5]: *Seſſa!*



to this prince of the new impreſſion; ſo as he was dronke, and fell ſoundlie aſleepe. Hereupon the Duke commanded that he ſhould be diſrobed of all his riche attire. He was put into his old ragges, and carried into the ſame place where he had beene found the night before; where he ſpent that night. Being awake in the morning, he beganne to remember what had happened before;—he knewe not whether it were true in deede, or a dream that had troubled his braine. But in the end, after many diſcourſes, he concludes that all was but a dreame that had happened unto him; and ſo entertained his wife, his children, and his neighbours, without any other apprehenſion." MALONE.

Among the books of my friend the late Mr. William Collins of Chicheſter, now diſperſed, was a collection of ſhort comick ſtories in proſe, printed in the black letter under the year 1570, "ſett forth by maiſter Richard Edwards, mayſter of her Majeſties revels." Among theſe tales was that of the INDUCTION OF THE TINKER in Shakſpeare's *Taming of the Shrew*; and perhaps Edwards's Story book was the immediate ſource from which Shakſpeare, or rather the author of the old *Taming of a Shrew*, drew that diverting apologue. If I recollect right the circumſtances almoſt exactly tallied with an incident which Heuterus relates from an epiſtle of Ludovicus Vives to have actually happened at the marriage of Duke Philip the Good of Burgundy, about the year 1440. That perſpicuous annaliſt, who flouriſhed about the year 1580, ſays, this ſtory was told to Vives by an old officer of the Duke's court. T. WARTON.

[2] *I'll* pheeſe *you*,] To *pheeze* or *feaſe*, is to ſeparate a twiſt into ſingle threads. In the figurative ſenſe it may well enough be taken, like *touze* or *toze*, for to *harraſs*, to *plague*. Perhaps *I'll pheeze you*, may be equivalent to *I'll comb your head*, a phraſe vulgarly uſed by perſons of Sly's character on like occaſions. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare repeats his uſe of the word in *Troilus and Creſſida*, where Ajax ſays he will *pheeſe* the pride of Achilles; and Lovewit in the *Alchemiſt* employs it in the ſame ſenſe. STEEVENS.

To *pheeze* a man, is to beat him; to give him a *pheeze*, is, to give him a knock. In the *Chances* Antonio ſays of Don John, "I felt him in my ſmall guts; I am ſure he has *feaz'd* me." MASON.

To *touze* or *toaze* had the ſame ſignification. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "Arruffare. To *touze*, to tug, to bang, or ribbaſte one." MALONE.

[3] — *no rogues*:] That is, *vagrants*; no mean fellows, but gentlemen. JOHNSON.

One *William Sly* was a performer in the plays of Shakſpeare, as appears from the liſt of comedians prefixed to the folio, 1623. This *Sly* is likewiſe mentioned in Heywood's *Actor's Vindication*. He was alſo among thoſe to whom James I. granted a licence to act at the *Globe* theatre in 1603. STEEVENS.

[4] — paucas pallabris;] Sly, as an ignorant fellow, is purpoſely made to aim at languages out of his knowledge, and knock the words out of joint.

*Hoſt.* You will not pay for the glaſſes you have burſt[6]?

*Sly.* No, not a denier: Go by, S. Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee [7].

*Hoſt.* I know my remedy, I muſt go fetch the third-borough [8]. [*Exit.*

*Sly.*

joint. The Spaniards ſay, *pocas palabris*, i. e. few words: as they do likewiſe, *Ceſſa*, i. e. be quiet. THEOBALD.

This is a burleſque on *The Spaniſh Tragedy, or Hieronymo is mad again*: "*What new device have they deviſed now?* Pocas pallabras." In the comedy of the *Roaring Girl*, 1611, a cut-purſe makes uſe of the ſame words. Again they appear in *the Wiſe Woman of Hogſden*, 1638, and in ſome others, but are always appropriated to the loweſt characters. STEEVENS.

5 — *let the world ſlide:*] This expreſſion is proverbial. It is uſed in B. and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*:

" —— will you go drink,
" And *let the world ſlide*, uncle?" STEEVENS.

6 — *you have* burſt?] To *burſt* and to *break* were anciently ſynonymous. Falſtaff ſays—that "John of Gaunt *burſt* Shallow's head for crowding in among the marſhal's men." Again, in *Soliman and Perſeda*:

" God ſave you, ſir, you have *burſt* your ſhin." STEEVENS.

*Burſt* is ſtill uſed for *broke* in the north of England. REED.

7 *Go by*, S. *Jeronimy*:—*Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.*] Mr. Theobald is ſurprized at the ſtupidity of former editors, who, he ſays, have coined a ſaint here. But ſurely Sly, who in a preceding ſpeech is made to ſay *Richard* for *William*, *paucas pallabris* for *pocas palabras*, &c. may be allowed here to miſquote a paſſage from the ſame play in which that ſcrap of Spaniſh is found, viz. *the Spaniſh Tragedy*. He afterwards introduces a ſaint in form.—The ſimilitude, however ſlight, between *Jeronimy* and S. Jerome, who in Sly's dialect would be *Jeromy*, may be ſuppoſed the occaſion of the blunder. He does not, I conceive, mean to addreſs the hoſteſs by the name of Jeronimy, as Mr Theobald ſuppoſed, but merely to quote a line from a popular play. Nym, Piſtol, and many other of Shakſpeare's low characters quote ſcraps of plays with equal infidelity.

There are two paſſages in *The Spaniſh Tragedy* here alluded to. One quoted by Mr. Theobald:

" *Hiero.* Not I: *Hieronymo*, beware; *go by, go by.*"

and this other:

" What outcry calls me from my *naked bed*?"

Sly's making Jeronimy a ſaint is ſurely not more extravagant than his exhorting his hoſteſs to go to her *cold* bed to *warm* herſelf; or declaring that he will go to his cold bed for the ſame purpoſe; for perhaps, like Hieronymo, he here addreſſes himſelf.

In *King Lear*, Edgar when he aſſumes the madman, utters the ſame words that are here put into the mouth of the tinker: "Humph; go to thy cold bed, and warm thee." MALONE.

The firſt part of *the Spaniſh Tragedy* is called *Jeronimo*. The Tinker therefore does not ſay *Jeronimo* as a miſtake for *Hieronimo*. STEEVENS.

8 — *I muſt go fetch the* thirdborough.] The old copy reads—the *headborough*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, and round-

ed

*Sly.* Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll anſwer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [*lies down on the ground, and falls aſleep* 9.

*Horns. Enter a* Lord *from hunting, with Huntſmen and Servants.*

*Lord.* Huntſman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds: Brach Merriman [1],—the poor cur is emboſs'd [2],



ed on Sly's reply; "*Third*, or fourth, &c." I am not ſure that it is neceſſary; for we learn from a writer of great authority in legal matters, that *headborough* and *thirdborough* were ſynonymous. "Every of theſe borſholders, (ſays Lambard) tithing men, borowheads, *hedborows*, *thirdborowes*, &c. hath two ſeveral offices at this day."—After deſcribing their ancient office, (which was to ſpeak, act, &c. for the other nine men in the tithing,) he adds,—"As touching the latter office that theſe borſholders, *bedborows*, borowheds, *thirdborows*, and chief pledges have, it is in a manner all one with the office of a conſtable of a town or pariſh, which is commonly named a *petty conſtable*, becauſe he is a ſmall conſtable, in reſpect of the conſtable of his hundred within whoſe limit he is." *The Duties of Conſtables, Borſholders, Tythingmen, &c.* by W. Lambard, octavo, 1604. The word *headborough* might therefore immediately bring the other name to Sly's mind, and perhaps ſufficiently accounts for his reply, without any change. However, the emendation having been followed by ſeveral other editors, from a diſtruſt in my own opinion I too have adopted it. MALONE.

9 —*falls aſleep.*] The ſpurious play already mentioned, begins thus: "*Enter a Tapſter, beating out of his doores* Slie *drunken.*

"*Tapſ.* You whoreſon drunken ſlave, you had beſt be gone,
"And empty your drunken paunch ſomewhere elſe,
"For in this houſe thou ſhalt not reſt to night. [*Exit* Tapſter.
"*Slie.* Tilly vally; by criſee Tapſter Ile *ſeſe you* anone:
"Fill's the t'other pot, and all's paid for: looke you,
"I doe drinke it of mine owne inſtigation. *Omne bene.*
"Heere Ile lie awhile: why Tapſter, I ſay,
"Fill's a freſh cuſhen heere:
"Heigh ho, heere's good warme lying. [*He falles aſleepe.*
"*Enter a noble man and his men from hunting.*" STEEVENS.

1 Brach *Merriman,—the poor cur is emboſs'd,*] I believe, *brach Merriman* means only *Merriman the brach.* So, in the old ſong, "*Cow Crumbocke* is a very good cow." *Brach*, however, appears to have been a particular kind of hound. In an old metrical charter granted by Edward the Confeſſor to the hundred of Cholmer and Dancing, in Eſſex, there are the two following lines:

"Four

And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'ſt thou not, boy, how Silver made it good[3]
At the hedge-corner, in the coldeſt fault?
I would not loſe the dog for twenty pound.

1. *Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the mereſt loſs,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dulleſt ſcent:
Truſt me, I take him for the better dog.

*Lord.* Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would eſteem him worth a dozen ſuch.
But ſup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1. *Hun.* I will, my lord.

*Lord.* What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

" Four greyhounds and ſix *bratches*,
" For hare, foxe, and wild cattes."

*Merriman* ſurely could not be deſigned for the name of a female of the canine ſpecies. STEEVENS.

The word is certainly uſed by Chapman in his *Gentleman Uſher*, a comedy, 1606, as ſynonymous to *bitch*: " *Venus*, your *brach* there, run ſo proud, &c." So alſo our author in *K. Henry IV.* P. I: " I'd rather hear *Lady*, my *brach*, howl in Iriſh." Mr. Tollet was of opinion that the term *brach* was ſometimes applied to males, and that it meant " a hound of eminent quickneſs of ſcent." Mr. Pope underſtood by it a hound in general. The ſtructure of the paſſage before us, and the manner in which the next line is connected with this [*And* couple, &c] added to the circumſtance of the word *brach* occurring in the end of that line incline me to think that *Brach* is here a corruption, and that the line before us began with a verb, not a noun. MALONE.

Sir T. Hanmer reads, Leech *Merriman*, that is, *apply ſome remedies* to Merriman, the poor cur has his *joints ſwell'd*. Perhaps we might read, *Bathe* Merriman, which is, I believe, the common practice of huntſmen; but the preſent reading may ſtand:

—— *tender well my hounds:*
Brach—Merriman——*the poor cur is imboſt.* JOHNSON.

2 — *the poor cur is* emboſs'd,] A hunting term. When a deer is hard run and foams at the mouth, he is ſaid to be *emboſs'd*. T. WARTON.

From the Spaniſh, *des embocar*, to caſt out of the mouth.—Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have conſidered it as derived from *boſſe*, Fr. a tumour. We have again the ſame expreſſion in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" —— the boar of Theſſaly
" Was never ſo *emboſs'd*." MALONE.

3 — *how Silver* made it good] This, I ſuppoſe, is a technical term. It occurs likewiſe in the 23d ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

" What's offer'd by the firſt, the other *good doth make*." STEEVENS.

2. *Hu*

2. *Hun.* He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to ſleep ſo ſoundly.
*Lord.* O monſtrous beaſt! how like a ſwine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathſome is thine image!—
Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man.—
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in ſweet cloaths, rings put upon his fingers,
A moſt delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himſelf?
1. *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot chooſe.
2. *Hun.* It would ſeem ſtrange unto him when he wak'd.
*Lord.* Even as a flattering dream, or worthleſs fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jeſt:—
Carry him gently to my faireſt chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm diſtilled waters,
And burn ſweet wood to make the lodging ſweet:
Procure me muſick ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly ſound;
And if he chance to ſpeak, be ready ſtraight,
And, with a low ſubmiſſive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a ſilver baſon,
Full of roſe-water, and beſtrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And ſay,—Will't pleaſe your lordſhip cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a coſtly ſuit,
And aſk him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horſe,
And that his lady mourns at his diſeaſe:
Perſuade him, that he hath been lunatick;
And, when he ſays he is—, ſay, that he dreams [4],

For

[4] *And, when he ſays he is—, ſay that he dreams,*] i. e. when he ſays he is ſuch or ſuch a man, as the matter may turn out.
Mr. Steevens would read,

And when he ſays he's *poor*, ſay that he dreams—.

I have no doubt that the blank was intended by the author. It is obſervable that the metre of the line is perfect without any ſupplemental word. In the *Tempeſt* a ſimilar blank is found, which Shakſpeare there alſo

For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly [5], gentle ſirs;
It will be paſtime paſſing excellent,
If it be huſbanded with modeſty [6].

1. *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he ſhall think, by our true diligence,
He is no leſs than what we ſay he is.

*Lord.* Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.—
[*Some bear out* Sly. *A trumpet ſounds.*
Sirrah, go ſee what trumpet 'tis that ſounds:—
[*Exit* Servant.
Belike, ſome noble gentleman; that means,
Travelling ſome journey, to repoſe him here.—

*Re-enter* Servant.

How now? who is it?

*Ser.* An it pleaſe your honour,
Players that offer ſervice to your lordſhip.

*Lord.* Bid them come near:—

*Enter* Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1. *Play.* We thank your honour.

*Lord.* Do you intend to ſtay with me to-night?

2. *Play.* So pleaſe your lordſhip to accept our duty [7].

*Lord.*

alſo certainly intended:—"I ſhould know that voice; it ſhould be—; but he is drown'd, and theſe are devils." MALONE.

Perhaps the ſentence is left imperfect, becauſe he did not know by what name to call him. BLACKSTONE.

5 — *do it* kindly,] i. e. naturally. MASON.

6 — *modeſty.*] By *modeſty* is meant *moderation*, without ſuffering our merriment to break into an exceſs. JOHNSON.

7 — *to accept our duty.*] It was in thoſe times the cuſtom of players to travel in companies, and offer their ſervice at great houſes. JOHNSON.

In

*Lord.* With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldeſt ſon;—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman ſo well:
I have forgot your name; but, ſure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1. *Play.* I think [8], 'twas Soto that your honour means.

*Lord.* 'Tis very true;—thou didſt it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have ſome ſport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can aſſiſt me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modeſties;
Leſt, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into ſome merry paſſion,
And ſo offend him; for I tell you, ſirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he grows impatient.

1. *Play.* Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourſelves,
Were he the verieſt antick in the world.

*Lord.* Go, ſirrah, take them to the buttery [*],
And

In the fifth *Earl of Northumberland's Houſehold Book*, (with a copy of which I was honoured by the late ducheſs,) the following article occurs. The book was begun in the year 1512:

"Reward to Players.

"Item, to be payd to the ſaid Richard Gowge and Thomas Percy for rewards to players for playes playd in Chryſtinmas by ſtranegers in my houſe after xxd. every play by eſtimacion somme xxxiij s. iiij d. Which ys apoynted to be payd to the ſaid Richard Gowge and Thomas Percy at the ſaid Chriſtynmas in full contentacion of the ſaid rewardys xxxiij s. iij d." STEEVENS.

[8] 1. Play. *I think*, &c.] To this ſpeech *Sinklo* is inadvertently prefixed in the old copy. *Sinklo* or Sinkler was an actor in the ſame company with Shakſpeare, &c.—He is introduced together with Burbage, Condell, Lowin, &c. in the Induction to Marſton's *Malcontent*, 1604, and was alſo a performer in the entertainment entitled *The Seven Deadly Sinns*. Mr. Tyrwhitt ſome years ago pointed out the error. MALONE.

There can be no doubt that *Sinklo* was the name of one of the players, which has crept in both here and in the Third Part of *Henry VI.* inſtead of the name of the perſon repreſented.—Again at the concluſion of the Second Part of *King Henry IV.* "Enter *Sinklo* and three or four officers." See the quarto, 1600. TYRWHITT.

[*] —*take them to the buttery*,] Mr. Pope had probably theſe words in his thoughts, when he wrote the following paſſage of his preface: "—the top of the profeſſion were then mere players, not gentlemen of the ſtage; they were led into the *buttery* by the ſteward, not placed at the

And give them friendly welcome every one;
Let them want nothing that my houſe affords —

[*Exeunt* Servant *and* Players.

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page, [*to a* Servant.
And ſee him dreſs'd in all ſuits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him—madam, do him obeiſance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love,)
He bear himſelf with honourable action,
Such as he hath obſerv'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accompliſhed:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With ſoft low tongue[9], and lowly courteſy;
And ſay,—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May ſhew her duty, and make known her love?
And then—with kind embracements, tempting kiſſes,
And with declining head into his boſom,—
Bid him ſhed tears, as being over-joy'd
To ſee her noble lord reſtor'd to health,
Who for this ſeven years hath eſteemed him[1]
No better than a poor and loathſome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a ſhower of commanded tears,

the lord's table, on the lady's toilette." But he ſeems not to have obſerved that the players here introduced are *ſtrollers*; and there is no reaſon to ſuppoſe that our authors, Heminge, Burbage, Condell, &c. who were licenſed by King James, were treated in this manner. MALONE.

9 *With* ſoft low *tongue*—] So, in *King Lear*:

" ——— Her voice was ever *ſoft*,
" Gentle and *low*; an excellent thing in woman." MALONE.

1 *Who for this ſeven years hath eſteemed him*] "That the poet (ſays Mr. Theobald) deſigned, the tinker's ſuppoſed lunacy ſhould be of fourteen years ſtanding at leaſt, is evident from two parallel paſſages in the play to that purpoſe." He therefore reads—for *twice* ſeven years. But in both thoſe paſſages the term mentioned is *fifteen*, not *fourteen*, years. The ſervants may well be ſuppoſed to forget the preciſe period dictated to them by their maſter, or, as is the cuſtom of ſuch perſons, to aggravate what they have heard. There is therefore, in my opinion, no need of change. MALONE.

Our author rarely reckons time with any great correctneſs. Both *Falſtaff* and *Orlando* forget the true hour of their appointments. STEEVENS.

An

An onion [2] will do well for ſuch a ſhift;
Which in a napkin being cloſe convey'd,
Shall in deſpight enforce a watry eye.
See this diſpatch'd with all the haſte thou canſt;
Anon I'll give thee more inſtructions. — [*Exit* Servant.
I know, the boy will well uſurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard, huſband;
And how my men will ſtay themſelves from laughter,
When they do homage to this ſimple peaſant.
I'll in to counſel them: haply, my preſence
May well abate the over-merry ſpleen,
Which otherwiſe would grow into extremes. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A Bedchamber in the Lord's Houſe* [3].

SLY *is diſcovered* [4] *in a rich night gown, with attendants; ſome with apparel, others with baſon, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter* Lord, *dreſs'd like a Servant.*

*Sly.* For God's ſake, a pot of ſmall ale [5].
1. *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your lordſhip drink a cup of ſack?



[2] *An* onion—] It is not unlikely that the *onion* was an expedient uſed by the actors of interludes. JOHNSON.

Sly, in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "*The tears live in an* onion *that ſhould water this ſorrow.*" STEEVENS.

[3] *A Bedchamber*, &c.] From the original ſtage-direction in the firſt folio it appears that Sly and the other perſons mentioned in the Induction, were intended to be exhibited here, and during the repreſentation of the comedy, in a balcony above the ſtage. The direction here is: "*Enter* aloft the *drunkard with attendants*, &c." So afterwards at the end of this ſcene—"*The Preſenters* above *ſpeak.*" See The Account of our old Theatres, Vol. I. MALONE.

[4] *Sly* is diſcovered, &c.] Thus in the original play: "Enter two with a table and banquet on it, and two other with *Slie* aſleepe in a chaire, richlie apparelled, and the muſick plaieng."

[5] *One.*

2. *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your honour taſte of theſe conſerves?

3. *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

*Sly.* I am Chriſtopher Sly; call not me—honour, nor lordſhip: I ne'er drank ſack in my life; and if you give me any conſerves, give me conſerves of beef: Ne'er aſk me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more ſtockings than legs, nor no more ſhoes than feet; nay, ſometimes, more feet than ſhoes, or ſuch ſhoes as my toes look through the overleather.

*Lord.* Heaven ceaſe this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man, of ſuch deſcent,
Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteem,
Should be infuſed with ſo foul a ſpirit!

" *One.* So, ſirha, now go call my lord;
" And tell him all things are ready as he will'd it.
" *Another.* Set thou ſome wine upon the boord,
" And then I'le go fetch my lord preſently. [*Exit.*

" *Enter the Lord and his men.*

" *Lord.* How now, what is all things readie?
" *One.* Yea, my lord.
" *Lord.* Then ſound the muſick, and I'le wake him ſtrait,
" And ſee you do as earſt I gave in charge.
" My lord, my lord, (he ſleepes ſoundly) my lord.
" *Slie.* Tapſter, give's a little ſmall ale: heigh ho.
" *Lord.* Here's wine, my lord, the pureſt of the grape.
" *Slie.* For which lord?
" *Lord.* For your honor, my lord.
" *Slie.* Who I, am I a lord?—What fine apparel I have I got!
" *Lord.* More richer far your honour hath to weare,
" And if it pleaſe you I will fetch them ſtraight.
" *Wil.* And if your honour pleaſe to ride abroad,
" I'le fetch your luſtie ſteedes more ſwift of pace
" Then winged Pegaſus in all his pride,
" That ran ſo ſwiftlie over Perſian plaines.
" *Tom.* And if your honour pleaſe to hunt the deere,
" Your hounds ſtand readie coupled at the doore,
" Who in running will o'retake the roe,
" And make the long-breathde tygre broken-winded." STEEVENS

5 — *ſmall ale.*] This beverage is mentioned in the accounts of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1558:—"For a ſtande of *ſmall ale*—" I ſuppoſe it was what we now call *ſmalt beer*, no mention of that liquor being made in the ſame books, though "duble bere, and duble duble ale," are frequently recorded. STEEVENS.

It appears from *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Act IV. ſc. iii. that *ſingle beer* and *ſmall beer* were ſynonymous terms. MALONE.

Sly.

*Sly.* What, would you make me mad? Am not I Chriſtopher Sly, old Sly's ſon of Burton-heath; by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by tranſmutation a bear-herd, and now by preſent profeſſion a tinker? Aſk Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot [6], if ſhe know me not: if ſhe ſay I am not fourteen pence on the ſcore for ſheer ale, ſcore me up for the lying'ſt knave in Chriſtendom. What, I am not beſtraught [7]: Here's—

3. *Ser.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2. *Ser.* O, this it is that makes your ſervants droop.

*Lord.* Hence comes it that your kindred ſhun your houſe,
As beaten hence by your ſtrange lunacy.
O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment,
And baniſh hence theſe abject lowly dreams:
Look, how thy ſervants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have muſick? hark! Apollo plays, [*Muſick.*
And twenty caged nightingales do ſing:
Or wilt thou ſleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and ſweeter than the luſtful bed
On purpoſe trimm'd up for Semiramis.

[6] — *of Burton-heath—Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot,*] I ſuſpect we ſhould read—*Barton-heath. Barton* and *Woodmancot*, or, as it is vulgarly pronounced, *Wincot*, are both of them in Gloſterſhire, near the reſidence of Shakſpeare's old enemy, Juſtice Shallow. Very probably too, this fat ale-wife might be a real character. STEEVENS.

*Wincotte* is a village in Warwickſhire, with which Shakſpeare was well acquainted, near Stratford. The houſe kept by our genial hoſteſs, ſtill remains, but is at preſent a mill. The meaneſt hovel to which Shakſpeare has an alluſion, intereſts curioſity, and acquires an importance: at leaſt, it becomes the object of a poetical antiquarian's inquiries. T. WARTON.

There is likewiſe a village in Warwickſhire called *Burton* Haſtings. Among Sir A. Cockayn's poems (as Dr. Farmer and Mr. Steevens have obſerved) there is an epigram on Sly and his ale, addreſſed to Mr. Clement Fiſher of *Wincot*. The text is undoubtedly right.

There is a village in Warwickſhire called *Burton on the Heath*, where Mr. Dover, the founder of the Cotſwold games, lived. MALONE.

[7] — *I am not* beſtraught:] *Beſtraught* ſeems to have been ſynonymous to *diſtraught*, or diſtracted. See Minſheu's DICT. 1617: "*Beſtraught*, a Lat. diſtractus mente. Vi. *Mad* and Bedlam." MALONE.

There is no verb extant from which the participle *beſtraught* can be formed. In *Albion's England*, however by Warner, 1602, and in Lord Surrey's Tranſlation of the 4th book of *Virgil's Æneid*, I meet with the word as uſed by Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

Say,

Say, thou wilt walk; we will beſtrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horſes ſhall be trapp'd,
Their harneſs ſtudded all with gold and pearl.
Doſt thou love hawking? thou haſt hawks, will ſoar
Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds ſhall make the welkin anſwer them,
And fetch ſhrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1. *Ser.* Say, thou wilt courſe; thy greyhounds are as ſwift
As breathed ſtags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2. *Ser.* Doſt thou love pictures? we will fetch thee ſtraight
Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And Cytherea all in ſedges hid;
Which ſeem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving ſedges play with wind.

*Lord.* We'll ſhew thee Io, as ſhe was a maid;
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3. *Ser.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;
Scratching her legs, that one ſhall ſwear ſhe bleeds:
And at that ſight ſhall ſad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

*Lord.* Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou haſt a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waining age.

1. *Ser.* And, till the tears, that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the faireſt creature in the world;
And yet ſhe is inferior to none.

*Sly.* Am I a lord? and have I ſuch a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not ſleep: I ſee, I hear, I ſpeak;
I ſmell ſweet ſavours, and I feel ſoft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Chriſtophero Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our ſight;
And once again, a pot o' the ſmalleſt ale.

2. *Ser.* Will't pleaſe your mightineſs to waſh your hands?
[Servants *preſent an ewer, laſon, and napkin.*
O, how we joy to ſee your wit reſtor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
Theſe fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, ſo wak'd as if you ſlept.

*Sly.*

*Sly.* Theſe fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never ſpeak of all that time?

1. *Ser.* O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you ſay, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hoſteſs of the houſe;
And ſay, you would preſent her at the leet [8],
Becauſe ſhe brought ſtone-jugs, and no ſeal'd quarts:—
Sometimes, you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

*Sly.* Ay, the woman's maid of the houſe.

3. *Ser.* Why, ſir, you know no houſe, nor no ſuch maid;
Nor no ſuch men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece [9],
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;

[8] — *leet,*] At the *Court-leet*, or courts of the manor. JOHNSON.

The *leet* is the *Court-leet*, or *View of frank pledge*, held anciently once a year within a particular hundred, manor, or lordſhip, before the ſteward of the leet. See Kitchin *on Courts*, 4th edit. 1663. "The reſidue of the matters of the charge which enſue," ſays that writer, on Court Leets, p 21. "are enquirable and *preſentable*, and are alſo puniſhable in a leet." He then enumerates the various articles, of which the following is the twenty-ſeventh: "Alſo if tiplers ſell by cups *and diſhes, or meaſures ſealed, or* not ſealed, *is inquirable.*" See alſo *Characteriſmi, or Lenton's Leaſures*, 12mo. 1631: "He [an informer] transforms himſelfe into ſeveral ſhapes, to avoid ſuſpicion of *inne-holders*, and inwardly joyes at the ſight of a blacke pot or *jugge*, knowing that their ſale by *ſealed quarts* ſpoyles his market." MALONE.

[9] — *John Naps of* Greece,] A *hart of Greece* was a *fat hart*. *Graiſſe*, Fr. So, in the old ballad of *Adam Bell*, &c.

"Eche of them ſlew a hart of *graece*."

Again, in *Ives's Select Papers*, at the coronation feaſt of Elizabeth of York, queen of king Henry VII. among other diſhes were "capons *of High Greece.*"

Perhaps this expreſſion was uſed to imply that *John Naps* (who might have been a real character) was *a fat man*: or as Poins calls the aſſociates of Falſtaff *Trojans*, John Naps might be called a *Grecian* for ſuch another reaſon. STEEVENS.

For *old John Naps* of Greece, read—*old John Naps* o' the Green. BLACKSTONE.

The addition ſeems to have been a common one. So, in our author's *K. Henry IV.* P. II: "Who is next?—Peter Bullcalf *of the Green.*" In *the London Chanticleers*, a comedy, 1659, a ballad entitled "George *o' the Green*" is mentioned. Again, in our author's *K. Henry IV.* P. II: "I beſeech you, ſir, to countenance William Viſor of Woncot, againſt Clement Perkes *o' the Hill.*"—The emendation propoſed by Sir W. Blackſtone was alſo ſuggeſted in Theobald's edition, and adopted by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

And twenty more ſuch names and men as theſe,
Which never were, nor no man ever ſaw.

*Sly.* Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

*All.* Amen.

*Sly.* I thank thee; thou ſhalt not loſe by it.

*Enter* Page, *as a lady, with attendants*[1].

*Page.* How fares my noble lord?

*Sly.* Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?

*Page.* Here, noble lord; What is thy will with her?

*Sly.* Are you my wife, and will not call me—huſband? My men ſhould call me—lord; I am your good-man.

*Page.* My huſband and my lord, my lord and huſband; I am your wife in all obedience.

*Sly.* I know it well:—What muſt I call her?

*Lord.* Madam.

*Sly.* Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

*Lord.* Madam, and nothing elſe; ſo lords call ladies.

*Sly.* Madam wife, they ſay, that I have dream'd,
And ſlept above ſome fifteen year or more.

*Page.* Ay, and the time ſeems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

*Sly.* 'Tis much;—Servants, leave me and her alone.—
Madam, undreſs you, and come now to bed.

*Page.* Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not ſo, until the ſun be ſet:
For your phyſicians have expreſsly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I ſhould yet abſent me from your bed:
I hope, this reaſon ſtands for my excuſe.

*Sly.* Ay, it ſtands ſo, that I may hardly tarry ſo long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again; I will therefore tarry, in deſpight of the fleſh and the blood.

[1] *Enter* Page, *&c.*] Here, as in the preceding part of this *Induction*, Shakſpeare has purſued the track marked out by the author of the old *Taming of a Shrew*; always, however, improving greatly on his original. MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter a* Servant.

*Ser.* Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleaſant comedy,
For ſo your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much ſadneſs hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurſe of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thouſand harms, and lengthens life.

*Sly.* Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a commonty [2] a Chriſtmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?

*Page.* No, my good lord; it is more pleaſing ſtuff.

*Sly.* What, houſhold ſtuff?

*Page.* It is a kind of hiſtory.

*Sly.* Well, we'll ſee't: Come, madam wife, ſit by my ſide, and let the world ſlip; we ſhall ne'er be younger.

[*They ſit down.*

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# ACT I. SCENE I.

Padua. *A public Place.*

*Enter* LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

*Luc.* Tranio, ſince—for the great deſire I had
To ſee fair Padua, nurſery of arts,—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy [3],
The pleaſant garden of great Italy;

[2] *Is not a* commonty—] *Commonty* for comedy. STEEVENS.
[3] — *for fruitful* Lombardy,] Padua is a city of Lombardy. STEEVENS.

And,

And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My truſty ſervant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily inſtitute
A courſe of learning, and ingenious ſtudies[4].
Piſa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father firſt,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii[5].
Vincentio's ſon[6], brought up in Florence,
It ſhall become, to ſerve all hopes conceiv'd[7],
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I ſtudy,
Virtue, and that part of philoſophy
Will I apply[8], that treats of happineſs
By virtue 'ſpecially to be atchiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Piſa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A ſhallow plaſh, to plunge him in the deep,
And with ſatiety ſeeks to quench his thirſt.

*Tra.*

4 — ingenious *ſtudies.*] I rather think it was written *ingenuous* ſtudies, but of this and a thouſand ſuch obſervations there is little certainty. JOHNSON.

In Cole's Dictionary, 1677, it is remarked—"*ingenuous* and *ingenious* are often confounded" Thus in *The Bird in a Cage*, by Shirley, 1633—"deal *ingeniouſly*, ſweet lady." REED.

5 Vincentio, *come of the Bentivolii.*] The old copy reads—*Vincentio's*—. The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. I am not ſure that it is right. Our author might have written

Vincentio's *ſon*, come of the Bentivolii.

If that be the true reading, this line ſhould be connected with the following, and a colon placed after *world* in the preceding line; as is the caſe in the original copy, which adds ſome ſupport to the emendation now propoſed:

Vincentio's *ſon*, come of the Bentivolii,
Vincentio's ſon, brought up in Florence,
It ſhall become, &c. MALONE.

6 Vincentio's *ſon*, &c.] *Vincentio's* is here uſed as a quadriſyllable. Mr Pope, I ſuppoſe, not perceiving this, unneceſſarily reads—Vincentio *his* ſon, which has been too haſtily adopted by the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

7 — *to* ſerve *all hopes conceiv'd*,] To fulfil the expectations of his friends. MALONE.

8 *Virtue, and that part of philoſophy*, &c.] Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr Warburton, read—*to* virtue: but formerly *ply* and *apply* were indifferently uſed, as to *ply* or *apply* his ſtudies. JOHNSON.

So,

*Tra. Mi perdonate* [9], gentle maſter mine,
I am in all affected as yourſelf;
Glad that you thus continue your reſolve,
To ſuck the ſweets of ſweet philoſophy.
Only, good maſter, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral diſcipline,
Let's be no ſtoicks, nor no ſtocks, I pray;
Or ſo devote to Ariſtotle's checks [1],
As Ovid be an outcaſt quite abjur'd:
Talk logick * with acquaintance that you have,
And practice rhetorick in your common talk;
Muſick and poeſy uſe, to quicken you;
The mathematicks, and the metaphyſicks,
Fall to them, as you find your ſtomach ſerves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleaſure ta'en;—
In brief, ſir, ſtudy what you moſt affect.

*Luc.* Gramercies, Tranio, well doſt thou adviſe.
If, Biondello, thou wert come aſhore,
We could at once put us in readineſs;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua ſhall beget.
But ſtay a while: What company is this?

*Tra.* Maſter, ſome ſhow, to welcome us to town.

So, in *The Nice Wanton*, an ancient interlude, 1560:

" O ye children, let your time be well ſpent,
" *Applye* your learning, and your elders obey."

Again, in Gaſcoigne's *Suppoſes*, 1566: " I feare he *applyes* his ſtudy ſo, that he will not leave the minute of an houre from his booke."

MALONE.

9 *Mi perdonate.*] Old copy—*Me pardonato.* The emendation was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

1 —*Ariſtotle's checks,*] are, I ſuppoſe, the harſh rules of Ariſtotle.

STEEVENS.

Such as tend to *check* and reſtrain the indulgence of the paſſions.

MALONE.

Tranio is here deſcanting on academical learning, and mentions by name ſix of the ſeven liberal ſciences. I ſuſpect this to be a miſ-print, made by ſome copyiſt or compoſitor, for *ethicks*. The ſenſe confirms it.

BLACKSTONE.

* Talk *logick*—] Old copy—*Balk*—. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter* BAPTISTA, CATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, *and* HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *ſtand aſide.*

*Bap.* Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am reſolv'd you know;
That is,—not to beſtow my youngeſt daughter,
Before I have a huſband for the elder:
If either of you both love Catharina,
Becauſe I know you well, and love you well,
Leave ſhall you have to court her at your pleaſure.
*Gre.* To cart her rather: She's too rough for me:—
There, there, Hortenſio, will you any wife?
*Cath.* I pray you, ſir, [*to* BAP.] is it your will
To make a ſtale of me amongſt theſe mates?
*Hor.* Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unleſs you were of gentler, milder mould.
*Cath.* I'faith, ſir, you ſhall never need to fear;
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But, if it were, doubt not, her care ſhould be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd ſtool,
And paint your face, and uſe you like a fool.
*Hor.* From all ſuch devils, good Lord, deliver us!
*Gre.* And me too, good Lord!
*Tra.* Huſh, maſter! here is ſome good paſtime toward;
That wench is ſtark mad, or wonderful froward.
*Luc.* But in the other's ſilence do I ſee
Maid's mild behaviour and ſobriety.
Peace, Tranio.
*Tra.* Well ſaid, maſter; mum! and gaze your fill.
*Bap.* Gentlemen, that I may ſoon make good
What I have ſaid,—Bianca, get you in:
And let it not diſpleaſe thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the leſs, my girl.
*Cath.* A pretty peat[2]! 'tis beſt
Put finger in the eye,—an ſhe knew why.

*Bian.*

[2] *A pretty* peat!] *Peat* or *pet* is a word of endearment from *petit*, *little*, as if it meant—pretty little thing. JOHNSON.

This

*Bian.* Siſter, content you in my diſcontent.—
Sir, to your pleaſure humbly I ſubſcribe:
My books and inſtruments ſhall be my company;
On them to look, and practiſe by myſelf.

*Luc.* Hark, Tranio! thou may'ſt hear Minerva ſpeak. [*aſide.*

*Hor.* Signior Baptiſta, will you be ſo ſtrange [3]?
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

*Gre.* Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptiſta, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

*Bap.* Gentlemen, content ye; I am reſolv'd:—
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit* BIANCA.
And for I know, ſhe taketh moſt delight
In muſick, inſtruments, and poetry,
Schoolmaſters will I keep within my houſe,
Fit to inſtruct her youth.—If you, Hortenſio,—
Or ſignior Gremio, you,—know any ſuch,
Preſer them hither; for to cunning men [4]
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And ſo farewel. Catharina, you may ſtay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

*Cath.* Why, and, I truſt, I may go too, May I not?
What, ſhall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha! [*Exit.*

*Gre.* You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts [5] are ſo good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not ſo great [6], Hortenſio, but we may blow our nails together, and

This word is, I believe, of Scotch extraction. I find it in one of the proverbs of that country, where it ſignifies *darling*. "He has fault of a wife, that marries mam's *pet*." i. e. He is in great want of a wife who marries one that is her mother's darling. STEEVENS.

3 — *ſo ſtrange?*] That is, ſo odd, ſo different from others in your conduct. JOHNSON.

4 — *to* cunning *men*] *Cunning* had not yet loſt its original ſignification of *knowing*, *learned*, as may be obſerved in the tranſlation of the Bible. JOHNSON.

5 — *your* gifts—] *Gifts* for *endowments*. MALONE.

6 Their *love is not ſo great*,—] Perhaps we ſhould read—*Your* love. In the old manner of writing, yr ſtood for either *their* or *your*. The editor of the third folio and ſome modern editors, with, I think, leſs probability, read *our*. If *their* love be right, it muſt mean—the good will of Baptiſta and Bianca towards us. MALONE.

faſt

faſt it fairly out; our cake's dough on both ſides. Farewel:—Yet, for the love I bear my ſweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that wherein ſhe delights, I will wiſh him to her father [7].

*Hor.* So will I, ſignior Gremio: But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have acceſs to our fair miſtreſs, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing 'ſpecially.

*Gre.* What's that, I pray?

*Hor.* Marry ſir, to get a huſband for her ſiſter.

*Gre.* A huſband! a devil.

*Hor.* I ſay, a huſband.

*Gre.* I ſay, a devil: Think'ſt thou, Hortenſio, though her father be very rich, any man is ſo very a fool to be married to hell?

*Hor.* Tuſh, Gremio! though it paſs your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

*Gre.* I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipp'd at the high croſs every morning.

*Hor.* 'Faith, as you ſay, there's ſmall choice in rotten apples. But, come; ſince this bar in law makes us friends, it ſhall be ſo far forth friendly maintain'd,—till by helping Baptiſta's eldeſt daughter to a huſband, we ſet his youngeſt free for a huſband, and then have to't afreſh.—Sweet Bianca! —Happy man be his dole [8]! He that runs faſteſt, gets the ring. How ſay you, ſignior Gremio?

*Gre.* I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the beſt horſe in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly

[7] — *I will* wiſh *him to her father.*] i. e. I will *recommend* him. So, in *Much ado about nothing:*

"To *wiſh* him wreſtle with affection." REED.

[8] — *Happy man be his* dole!] A proverbial expreſſion. It is uſed in *Damon and Pithias*, 1582. *Dole* is any thing deal't out or diſtributed, though its original meaning was the proviſion given away at the doors of great men's houſes. STEEVENS.

In *Cupid's Revenge*, by B. and Fletcher, we meet with a ſimilar expreſſion, which may ſerve to explain that before us: "Then *happy man* be his *fortune!*" i. e. May his fortune be that of a happy man! MALONE.

woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the houſe of her. Come on. [*Exeunt* GRE. *and* HOR.

*Tra.* [*advancing.*] I pray, ſir, tell me,—Is it poſſible
That love ſhould of a ſudden take ſuch hold?

*Luc.* O, Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it poſſible, or likely;
But ſee! while idly I ſtood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleneſs:
And now in plainneſs do confeſs to thee,—
That art to me as ſecret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I periſh, Tranio,
If I atchieve not this young modeſt girl:
Counſel me, Tranio, for I know thou canſt;
Aſſiſt me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

*Tra.* Maſter, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated [9] from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but ſo,—
*Redime te captum quam queas minimo* [1].

*Luc.* Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;
The reſt will comfort, for thy counſel's ſound.

*Tra.* Maſter, you look'd ſo longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

*Luc.* O yes, I ſaw ſweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor [2] had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiſs'd the Cretan ſtrand.

*Tra.* Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her ſiſter
Began to ſcold; and raiſe up ſuch a ſtorm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

*Luc.* Tranio, I ſaw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath ſhe did perfume the air;
Sacred, and ſweet, was all I ſaw in her.

9 — *it not* rated—] is not driven out by chiding. MALONE.

1 *Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*] Our author had this line from *Lilly*, which I mention, that it may not be brought as an argument of his learning. JOHNSON.

Dr. Farmer's pamphlet affords an additional proof that this line was taken from *Lilly*, and not from *Terence*; becauſe it is quoted, as it appears in the *grammarian*, and not as it appears in the *poet*. It may be added, that *captus eſt, habet*, is not in the ſame play which furniſhed the quotation. STEEVENS.

2 — *daughter of Agenor*—] Europa, for whoſe ſake Jupiter transformed himſelf into a bull. STEEVENS.

*Tra.*

*Tra.* Nay, then, 'tis time to ſtir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, ſir; If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to atchieve her. Thus it ſtands:
Her elder ſiſter is ſo curſt and ſhrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Maſter, your love muſt live a maid at home;
And therefore has he cloſely mew'd her up,
Becauſe ſhe ſhall not be annoy'd [3] with ſuitors.
*Luc.* Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took ſome care
To get her cunning ſchoolmaſters to inſtruct her?
*Tra.* Ay, marry, am I, ſir; and now 'tis plotted.
*Luc.* I have it, Tranio.
*Tra.* Maſter, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
*Luc.* Tell me thine firſt.
*Tra.* You will be ſchool-maſter,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
*Luc.* It is: May it be done?
*Tra.* Not poſſible; For who ſhall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's ſon?
Keep houſe, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Viſit his countrymen, and banquet them?
*Luc.* Baſta [4]; content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been ſeen in any houſe;
Nor can we be diſtinguiſh'd by our faces,
For man, or maſter: then it follows thus;—
Thou ſhalt be maſter, Tranio, in my ſtead,
Keep houſe, and port [5], and ſervants, as I ſhould:
I will ſome other be; ſome Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Piſa.—
'Tis hatch'd, and ſhall be ſo:—Tranio, at once
Uncaſe thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him firſt to keep his tongue.
*Tra.* So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*

3 — *ſhe* ſhall *not be annoy'd*—] Old copy—ſhe *will* not. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

4 *Baſta*;] i. e. *'tis enough*; Italian and Spaniſh. STEEVENS.

5 — port,] *Port*, is figure, ſhow, appearance. JOHNSON.

In

In brief, ſir, ſith it your pleaſure is,
And I am ty'd to be obedient;
(For ſo your father charg'd me at our parting;
*Be ſerviceable to my ſon*, quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another ſenſe,)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Becauſe ſo well I love Lucentio.
*Luc.* Tranio, be ſo, becauſe Lucentio loves:
And let me be a ſlave, to atchieve that maid
Whoſe ſudden ſight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

*Enter* BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?
*Bion.* Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you?
Maſter, has my fellow Tranio ſtol'n your cloaths?
Or you ſtol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news?
*Luc.* Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jeſt,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to ſave my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my eſcape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, ſince I came aſhore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was deſcry'd [6]:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to ſave my life:
You underſtand me?
*Bion.* Ay, ſir, ne'er a whit.
*Luc.* And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.
*Bion.* The better for him; 'Would, I were ſo too!
*Tra.* So would I [7], 'faith, boy, to have the next wiſh after,—
That Lucentio indeed had Baptiſta's youngeſt daughter.

[6] — *and fear I was deſcry'd*:] i. e. I fear I was obſerv'd in the act of killing him. The editor of the third folio reads—I *am* deſcry'd; which has been adopted by the modern editors. MALONE.

[7] *So would I*,—] The old copy has—*could*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

But, ſirrah,—not for my ſake, but your maſter's,—I adviſe
You uſe your manners diſcreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places elſe, your maſter [8] Lucentio.

*Luc.* Tranio, let's go:—
One thing more reſts, that thyſelf execute;—
To make one among theſe wooers: If thou aſk me why,—
Sufficeth, my reaſons are both good and weighty [9].

[*Exeunt* [1].

1. Ser. *My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.*

Sly. *Yes, by ſaint Anne, do I. A good matter, ſurely; Comes there any more of it?*

Page. *My lord, 'tis but begun.*

Sly. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; Would, 'twere done!*

## SCENE II.

*The ſame. Before* Hortenſio's *Houſe.*

*Enter* PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

*Pet.* Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To ſee my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My beſt beloved and approved friend,
Hortenſio; and, I trow, this is his houſe:—
Here, ſirrah Grumio; knock, I ſay.

[8] —*your* maſter—] Old copy—*you* maſter. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[9] —*good and weighty.*] The diviſion for the ſecond act of this play is neither marked in the folio nor quarto editions. Shakſpeare ſeems to have meant the firſt act to conclude here, where the ſpeeches of the Tinker are introduced; though they have been hitherto thrown to the end of the firſt act, according to a modern and arbitrary regulation. STEEVENS.

[1] *Exeunt.*] Here in the old copy we have—"The Preſenters above ſpeaks."—meaning Sly, &c. who were placed in a balcony raiſed at the back of the ſtage. After the words—"Would it were done," the marginal direction is—*They ſit and mark.* MALONE.

Gru.

*Gru.* Knock, ſir! whom ſhould I knock? is there any man has rebus'd your worſhip[2]?

*Pet.* Villain, I ſay, knock me here ſoundly.

*Gru.* Knock you here[3], ſir? why, ſir, what am I, ſir, That I ſhould knock you here, ſir?

*Pet.* Villain, I ſay, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

*Gru.* My maſter is grown quarrelſome:—I ſhould knock you firſt,
And then I know after who comes by the worſt.

*Pet.* Will it not be?
Faith, ſirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it;
I'll try how you can *ſol, fa*, and ſing it.

[*He wrings* GRUMIO *by the ears.*

*Gru.* Help, maſters[4], help! my maſter is mad.

*Pet.* Now knock when I bid you: ſirrah! villain!

*Enter* HORTENSIO.

*Hor.* How now? what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

*Pet.* Signior Hortenſio, come you to part the fray?
*Con tutto il core bene trovato*, may I ſay.

*Hor. Alla noſtra caſa bene venuto,*
*Molto honorato ſignor mio Petruchio.*
Riſe, Grumio, riſe; we will compound this quarrel.

[2] — *has* rebus'd *your worſhip?*] What is the meaning of *rebus'd?* or is it a falſe print for *abus'd?* TYRWHITT.

[3] *Knock you here,*—] Grumio's pretenſions to wit have a ſtrong reſemblance to thoſe of Dromio in the *Comedy of Errors*; and this circumſtance makes it the more probable that theſe two plays were written at no great diſtance of time from each other. MALONE.

[4] *Help*, maſters—] The old copy reads—here; and in ſeveral other places in this play *miſtreſs*, inſtead of *maſters*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. In the MSS. of our author's age *M* was the common abbreviation of *Maſter* and *Miſtreſs*. Hence the miſtake. See *the Merchant of Venice*, Act V. 1600, and 1623:

"What ho, M. [Maſter] Lorenzo, and M. [Miſtreſs] Lorenzo."

MALONE.

*Gru.* Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in Latin.—
If this be not a lawful cauſe for me to leave his ſervice,—
Look you, ſir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him ſoundly, ſir: Well, was it fit for a ſervant to uſe his maſter ſo; being, perhaps, (for aught I ſee) two and thirty,—a pip out[6]?
Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at firſt,
Then had not Grumio come by the worſt.

*Pet.* A ſenſeleſs villain!—Good Hortenſio,
I bade the raſcal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

*Gru.* Knock at the gate?—O heavens!—
Spake you not theſe words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here, Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me ſoundly?*
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

*Pet.* Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I adviſe you.

*Hor.* Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, truſty, pleaſant ſervant Grumio.
And tell me now, ſweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

*Pet.* Such wind as ſcatters young men through the world,
To ſeek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where ſmall experience grows. But, in a few[7],
Signior Hortenſio, thus it ſtands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thruſt myſelf into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as beſt I may:
Crowns in my purſe I have, and goods at home,
And ſo am come abroad to ſee the world.

*Hor.* Petruchio, ſhall I then come roundly to thee,
And wiſh thee to a ſhrewd ill-favour'd wife?

5 — *what he 'leges in Latin.*] i. e. I ſuppoſe, what he *alleges* in Latin. STEEVENS.

I cannot help ſuſpecting that we ſhould read—"Nay, 'tis no matter what *he leges* in Latin, if this be not a lawful cauſe for me to leave his ſervice. Look you, ſir."—That is, *'Tis no matter what is* law, *if this be not a lawful cauſe*, &c. TYRWHITT.

6 — *a pip out?*] The old copy has—*peepe.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

7 *But* in a few,] *In a few*, means the ſame as *in ſhort*, *in few words*. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part II:
"In *few*;—his death, whoſe ſpirit lent a fire—." STEEVENS.

Thou'dſt

Thou'dſt thank me but a little for my counſel:
And yet I'll promiſe thee ſhe ſhall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wiſh thee to her.

*Pet.* Signior Hortenſio, 'twixt ſuch friends as we,
Few words ſuffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance[8],)
Be ſhe as foul as was Florentius' love[9],

8 (*As wealth is* burthen *of my wooing* dance)] The *burthen* of a *dance* is an expreſſion which I have never heard; the *burthen of his wooing ſong* had been more proper. JOHNSON.

9 *Be ſhe as foul as was Florentius' love,*] I ſuppoſe this alludes to the ſtory of a Florentine, which is met with in an old book, called, *A Thouſand Notable Things*, and perhaps in other Collections. "He was raviſhed over-night with the luſtre of jewels, and was mad till the marriage was ſolemnized; but next morning, viewing his lady before ſhe was ſo gorgeouſly trim'd up—ſhe was ſuch a leane, yellow, rivell'd, deform'd creature, that he never lived with her afterwards." FARMER.

The alluſion is to a ſtory told by Gower in the firſt book *De Confeſſione Amantis*. *Florent* is the name of a knight who had bound himſelf to marry a deformed hag, provided ſhe taught him the ſolution of a riddle on which his life depended. The following is the deſcription of her:

" *Florent* his woſull heed up liſte,
" And ſaw this vecke, where that ſhe ſit,
" Which was the lotheſt wighte
" That ever man caſte on his eye:
" Hir noſe baas, hir browes hie,
" Hir eyes ſmall, and depe ſette,
" Hir cheekes ben with teres wette,
" And rivelyn as an empty ſkyn,
" Hangyng downe unto the chyn;
" Hir lippes ſhronken ben for age,
" There was no grace in hir vilage.
" Hir front was narowe, hir lockes hore,
" She loketh foorth as doth a more:
" Hir neck is ſhorte, hir ſhulders courbe,
" That might a mans luſte diſtourbe:
" Hir bodie great, and no thyng ſmall,
" And ſhortly to deſcrive hir all,
" She hath no lith without a lacke,
" But like unto the woll ſacke: &c."—
" Though ſhe be the *fouleſte* of all, &c."

This ſtory might have been borrowed by Gower from an older narrative in the *Geſta Romanorum*. See the Introductory Diſcourſe to the *Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, laſt edit. Vol. IV. p. 153. STEEVENS.

As old as Sibyl, and as curſt and ſhrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worſe,
She moves me not, or not removes, at leaſt,
Affection's edge in me; were ſhe as rough [1]
As are the ſwelling Adriatick ſeas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

*Gru.* Nay, look you, ſir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby [2]; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though ſhe have as many diſeaſes as two and fifty horſes [3]: why, nothing comes amiſs, ſo money comes withal.

*Hor.* Petruchio, ſince we have ſtept thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jeſt.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up, as beſt becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is—faults enough [4],)
Is,—that ſhe is intolerable curſt,
And ſhrewd [5], and froward; ſo beyond all meaſure,
That, were my ſtate far worſer than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

*Pet.* Hortenſio, peace; thou know'ſt not gold's effect:—
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though ſhe chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

1 — *were ſhe as rough*] The old copy reads—were ſhe *is* as rough. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

2 — *an aglet-baby*;] was a ſmall image or head cut on the tag of a point, or lace. That ſuch figures were ſometimes appended to them, Dr. Warburton has proved by a paſſage in Mezeray, the French Hiſtorian:—"portant meme ſur les *aiguilletes* [points] des petites *teſtes de mort*." MALONE.

3 — *as many diſeaſes as two and fifty horſes*:] I ſuſpect this paſſage to be corrupt, though I know not how to rectify it.—*The fifty diſeaſes of a horſe* ſeem to have been proverbial. So, in *the Yorkſhire Tragedy*, 1608: "O ſtumbling jade! the ſpavin o'ertake thee! the *fifty diſeaſes* ſtop thee!" MALONE.

4 — *and that is*—faults *enough*,] And that one is itſelf a boſt of faults. The editor of the ſecond folio, who has been copied by all the ſubſequent editors, unneceſſarily reads—and that is *fault* enough. MALONE.

5 — ſhrew'd,] here means, having the qualities of a *ſhrew*. The adjective is now uſed only in the ſenſe of *acute, intelligent*. MALONE.

*Hor.*

*Hor.* Her father is Baptiſta Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is, Catharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her ſcolding tongue.

*Pet.* I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceaſed father well:—
I will not ſleep, Hortenſio, till I ſee her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this firſt encounter,
Unleſs you will accompany me thither.

*Gru.* I pray you, ſir, let him go while the humour laſts. O' my word, an ſhe knew him as well as I do, ſhe would think ſcolding would do little good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a ſcore knaves, or ſo: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks [6]. I'll tell you what, ſir,—an ſhe ſtand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and ſo diſfigure her with it, that ſhe ſhall have no more eyes to ſee withal than a cat [7]: You know him not, ſir.

*Hor.*

[6] —*he'll rail in his* rope-tricks.] Sir T. Hanmer reads—in his *rhetorick*. But the old copy is certainly right. *Ropery* or *rope-tricks* originally ſignified abuſive language, without any determinate idea; ſuch language as parrots are taught to ſpeak. So, in *Hudibras*:

"Could tell what ſubt'leſt parrots mean,
"That ſpeak, and think contrary clean;
"What member 'tis of whom they talk,
"When they cry *rope*, and walk, knave, walk."

The following paſſage in Wilſon's *Art of Rhetorique*, 1553, ſhews that this was the meaning of the term: "Another good fellow in the countrey, being an officer and maiour of a toune, and deſirous to ſpeak like a fine learned man, having juſt occaſion to rebuke a runnegate fellow, ſaid after this wiſe in a great heate: Thou yngram and vacation knave, if I take thee any more within the circumciſion of my dampnacion, I will ſo corrupte thee that all vacation knaves ſhall take ill ſample by thee." This the author in the margin calls—"*rope-ripe* chiding." So, in *May-day*, a comedy by Chapman, 1611:

"Lord! how you role in your *rope-ripe* terms." MALONE.

In *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakſpeare uſes *ropery* for *roguery*, and therefore certainly wrote *rope-tricks*. *Rope-tricks* we may ſuppoſe to mean tricks of which the contriver would deſerve the *rope*. STEEVENS.

[7] —*that ſhe ſhall have no more eyes to ſee withal than a cat*:] The humour of this paſſage I do not underſtand. This animal is remarkable for the keenneſs of its ſight. Probably the poet meant to have ſaid—*a cat in a bottle*. Of this diverſion ſee an account in *Much ado about nothing*, Act I. to the note on which the following

*Hor.* Tarry, Petruchio, I muſt go with thee;
For in Baptiſta's keep [8] my treaſure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngeſt daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other more [9]
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
(For thoſe defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever Catharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptiſta ta'en;—
That none ſhall have acceſs unto Bianca,
Till Catharine the curſt have got a huſband.

*Gru.* Catharine the curſt!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worſt.

*Hor.* Now ſhall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, diſguis'd in ſober robes,
To old Baptiſta as a ſchool-maſter
Well ſeen in muſick [1], to inſtruct Bianca:
That ſo I may by this device, at leaſt,
Have leave and leiſure to make love to her,
And, unſuſpected, court her by herſelf.

lowing paſſages may be added from a poem called *Cornu-copiæ, or Peſquil's Night-cap, or an Antidote for the Head-ache*, 1623, p. 48:

"Fairer than any ſlake in Grey's-inne field, &c.
"Guarded with gunners, bill-men, and a rout
"Of bow-men bold, which *at a cat do ſhoot.*"

Again, *ibid.*:

"Nor on the top a *cat-a-mount* was fram'd,
"Or ſome wilde beaſt that ne'er before was tam'd;
"Made at the charges of ſome archer ſtout,
"To have his name canoniz'd in the clout."

Theſe inſtances ſerve to ſhew that it was cuſtomary to ſhoot at factitious as well as real cats. STEEVENS.

It may mean, that he ſhall ſwell up her eyes with blows, till ſhe ſhall ſeem to peep with a contracted pupil, like a cat in the light. JOHNSON.

[8] — *in Baptiſta's* keep—] *Keep* is cuſtody. The ſtrongeſt part of an ancient caſtle was called the *keep*. STEEVENS.

[9] — and *other more*] *And*, which appears to have been accidentally omitted in the old copy, was ſupplied by Dr. Thirlby; who likewiſe reformed the metre of this paſſage. MALONE.

[1] *Well* ſeen *in muſick.*] *Seen* is *verſed*, practiſed. So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. iv. c. ii:

"Well *ſeene* in every ſcience that mote bee." STEEVENS.

*Enter*

*Enter* GREMIO; *with him* LUCENTIO *diſguis'd, with books under his arm.*

*Gru.* Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Maſter, maſter, look about you: Who goes there? ha.

*Hor.* Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love:—Petruchio, ſtand by a while.

*Gru.* A proper ſtripling, and an amorous! [*They retire.*

*Gre.* O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, ſir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, ſee that at any hand [2];
And ſee you read no other lectures to her:
You underſtand me:—Over and beſides
Signior Baptiſta's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largeſs:—Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For ſhe is ſweeter than perfume itſelf,
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

*Luc.* Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (ſtand you ſo aſſur'd,)
As firmly as yourſelf were ſtill in place:
Yea, and (perhaps) with more ſucceſsful words
Than you, unleſs you were a ſcholar, ſir.

*Gre.* O this learning! what a thing it is!

*Gru.* O this woodcock [3]! what an aſs it is!

*Pet.* Peace, ſirrah.

*Hor.* Grumio, mum!—God ſave you, ſignior Gremio!

*Gre.* And you are well met, ſignior Hortenſio.
Trow you, whither
I am going?—To Baptiſta Minola.
I promis'd to enquire carefully about
A ſchoolmaſter for the fair Bianca:
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.

[2] — *at any hand*;] i. e. at all events. STEEVENS.

[3] *O this woodcock!*] The ſenſe this word is to be underſtood in has been given in a former volume. MALONE.

*Hor.*

*Hor.* 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me [4] to another,
A fine muſician to inſtruct our miſtreſs;
So ſhall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, ſo belov'd of me.
*Gre.* Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds ſhall prove.
*Gru.* And that his bags ſhall prove. [*aſide.*
*Hor.* Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Liſten to me, and, if you ſpeak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curſt Catharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry pleaſe.
*Gre.* So ſaid, ſo done, is well:—
Hortenſio, have you told him all her faults?
*Pet.* I know, ſhe is an irkſome brawling ſcold;
If that be all, maſters, I hear no harm.
*Gre.* No, ſay'ſt me ſo, friend? What countryman?
*Pet.* Born in Verona, old Antonio's ſon [5]:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to ſee.
*Gre.* O, ſir, ſuch a life, with ſuch a wife, were ſtrange:
But, if you have a ſtomach, to't o' God's name;
You ſhall have me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?
*Pet.* Will I live?
*Gru.* Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her. [*aſide.*
*Pet.* Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the ſea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with ſweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the ſkies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing ſteeds, and trumpets' clang [6]?

4 — *help* me—] The old copy read—help *one*. STEEVENS.
Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.
5 — Antonio's *ſon*:] Old copy—*Butonio's* ſon. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.
6 — *and trumpets' clang?*] i. e. the clang of trumpets. STEEVENS.

And

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives not half ſo great a blow to the ear [7],
As will a cheſnut in a farmer's fire?
Tuſh, tuſh! fear boys with bugs [8].
*Gru.* For he fears none. [*aſide.*
*Gre.* Hortenſio, hark!
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind preſumes, for his own good, and yours.
*Hor.* I promis'd, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatſoe'er.
*Gre.* And ſo we will; provided, that he win her.
*Gru.* I would, I were as ſure of a good dinner. [*aſide.*

*Enter* TRANIO, *bravely apparell'd*; *and* BIONDELLO.

*Tra.* Gentlemen, God ſave you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beſeech you, which is the readieſt way
To the houſe of ſignior Baptiſta Minola?
*Bion.* He that has the two fair daughters [9]:—is't [*aſide to* Tra.] he you mean?
*Tra.* Even he, Biondello [1].
*Gre.* Hark you, ſir; You mean not her to—[2]



[7] — *ſo great a blow to* the ear,] The old copy reads—to *hear.* The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.
So, in *K. John:*
" Our *ears* are *cudgell'd*; not a word of his
" But *baffets* better than a fiſt of France." STEEVENS.

[8] — *with bugs.*] i. e. with *bug-bears.* So, in *Cymbeline:*
" —— *are become*
" *The mortal* bugs *o'th' field.*" STEEVENS.
Inſtead of *fear* boys with bugs, we ſhould read, I believe, *ſcare*, that is, intimidate. Fear, in the text, is probably a miſprint in the London edition. To fear, however, was in our author's time, uſed for to terrify or fright. ANON.

[9] *He that has the two fair daughters:*—&c.] This ſpeech ſhould rather be given to Gremio; to whom, with the others, Tranio has addreſſed himſelf. TYRWHITT.

[1] *Even he, Biondello!*] Mr. Tyrwhitt would regulate this line thus: " Even he. Biondello!" But I think the old copy, both here and in the preceding ſpeech, is right. Biondello adds to what his maſter had ſaid, the words—" He that has the two fair daughters," to aſcertain more preciſely the perſon for whom he had enquired; and then addreſſes Tranio; " — is't he you mean?" MALONE.

[2] — *You mean not her* to—] Mr. Tyrwhitt would read—you mean not her *too.* I believe, an abrupt ſentence was intended; or perhaps

Shakſpeare

*Tra.* Perhaps him and her, ſir; What have you to do?
*Pet.* Not her that chides, ſir, at any hand, I pray.
*Tra.* I love no chiders, ſir:—Biondello, let's away.
*Luc.* Well begun, Tranio. [*aſide.*
*Hor.* Sir, a word ere you go;—
Are you a ſuitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?
*Tra.* An if I be, ſir, is it any offence?
*Gre.* No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.
*Tra.* Why, ſir, I pray, are not the ſtreets as free
For me, as for you?
*Gre.* But ſo is not ſhe.
*Tra.* For what reaſon, I beſeech you?
*Gre.* For this reaſon, if you'll know,—
That ſhe's the choice love of ſignior Gremio.
*Hor.* That ſhe's the choſen of ſignior Hortenſio.
*Tra.* Softly, my maſters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.
Baptiſta is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than ſhe is,
She may more ſuitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thouſand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And ſo ſhe ſhall; Lucentio ſhall make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to ſpeed alone.
*Gre.* What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.
*Luc.* Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.
*Pet.* Hortenſio, to what end are all theſe words?
*Hor.* Sir, let me be ſo bold as to aſk you,
Did you yet ever ſee Baptiſta's daughter?
*Tra.* No, ſir; but hear I do, that he hath two;
The one as famous for a ſcolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modeſty.
*Pet.* Sir, ſir, the firſt's for me; let her go by.
*Gre.* Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Shakſpeare might have written—her to *woo*. Tranio in his anſwer might mean, that he would *woo* the father, to obtain his conſent, and the daughter for herſelf. This, however, will not complete the metre. I incline therefore to my firſt ſuppoſition. MALONE.

*Pet.*

*Pet.* Sir, underſtand you this of me, inſooth;—
The youngeſt daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all acceſs of ſuitors;
And will not promiſe her to any man,
Until the eldeſt ſiſter firſt be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

*Tra.* If it be ſo, ſir, that you are the man
Muſt ſtead us all, and me amongſt the reſt;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat [3],—
Atchieve the elder, ſet the younger free
For our acceſs,—whoſe hap ſhall be to have her,
Will not ſo graceleſs be, to be ingrate.

*Hor.* Sir, you ſay well, and well you do conceive;
And ſince you do profeſs to be a ſuitor,
You muſt, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all reſt generally beholden.

*Tra.* Sir, I ſhall not be ſlack: in ſign whereof,
Pleaſe ye we may contrive this afternoon [4],
And quaff carouſes to our miſtreſs' health;
And do as adverſaries do in law [5],—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

*Gru. Bion.* O excellent motion! Fellows, let's begone [6].

*Hor.* The motion's good indeed, and be it ſo;—
Petruchio, I ſhall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt.*

[3] —*this* feat—] The old copy reads—this *feeke*. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

[4] — contrive *this afternoon*,] *Contrive* does not ſignify here to *project*, but to *ſpend*, and *wear out*. As in this paſſage of *Spenſer*:

"*Three ages, ſuch as mortal men* contrive." WARBURTON.

The word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe of *ſpending* or *wearing out* in Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*. JOHNSON.

*Contrive*, I ſuppoſe, is from *contero*. So, in the *Hecyra* of Terence: "Totum hunc *contrivi* diem." STEEVENS.

[5] — *as* adverſaries *do* in law,] By *adverſaries in law*, I believe, our author means not ſuitors, but *barriſters*, who, however warm in their oppoſition to each other in the courts of law, live in greater harmony, and friendſhip in private, than perhaps thoſe of any other of the liberal profeſſions. Their *clients* ſeldom "eat and drink with their adverſaries as friends." MALONE.

[6] — Fellows, *let's begone*.] *Fellows* means *fellow-ſervants*. Grumio and Biondello addreſs, each the other, and alſo the diſguiſed Lucentio. MALONE.

ACT

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The ſame. A Room in* Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

*Enter* CATHARINA *and* BIANCA.

*Bian.* Good ſiſter, wrong me not, nor wrong yourſelf[6],
To make a bondmaid and a ſlave of me;
That I diſdain: but for theſe other gawds[7],—
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myſelf,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

*Cath.* Of all thy ſuitors, here I charge thee[8], tell
Whom thou lov'ſt beſt: ſee thou diſſemble not.

*Bian.* Believe me, ſiſter, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that ſpecial face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

*Cath.* Minion, thou lieſt; Is't not Hortenſio?

*Bian.* If you affect him, ſiſter, here I ſwear,
I'll plead for you myſelf, but you ſhall have him.

*Cath.* O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair[9].

[6] *nor* wrong *yourſelf,*] Do not act in a manner unbecoming a woman and a ſiſter. So, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor:* "Maſter Ford, this *wrongs* you." MALONE.

[7] — *but for theſe other* gawds,—] The old copy reads—*goods.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. *Gawds,* he obſerves, are *toys,* trifling ornaments. MALONE.

[8] — *I charge* thee,] *Thee,* which was accidentally omitted in the old copy, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[9] — *to keep you* fair.] I wiſh to read—to keep you *fine.* But either word may ſerve. JOHNSON.

*Bian.*

*Bian.* Is it for him you do envy me ſo?
Nay, then you jeſt; and now I well perceive,
You have but jeſted with me all this while:
I pr'ythee, ſiſter Kate, untie my hands.
*Cath.* If that be jeſt, then all the reſt was ſo. [*ſtrikes her.*

*Enter* BAPTISTA.

*Bap.* Why, how now, dame! whence grows this inſolence?—
Bianca, ſtand aſide;—poor girl! ſhe weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For ſhame, thou hilding [1] of a deviliſh ſpirit,
Why doſt thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did ſhe croſs thee with a bitter word?
*Cath.* Her ſilence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.
[*flies after* BIANCA.
*Bap.* What, in my ſight?—Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit* BIANCA.
*Cath.* Will you not ſuffer me [2]? Nay, now I ſee,
She is your treaſure, ſhe muſt have a huſband;
I muſt dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell [3].
Talk not to me; I will go ſit and weep,
Till I can find occaſion of revenge. [*Exit* CATHARINA.
*Bap.* Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

[1] — hilding—] The word *hilding* or *hinderling*, is a *low wretch*; it is applied to Catharine for the coarſeneſs of her behaviour. JOHNSON.

[2] *Will you not ſuffer me?*] The old copy reads—*What*, will, &c. The compoſitor probably caught the former word from the preceding line. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[3] *And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.*] "To lead apes" was in our author's time, as at preſent, one of the employments of a bear-herd, who often carries about one of thoſe animals along with his bear: but I know not how this phraſe came to be applied to old maids. We meet with it again in *Much ado about nothing*: "Therefore (ſays Beatrice,) I will even take ſix-pence in earneſt of the *bear-herd*, and lead *his apes* to hell." MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter* GREMIO, *with* LUCENTIO *in the habit of a mean man*; PETRUCHIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a muſician*; *and* TRANIO, *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books.*

*Gre.* Good-morrow, neighbour Baptiſta.

*Bap.* Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God ſave you, gentlemen!

*Pet.* And you, good ſir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Catharina, fair, and virtuous?

*Bap.* I have a daughter, ſir, call'd Catharina.

*Gre.* You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

*Pet.* You wrong me, ſignior Gremio; give me leave.—
I am a gentleman of Verona, ſir,
That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and baſhful modeſty,
Her wond'rous qualities, and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to ſhew myſelf a forward gueſt
Within your houſe, to make mine eye the witneſs
Of that report which I ſo oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do preſent you with a man of mine,
[*preſenting* Hortenſio.
Cunning in muſick, and the mathematicks,
To inſtruct her fully in thoſe ſciences,
Whereof, I know, ſhe is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or elſe you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

*Bap.* You're welcome, ſir; and he, for your good ſake:
But for my daughter Catharine,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

*Pet.* I ſee, you do not mean to part with her;
Or elſe you like not of my company.

*Bap.* Miſtake me not, I ſpeak but as I find.
Whence are you, ſir? what may I call your name?

*Pet.* Petruchio is my name; Antonio's ſon,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

*Bap.* I know him well: you are welcome for his ſake.

*Gre.* Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, ſpeak too:

Baccare!

Baccare! you are marvellous forward [4].

*Pet.* O, pardon me, ſignior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

*Gre.* I doubt it not, ſir; but you will curſe your wooing.—

Neighbour [5], this is a gift very grateful, I am ſure of it. To expreſs the like kindneſs myſelf, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you this young ſcholar [6], [*preſenting* Lucentio,] that hath been long ſtudying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in muſick and mathematicks: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his ſervice.

*Bap.* A thouſand thanks, ſignior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle ſir, [*to* Tranio.] methinks, you walk like a ſtranger; May I be ſo bold to know the cauſe of your coming?

*Tra.* Pardon me, ſir, the boldneſs is mine own;
That, being a ſtranger in this city here,
Do make myſelf a ſuitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm reſolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldeſt ſiſter:
This liberty is all that I requeſt,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongſt the reſt that woo,
And free acceſs and favour as the reſt.

4 Baccare! *you are marvellous forward.*] *Baccare* is an old proverbial word, uſed by John Heywood; who hath made, what he pleaſes to call, *epigrams* upon it. Take two of them, ſuch as they are:

"*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his ſow,
"Went that ſow *backe* at that bidding, trow you?"
"*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his ſow: ſe,
"Mortimer's ſow ſpeaketh as good Latin as he." FARMER.

5 *Neighbour,*] The old copy has—*neighbours*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

6 — I *freely give unto* you *this young ſcholar,*] The words in Roman characters, which were certainly omitted in the old copy by the negligence of the compoſitor or tranſcriber, were ſupplied by Mr. Tyrwhitt. If his emendation wanted any ſupport, it might be had in the preceding part of this ſcene, where Petruchio, preſenting Hortenſio to Baptiſta, uſes almoſt the ſame form of words:

"And, for an entrance of my entertainment,
"I do *preſent you* with a man of mine,
"Cunning in muſick, &c."

*Free leave* give, &c. was the abſurd correction of the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

And,

And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here beſtow a ſimple inſtrument,
And this ſmall packet of Greek and Latin books[7]:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

*Bap.* Lucentio is your name[8]? of whence, I pray?

*Tra.* Of Piſa, ſir; ſon to Vincentio.

*Bap.* A mighty man of Piſa, by report;
I know him well[9]: you are very welcome, ſir.—
Take you [*to* Hor.] the lute, and you [*to* Luc.] the ſet of books,
You ſhall go ſee your pupils preſently.
Holla, within!—

7 — *this ſmall packet of Greek and Latin books:*] In queen Elizabeth's time the young ladies of quality were uſually inſtructed in the learned languages, if any pains were beſtowed on their minds at all. Lady Jane Gray and her ſiſters, queen Elizabeth, &c. are trite inſtances. PERCY.

8 Lucentio *is your name?*] How ſhould Baptiſta know this? Perhaps a line is loſt, or perhaps our author was negligent. Mr. Theobald ſuppoſes they converſe privately, and that thus the name is learned; but then the action muſt ſtand ſtill; for there is no ſpeech interpoſed between that of Tranio and this of Baptiſta. Another editor imagines that Lucentio's name was written on the packet of books. MALONE.

9 *I know him well:*] It appears in a ſubſequent part of this play that Baptiſta was not *perſonally* acquainted with Vincentio. The pedant indeed talks of Vincentio and Baptiſta having lodged together twenty years before at an inn in Genoa; but this appears to have been a fiction for the *nonce*; for when the pretended Vincentio is introduced, Baptiſta expreſſes no ſurpriſe at his not being the ſame man with whom he had formerly been acquainted; and, when the real Vincentio appears, he ſuppoſes him an impoſtor. The words therefore, "I know him well," muſt mean, *I know well who he is.* Baptiſta uſes the ſame words before, ſpeaking of Petruchio's father: "I know him well; you are welcome for his ſake"—where they muſt have the ſame meaning; viz. *I know who he was*; for Petruchio's father is ſuppoſed to have died before the commencement of the play.

Some of the modern editors point the paſſage before us thus:

A mighty man of Piſa; by report
I know him well.—

but it is not ſo pointed in the old copy, and the regulation ſeems unneceſſary, the very ſame words having been before uſed with equal licence concerning the father of Petruchio.

Again, in *Timon of Athens:* "We *know him* for no leſs, though we are but ſtrangers to him." MALONE.

*Entr*

*Enter a* Servant.

Sirrah, lead theſe gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both,
Theſe are their tutors; bid them uſe them well.
[*Exit* Servant, *with* Hortenſio, Lucentio, *and* Biond.
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are paſſing welcome,
And ſo I pray you all to think yourſelves.

*Pet.* Signior Baptiſta, my buſineſs aſketh haſte,
And every day I cannot come to woo [1].
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left ſolely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry ſhall I have with her to wife?

*Bap.* After my death, the one half of my lands;
And, in poſſeſſion, twenty thouſand crowns.

*Pet.* And, for that dowry, I'll aſſure her of
Her widowhood [2],—be it that ſhe ſurvive me,—
In all my lands and leaſes whatſoever:
Let ſpecialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

*Bap.* Ay, when the ſpecial thing is well obtain'd,
That is,—her love; for that is all in all.

*Pet.* Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as ſhe proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do conſume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme guſts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and ſo ſhe yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

[1] *And every day I cannot come to woo.*] This is the burthen of part of an old ballad, entitled *The Ingenious Braggadocia:*

"And I cannot come every day to wooe." STEEVENS.

[2] ——— *I'll aſſure her of*
*Her widowhood,*—] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*for* her widowhood. The reading of the old copy is harſh to our ears, but it might have been the phraſeology of the time. MALONE.

*Bap.*

*Bap.* Well may'ſt thou woo, and happy be thy ſpeed!
But be thou arm'd for ſome unhappy words.

*Pet.* Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That ſhake not, though they blow perpetually.

*Re-enter* HORTENSIO, *with his head broken.*

*Bap.* How now, my friend? why doſt thou look ſo pale?

*Hor.* For fear, I promiſe you, if I look pale.

*Bap.* What, will my daughter prove a good muſician?

*Hor.* I think, ſhe'll ſooner prove a ſoldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

*Bap.* Why, then thou canſt not break her to the lute?

*Hor.* Why, no; for ſhe hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, ſhe miſtook her frets[3],
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a moſt impatient deviliſh ſpirit,
*Frets, call you theſe?* quoth ſhe: *I'll fume with them:*
And, with that word, ſhe ſtruck me on the head,
And through the inſtrument my pate made way;
And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While ſhe did call me,—raſcal fidler,
And—twangling Jack[4]; with twenty ſuch vile terms,
As ſhe had[5] ſtudied to miſuſe me ſo.

*Pet.* Now, by the world, it is a luſty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have ſome chat with her!

*Bap.* Well, go with me, and be not ſo diſcomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us;
Or ſhall I ſend my daughter Kate to you?

3 — *her frets,*] A fret is that ſtop of a muſical inſtrument which cauſes or regulates the vibration of the ſtring. JOHNSON.

4 *And—twangling* Jack;] *Jack*, it has been already obſerved, was an expreſſion of contempt. *Twangling Jack* is, *mean, paltry* lutaniſt. MALONE.

5 — *ſhe had—*] In the old copy theſe words are accidentally tranſpoſed. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Pet.

*Pet.* I pray you, do; I will attend her here,—
[*Exeunt* BAP. GRE. TRA. *and* HOR.
And woo her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes.
Say, that ſhe rail; Why, then I'll tell her plain,
She ſings as ſweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that ſhe frown; I'll ſay, ſhe looks as clear
As morning roſes newly waſh'd with dew: *
Say, ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And ſay—ſhe uttereth piercing eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though ſhe bid me ſtay by her a week;
If ſhe deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I ſhall aſk the banns, and when be married:—
But here ſhe comes; and now, Petruchio, ſpeak.

*Enter* CATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.
*Cath.* Well have you heard, but ſomething hard of hearing [6];
They call me—Catharine, that do talk of me.
*Pet.* You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and ſometimes Kate the curſt;
But Kate, the prettieſt Kate in Chriſtendom,
Kate of Kate-hall, my ſuper-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my conſolation;—
Hearing thy mildneſs prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues ſpoke of, and thy beauty ſounded,
(Yet not ſo deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myſelf am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

* —— *ſhe looks as clear*
*As morning roſes newly waſh'd with dew:*] So Milton in his *L'Allegro*:
"There on beds of violets blue,
"And new-blown roſes waſh'd with dew." MALONE.

6 *Well have you* heard, *but ſomething* hard *of hearing*;] A poor quibble was here intended. It appears from many old Engliſh books that *heard* was pronounced in our author's time, as if it were written *hard*. MALONE.

*Cath.*

*Cath.* Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the firſt,
You were a moveable.

*Pet.* Why, what's a moveable?

*Cath.* A joint-ſtool [7].

*Pet.* Thou haſt hit it: come, ſit on me.

*Cath.* Aſſes are made to bear, and ſo are you.

*Pet.* Women are made to bear, and ſo are you.

*Cath.* No ſuch jade, ſir [8], as you, if me you mean.

*Pet.* Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee:
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

*Cath.* Too light for ſuch a ſwain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight ſhould be.

*Pet.* Should be? ſhould buz.

*Cath.* Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

*Pet.* O, ſlow-wing'd turtle! ſhall a buzzard take thee?

*Cath.* Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard [9].

*Pet.* Come, come, you waſp; i'faith, you are too angry.

*Cath.* If I be waſpiſh, beſt beware my ſting.

*Pet.* My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

*Cath.* Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

*Pet.* Who knows not where a waſp doth wear his ſting?
In his tail.

*Cath.* In his tongue.

*Pet.* Whoſe tongue?

7 *A joint ſtool.*] This is a proverbial expreſſion:

"Cry you mercy, I took you for a join'd ſtool."

See *Ray's Collection*. STEEVENS.

8 *No ſuch* jade, ſir,—] The latter word, which is not in the old copy, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Perhaps we ſhould read—no ſuch *jack*. However there is authority for *jade* in a male ſenſe. So, in *Soliman and Perſeda*, Pickton ſays of Baſiliſco, "He juſt like a knight! He'll juſt like a *jade*." FARMER.

So before, in p. 274: "—I know, *he*'ll prove a *jade*." MALONE.

9 *Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.*] Perhaps we may read better:—*Ay, for a turtle*, and *he takes a buzzard*. That is, he may take me for a *turtle*, and he ſhall find me a hawk. JOHNSON.

This kind of expreſſion likewiſe ſeems to have been proverbial. So in the *Three Lords of London*, 1590:

"——— haſt no more ſkill,
"Than *take a faulcon for a buzzard?*" STEEVENS.

*Cath.*

*Cath.* Yours, if you talk of tails [1]; and ſo farewel.
*Pet.* What with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
*Cath.* That I'll try. [*ſtriking him.*
*Pet.* I ſwear, I'll cuff you, if you ſtrike again.
*Cath.* So may you looſe your arms:
If you ſtrike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.
*Pet.* A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.
*Cath.* What is your creſt? a coxcomb?
*Pet.* A combleſs cock, ſo Kate will be my hen.
*Cath.* No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven [2].
*Pet.* Nay, come, Kate, come; you muſt not look ſo ſour.
*Cath.* It is my faſhion, when I ſee a crab
*Pet.* Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not ſour.
*Cath.* There is, there is.
*Pet.* Then ſhew it me.
*Cath.* Had I a glaſs, I would.
*Pet.* What, you mean my face?
*Cath.* Well aim'd of ſuch a young one.
*Pet.* Now, by ſaint George, I am too young for you.
*Cath.* Yet you are wither'd.
*Pet.* 'Tis with cares.
*Cath.* I care not.
*Pet.* Nay, hear you, Kate: in ſooth, you 'ſcape not ſo.
*Cath.* I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.
*Pet.* No, not a whit; I find you paſſing gentle.
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous;
But ſlow in ſpeech, yet ſweet as ſpring-time flowers:
Thou canſt not frown, thou canſt not look aſkance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſs in talk;

[1] *Yours, if you talk of* tails;] The old copy reads—*tales*, and it may perhaps be right.—"Yours, if your talk be no better than an *idle tale*." Our author is very fond of uſing words of ſimilar ſounds in different ſenſes.—I have, however, followed the emendation made by Mr. Pope, which all the modern editors have adopted. MALONE.
[2] —*a* craven.] A *craven* is a degenerate, diſpirited cock. STEEV.

But thou with mildneſs entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conference, ſoft, and affable.
Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp?
O ſlanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twig,
Is ſtraight, and ſlender; and as brown in hue
As hazle nuts, and ſweeter than the kernels.
O, let me ſee thee walk: thou doſt not halt.

*Cath.* Go, fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command [3].

*Pet.* Did ever Dian ſo become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaſte, and Dian ſportful!

*Cath.* Where did you ſtudy all this goodly ſpeech?

*Pet.* It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

*Cath.* A witty mother! witleſs elſe her ſon.

*Pet.* Am I not wiſe?

*Cath.* Yes; keep you warm [4].

*Pet.* Marry, ſo I mean, ſweet Catharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, ſetting all this chat aſide,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath conſented
That you ſhall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a huſband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I ſee thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,)
Thou muſt be married to no man but me:
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable [5], as other houſhold Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I muſt and will have Catharine to my wife.

3 *Go, fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command.*] This is exactly the Πασσάμενο ἐπίτασσε of Theocritus, Eid. xv. v. 90. and yet I would not be poſitive that Shakſpeare had ever read even a tranſlation of Theocritus. TYRWHITT.

4 *Am I not wiſe?*

*Yes; keep you warm.*] So, in *Much ado about nothing*: "—*that if he has* wit *enough to keep himſelf* warm." STEEVENS.

5 *And bring you from a wild* Kate *to a Kate*

*Conformable,*—] Thus the old copy. The editor of the ſecond folio with ſome probability reads—from a wild *Kat* (meaning certainly *cat*). So before: "But will you woo this *wild cat?*" MALONE.

*Re-enter*

*Re-enter* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

*Bap.* Now, ſignior Petruchio; how ſpeed you with my daughter?

*Pet.* How but well, ſir? how but well?
It were impoſſible, I ſhould ſpeed amiſs.

*Bap.* Why, how now, daughter Catharine? in your dumps?

*Cath.* Call you me, daughter? now, I promiſe you,
You have ſhew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wiſh me wed to one half lunatick;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a ſwearing Jack [6],
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

*Pet.* Father, 'tis thus,—yourſelf and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiſs of her;
If ſhe be curſt, it is for policy:
For ſhe's not froward, but modeſt as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience ſhe will prove a ſecond Griſſel [7],
And Roman Lucrece for her chaſtity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed ſo well together,
That upon ſunday is the wedding-day.

*Cath.* I'll ſee thee hang'd on ſunday firſt.

*Gre.* Hark, Petruchio! ſhe ſays, ſhe'll ſee thee hang'd firſt.

*Tra.* Is this your ſpeeding? nay, then, good night our part!

*Pet.* Be patient, gentlemen; I chooſe her for myſelf;
If ſhe and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That ſhe ſhall ſtill be curſt in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much ſhe loves me: O, the kindeſt Kate!—

[6] —*and a ſwearing* Jack,] See p. 282, n. 4. MALONE.

[7] —*a ſecond* Griſſel;] There is a play entered at Stationers' Hall, May 28, 1599, called "The plaie of *Patient Griſſel.*" Bocaccio was the inventor of the ſtory, and Chaucer copied it in his *Clerke of Oxenforde's Tale.* STEEVENS.

She

She hung about my neck; and kiſs on kiſs
She vy'd ſo faſt [8], proteſting oath on oath,
That in a twink ſhe won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to ſee [9],
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch [1] can make the curſteſt ſhrew.—
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainſt the wedding-day:—
Provide the feaſt, father, and bid the gueſts;
I will be ſure, my Catharine ſhall be fine.

*Bap.* I know not what to ſay: but give me your hands;
God ſend you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

*Gre. Tra.* Amen, ſay we; we will be witneſſes.

*Pet.* Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice, ſunday comes apace:—
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiſs me, Kate, we will be married o'ſunday.

[*Exeunt* PET. *and* CATH. *ſeverally.*

*Gre.* Was ever match clap'd up ſo ſuddenly?

*Bap.* 'Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a deſperate mart.

*Tra.* 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you gain, or periſh on the ſeas.

*Bap.* The gain I ſeek is—quiet in the match *.

8 —— *kiſs on kiſs*

*She* vy'd *ſo faſt*,—] *Vie* and *revye* were terms at cards, now ſuperſeded by the more modern word, *brag*. The words were frequently uſed in a ſenſe ſomewhat remote from their original one. In the famous trial of the ſeven biſhops, the chief juſtice ſays, "We muſt not permit *vying and revying* upon one another." FARMER.

*Vie* and *Revie* were terms at *Primero*, the faſhionable game in our author's time. See Florio's *Second Frutes*, quarto, 1591: S. "Let us play at Primero then. A. What ſhall we play for? S. One ſhilling ſtake and three reſt.—I *vye* it; will you hould it? A. Yea, ſir, I hould it, and *revye* it".

*To out-vie* Howel explains in his Dictionary, 1660, thus: "Faire peur ou intimider avec un vray ou feint *envy*, et faire quitter le jeu a la partie contraire." MALONE.

9 — *'tis a world to* ſee,] i. e. It is wonderful to *ſee*. This expreſſion is often met with in old hiſtorians, as well as dramatick writers. STEEVENS.

1 — *a* meacock *wretch*—] i. e. a timorous daſtardly creature. STEEVENS.

* — in *the match*.] Old copy—*me* the match. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

*Gre.*

*Gre.* No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptiſta, to your younger daughter;—
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was ſuitor firſt.
*Tra.* And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witneſs, or your thoughts can gueſs.
*Gre.* Youngling! thou canſt not love ſo dear as I.
*Tra.* Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.
*Gre.* But thine doth fry [2].
Skipper, ſtand back; 'tis age, that nouriſheth.
*Tra.* But youth, in ladies' eyes that flouriſheth.
*Bap.* Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this ſtrife:
'Tis deeds, muſt win the prize; and he, of both,
That can aſſure my daughter greateſt dower,
Shall have my Bianca's love—.
Say, ſignior Gremio, what can you aſſure her?
*Gre.* Firſt, as you know, my houſe within the city
Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold;
Baſons, and ewers [3], to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapeſtry:
In ivory coffers I have ſtuff'd my crowns;
In cypreſs cheſts my arras, counterpoints [4],



[2] *But thine doth fry.*] Old Gremio's notions are confirmed by *Shadwell:*

"*The fire of love in youthful blood,*
"*Like what is kindled in bruſh-wood,*
"*But for a moment burns:—*
"*But when crept into aged veins,*
"*It ſlowly burns, and long remains;*
"*It glows, and with a ſullen heat,*
"*Like fire in logs, it burns, and warms us long;*
"*And though the flame be not ſo great,*
"*Yet is the heat as ſtrong.*" JOHNSON.

[3] *Baſons and ewers,*—] A *baſon* and *ewer* ſeem to have been furniture of which much account was made in our author's time. They were uſually of ſilver; and probably the faſhion of theſe articles was more particularly attended to, becauſe they were regularly exhibited to the gueſts before and after dinner, it being the cuſtom to waſh the hands at both thoſe times. See p. 313, n. 3. MALONE.

[4] — counterpoints,] Theſe coverings for beds are at preſent called *counterpanes*; but either mode of ſpelling is proper.

*Counterpoint* is the monkiſh term for a particular ſpecies of muſick, in which notes of equal duration, but of different harmony, are ſet in oppoſition

Coſtly apparel, tents, and canopies [5],
Fine linen, Turky cuſhions boſs'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter [6] and braſs, and all things that belong
To houſe, or houſe-keeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixſcore fat oxen ſtanding in my ſtalls,
And all things anſwerable to this portion.
Myſelf am ſtruck in years, I muſt confeſs;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilſt I live, ſhe will be only mine.

*Tra.* That, only, came well in—Sir, liſt to me;
I am my father's heir, and only ſon:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houſes three or four as good,
Within rich Piſa walls, as any one
Old ſignior Gremio has in Padua;
Beſides two thouſand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which ſhall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, ſignior Gremio?

poſition to each other. In like manner *counterpanes* were anciently compoſed of patch-work, and ſo contrived that every *pane* or partition in them, was contraſted with one of a different colour, though of the ſame dimenſions. STEEVENS.

Counterpoints were in ancient times extremely coſtly. In Wat Tyler's rebellion, Stowe informs us, when the inſurgents broke into the wardrobe, in the Savoy, they deſtroyed a coverlet, worth a thouſand marks. MALONE.

5 — tents *and canopies*,] I ſuppoſe by *tents* old Gremio means work of that kind which the ladies call *tent ſtitch*. He would hardly enumerate *tents* (in their common acceptation) among his domeſtick riches. STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect, the furniture of ſome kind of bed, in the form of a pavilion, was known by this name in our author's time. The word, however, may have been uſed in its common acceptation. In Holinſhed, p. 819, we are told, "the king himſelf had a houſe of timber, and for his other lodgings he had great and goodly tents of *blew-water work*, garniſhed with yellow and white. Perhaps, as our author was a reader of Holinſhed, this circumſtance might have adhered to his memory. MALONE.

6 Pewter—] We may ſuppoſe that *pewter* was, even in the time of queen Elizabeth, too coſtly to be uſed in common. It appears from "The regulations and eſtabliſhment of the houſehold of Henry Algernon Percy, the fifth earl of Northumberland, &c." that veſſels of *pewter* were hired by the year. This *houſehold-book* was begun in the year 1512. See Holinſhed's Deſcription of England, p. 188, and 189. STEEVENS.

Gre-

*Gre.* Two thouſand ducats by the year, of land!
My land amounts not to ſo much in all:
That ſhe ſhall have; beſides an argoſy [7],
That now is lying in Marſeilles' road:—
What, have I chok'd you with an argoſy?

*Tra.* Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no leſs
Than three great argoſies; beſides two galliaſſes [8],
And twelve tight gallies: theſe I will aſſure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'ſt next.

*Gre.* Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And ſhe can have no more than all I have;—
If you like me, ſhe ſhall have me and mine.

*Tra.* Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promiſe; Gremio is out-vied [9].

*Bap.* I muſt confeſs, your offer is the beſt;
And, let your father make her the aſſurance,
She is your own; elſe, you muſt pardon me:
If you ſhould die before him, where's her dower?

*Tra.* That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

*Gre.* And may not young men die, as well as old?

*Bap.* Well, gentlemen,
I am thus reſolv'd:—On ſunday next, you know,
My daughter Catharine is to be marry'd:
Now, on the ſunday following, ſhall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this aſſurance;
If not, to ſignior Gremio:
And ſo I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

*Gre.* Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not;
Sirrah, young gameſter [1], your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waining age,
Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!
An old italian fox is not ſo kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

7 *That ſhe ſhall have; beſides an argoſy,*—] She ſhall have that, whatever be its value, and an argoſy over and above. HEATH.

8 —*two* galliaſſes,] A *galeas* or *galliaſs*, is a heavy low-built veſſel of burthen, with both ſails and oars, partaking at once of the nature of a ſhip and a galley. STEEVENS.

9 —*out-vied.*] See p. 288, n. 8. MALONE.

1 *Sirrah, young* gameſter,—] Perhaps alluding to the pretended Lucentio's having before talk'd of *out-vying* him. See the laſt note. MALONE.

*Tra.* A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide;
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten[2].
'Tis in my head to do my maſter good:—
I ſee no reaſon, but ſuppos'd Lucentio
Muſt get a father, call'd—ſuppos'd Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this caſe of wooing,
A child ſhall get a ſire, if I fail not of my cunning[3].
[*Exit.*

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# ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Room in* Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

*Enter* LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, *and* BIANCA.

*Luc.* Fidler, forbear; you grow too forward, ſir:
Have you ſo ſoon forgot the entertainment
Her ſiſter Catharine welcom'd you withal?
*Hor.* But, wrangling pedant, this is*
The patroneſs of heavenly harmony:

2 — *with a* card of ten.] i. e. with a very high card. The phraſe ſeems to have been applied to thoſe perſons who gained their ends by impudence, and bold confident aſſertion. MALONE.

So, Skelton:

"Fyrſte pycke a quarrel, and fall out with him then,
"And ſo outface him with a *card of ten*." WARBURTON.

3 — *if I fail not of my* cunning.] As this is the concluſion of an act, I ſuſpect that the poet deſign'd a rhyming couplet. Inſtead of *cunning* we might read—*doing*, which is often uſed by Shakſpeare in the ſenſe here wanted, and agrees perfectly well with the beginning of the line—"a child ſhall *get* a ſire." STEEVENS.

* — *this is*] Probably our author wrote—this *lady* is, which completes the metre, *wrangling* being uſed as a triſyllable. MALONE.

The

Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in muſick we have ſpent an hour,
Your lecture ſhall have leiſure for as much.

*Luc.* Prepoſterous aſs! that never read ſo far
To know the cauſe why muſick was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refreſh the mind of man,
After his ſtudies, or his uſual pain?
Then give me leave to read philoſophy,
And, while I pauſe, ſerve in your harmony.

*Hor.* Sirrah, I will not bear theſe braves of thine.

*Bian.* Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To ſtrive for that which reſteth in my choice:
I am no breeching ſcholar [4] in the ſchools;
I'll not be ty'd to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my leſſons as I pleaſe myſelf.
And, to cut off all ſtrife, here ſit we down:—
Take you your inſtrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

*Hor.* You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune?
[*to* Bianca. Hor. *retires.*

*Luc.* That will be never;—tune your inſtrument.

*Bian.* Where left we laſt?

*Luc.* Here, madam:—

*Hic ibat Simois; hic eſt Sigeia tellus;*
*Hic ſteterat Priami regia celſa ſenis.*

*Bian.* Conſtrue them.

*Luc. Hic ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic eſt*, ſon unto Vincentio of Piſa,—*Sigeia tellus*, diſguiſed thus to get your love;—*Hic ſteterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celſa ſenis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon [5].

*Hor.* Madam, my inſtrument's in tune. [*returning.*

*Bian.* Let's hear:— [Hor. *plays.*
O fie! the treble jars.

*Luc.* Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

*Bian.* Now let me ſee if I can conſtrue it: *Hic ibat Simois*, I know you not;—*hic eſt Sigeia tellus*, I truſt you not;—

[4] — *no* breeching *ſcholar*—] i. e. no ſchool-boy liable to corporal correction. So, in *K. Edward II.* by Marlowe, 1598:
"Whoſe looks were as a *breeching* to a boy." STEEVENS.

[5] — *pantaloon.*] The old cully in Italian farces. JOHNSON.

*Hic*

*Hic ſteterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not;—*regia*, preſume not;—*celſa ſenis*, deſpair not.

*Hor.* Madam, 'tis now in tune.

*Luc.* All but the baſe.

*Hor.* The baſe is right; 'tis the baſe knave that jars.
How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
*Pedaſcule* [6], I'll watch you better yet.

*Bian.* In time I may believe, yet I miſtruſt [7].

*Luc.* Miſtruſt it not; for, ſure, Æacides [8]
Was Ajax,—call'd ſo from his grandfather.

*Bian.* I muſt believe my maſter; elſe, I promiſe you,
I ſhould be arguing ſtill upon that doubt:
But let it reſt.—Now, Licio, to you:—
Good maſters [9], take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleaſant with you both.

*Hor.* You may go walk, [*to* Luc.] and give me leave awhile;
My leſſons make no muſick in three parts.

*Luc.* Are you ſo formal, ſir? well, I muſt wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd [1],
Our fine muſician groweth amorous. [*aſide.*

*Hor.* Madam, before you touch the inſtrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I muſt begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer ſort,
More pleaſant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

6 *Pedaſcule*,] He would have ſaid *Didaſcole*, but thinking this too honourable, he coins the word *Pedaſcule*, in imitation of it, from *pedant*. WARBURTON.

I believe it is no coinage of Shakſpeare's. It is more probable that *it lay in his way, and he found it.* STEEVENS.

7 *In time I may believe, yet I miſtruſt.*] This and the ſeven verſes that follow have in all the editions been ſtupidly ſhuffled and miſplaced to wrong ſpeakers; ſo that every word ſaid was glaringly out of character. THEOBALD.

8 — *for, ſure, Æacides*, &c.] This is only ſaid to deceive Hortenſio, who is ſuppoſed to liſten. STEEVENS.

9 *Good* maſters,] Old copy—*maſter*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

1 — but *I be deceiv'd*,] *But* has here the ſignification of *unleſs*. MALONE.

*Bian.*

*Bian.* Why, I am paſt my gamut long ago.
*Hor.* Yet read the gamut of Hortenſio.
Bian. Gamut, *I am, the ground of all accord,* [reads.
A re, *to plead Hortenſio's paſſion;*
B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*
C faut, *that loves with all affection:*
D ſol re, *one cliff, two notes have I;*
E la mi, *ſhow pity, or I die.*
Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old faſhions pleaſe me beſt; I am not ſo nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions [2].

*Enter a* Servant.

*Serv.* Miſtreſs, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dreſs your ſiſter's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.
*Bian.* Farewel, ſweet maſters, both; I muſt begone.
[*Exeunt* Bian. *and* Serv.
*Luc.* 'Faith, miſtreſs, then I have no cauſe to ſtay. [*Exit.*
*Hor.* But I have cauſe to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be ſo humble,
To caſt thy wand'ring eyes on every ſtale,
Seize thee, that liſt: If once I find thee ranging,
Hortenſio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

[2] *To change true rules for* odd *inventions.*] The old copy reads—To *charge* true rules for *eld* inventions: The former emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio; the latter by Mr. Theobald.—*Old*, however, may be right. I believe, an oppoſition was intended. As *change* was corrupted into *charge*, why might not *true* have been put inſtead of *new*? Perhaps the author wrote

To change *new* rules for old inventions.

i. e. to accept of new rules in exchange for old inventions. MALONE.

SCENE

## SCENE II.

*The ſame. Before* Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

*Enter* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, CATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

*Bap.* Signior Lucentio, [*to* Tra.] this is the 'pointed day
That Catharine and Petruchio ſhould be marry'd,
And yet we hear not of our ſon-in-law:
What will be ſaid? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the prieſt attends
To ſpeak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What ſays Lucentio to this ſhame of ours?

*Cath.* No ſhame but mine: I muſt, forſooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd againſt my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudeſby, full of ſpleen [3];
Who woo'd in haſte, and means to wed at leiſure.
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jeſts in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thouſand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite them, and proclaim the banns [4];
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now muſt the world point at poor Catharine,
And ſay,—*Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*
*If it would pleaſe him come and marry her.*

3 — *full of ſpleen*;] That is, full of humour, caprice, and inconſtancy. JOHNSON.

4 *Make friends, invite* them, *and proclaim the banns*;] *Them* is not in the old copy. For this emendation the preſent editor is anſwerable. The editor of the ſecond folio, to ſupply the defect in the metre, reads, with leſs probability in my opinion,

Make friends, invite, *yes*, and proclaim, &c. MALONE.

*Tra.*

*Tra.* Patience, good Catharine, and Baptiſta too;
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune ſtays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him paſſing wiſe;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honeſt.

*Cath.* 'Would, Catharine had never ſeen him though!
[*Exit, weeping, followed by* Bianca *and others.*

*Bap.* Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For ſuch an injury would vex a very ſaint,
Much more a ſhrew of thy impatient humour[5].

*Enter* BIONDELLO.

*Bion.* Maſter, maſter! news, old news[6], and ſuch news as you never heard of!

*Bap.* Is it new and old too? how may that be?

*Bion.* Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

*Bap.* Is he come?

*Bion.* Why, no, ſir.

*Bap.* What then?

*Bion.* He is coming.

*Bap.* When will he be here?

*Bion.* When he ſtands where I am, and ſees you there.

*Tra.* But ſay, what:—To thine old news.

*Bion.* Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-caſes, one buckled, another laced; an old ruſty ſword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleſs, with two broken points[7]: His



[5] —*of* thy *impatient humour.*] *Thy*, which is not in the old copy, was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[6] —*old news.*] Theſe words have been added by ſome of the editors, and neceſſarily, for the reply of Baptiſta ſuppoſes them to have been already ſpoken.—*Old laughing,—old utis*, &c are expreſſions of that time merely hyperbolical, and have been more than once uſed by Shakſpeare. See a note on *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

They were added by Mr Rowe. MALONE.

[7] *pair of boots—one buckled, another laced; an old ruſty ſword ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleſs, with two broken points:*] How a ſword ſhould have *two broken points*, I cannot tell.

horſe hip'd with an old mothy ſaddle, and ſtirrups of no kindred: beſides, poſſeſs'd with the glanders, and like to moſe in the chine; troubled with the lampaſs, infected with the faſhions, full of windgalls, ſped with ſpavins, raied with the yellows, paſt cure of the fives [8], ſtark ſpoil'd with the ſtaggers, begnawn with the bots; ſway'd in the back [9], and ſhoulder-ſhotten; ne'er legg'd before [1], and with a half-check'd bit, and a headſtall of ſheep's leather; which, being reſtrain'd to keep him from ſtumbling, hath been often burſt, and now repair'd with knots: one girt ſix times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure [2], which hath two letters for her name, fairly ſet down in ſtuds, and here and there pieced with packthread.

*Bap.* Who comes with him?

*Bion.* O, ſir, his lacquey, for all the world capariſon'd like the horſe; with a linen ſtock [3] on one leg, and a kerſey

tell. There is, I think, a tranſpoſition cauſed by the ſeeming relation of *point* to *ſword*. I read, *a pair of boots, one buckled, another laced* with two broken points; *an old ruſty ſword—with a broken hilt, and chapeleſs*. JOHNSON.

I ſuſpect that ſeveral words giving an account of Petruchio's *belt* are wanting. The belt was then broad and rich, and worn on the outſide of the clothes. *Two broken points* might therefore have concluded the deſcription of its oſtentatious meanneſs. STEEVENS.

The broken *points* might be the two broken tags to the laces. TOLLET.

— *that have been candle-caſes,*] That is, I ſuppoſe, boots long left off, and after having been converted into caſes to hold the ends of candles, returning to their firſt office. STEEVENS.

8 — *infected with the* faſhions,—*paſt cure of the* fives,] *Faſhions.* So called in the Weſt of England, but by the beſt writers on farriery, *farcins*, or *farcy*.—*Fives.* So called in the Weſt; *vives* elſewhere, and *avives* by the French; a diſtemper in horſes, little differing from the ſtrangles. GREY.

Shakſpeare is not the only writer who uſes *faſhions* for *farcy*. See Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600, and the *New Ordinary* by Brome. STEEVENS.

9 — ſway'd *in the back*,] The old copy has—*waid*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

1 — ne'er *legg'd before*,] i. e. founder'd in his ſore feet; having, as the jockies term it, *never a fore leg* to ſtand on. The ſubſequent words—"which, being reſtrain'd, to keep him from *ſtumbling*"—ſeem to countenance this interpretation. The modern editors read—*ne'er legg'd* before; but to go near before is not reckoned a defect, but a perfection, in a horſe. MALONE.

2 — *a crupper of* velure,] *Velure* is velvet. *Velours*, Fr. STEEVENS.

3 — *ſtock*—] i. e. ſtocking. STEEVENS.

boot-hoſe

boot-hoſe on the other, garter'd with a red and blue liſt; an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prick'd in't for a feather[4]: a monſter, a very monſter in apparel; and not like a chriſtian foot-boy, or a gentleman's lacquey.

*Tra.* 'Tis ſome odd humour pricks him to this faſhion;—
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

*Bap.* I am glad he is come, howſoe'er he comes.

*Bion.* Why, ſir, he comes not.

*Bap.* Didſt thou not ſay, he comes?

*Bion.* Who? that Petruchio came?

*Bap.* Ay, that Petruchio came.

*Bion.* No, ſir; I ſay, his horſe comes with him on his back.

*Bap.* Why, that's all one.

*Bion.* Nay, by ſaint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horſe and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

4 — *an old hat, and* the humour of forty fancies *prick'd in't for a feather:*] This was ſome ballad or drollery of that time, which the poet here ridicules, by making Petruchio prick it up in his foot-boy's old hat for a feather. His ſpeakers are perpetually quoting ſcraps and ſtanzas of old ballads, and often very obſcurely; for, ſo well are they adapted to the occaſion, that they ſeem of a piece with the reſt. In Shakſpeare's time, the kingdom was over-run with theſe doggrel compoſitions.

WARBURTON.

I have ſome doubts concerning this interpretation. A *fancy* appears to have been ſome ornament worn formerly in the hat. So Peacham, in his *Worth of a Penny*, deſcribing "an indigent and diſcontented ſoldat," ſays, "he walks with his arms folded, his belt without a ſword or rapier, that perhaps being ſomewhere in trouble; a *hat* without a band, hanging over his eyes; only it wears a weather-beaten *fancy* for faſhion-ſake." This lacquey therefore did not wear a common *fancy* in his hat, but ſome fantaſtical ornament, comprizing the humour of forty different fancies. Such, I believe, is the meaning. A couplet in one of Sir John Davis's Epigrams, 1598, may alſo add ſupport to my interpretation:

"Nor for thy love will I once gnaſh a bricke,
"Or ſome *pied colours* in my bonnet *ſticke*."

A *fancy*, however, meant alſo a love-ſong or ſonnet, or other poem. So, in *Sapho and Phao*, 1591: "I muſt now fall from love to labour, and endeavour with mine oar to get a fare, not with my pen to write a *fancy*." If the word was uſed here in this ſenſe, the meaning is, that the lacquey had ſtuck forty ballads together, and made ſomething like a feather out of them. MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter* PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

*Pet.* Come, where be theſe gallants? who is at home?
*Bap.* You are welcome, ſir.
*Pet.* And yet I come not well.
*Bap.* And yet you halt not.
*Tra.* Not ſo well apparell'd
As I wiſh you were.
*Pet.* Were it better, I ſhould ruſh in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
As if they ſaw ſome wond'rous monument,
Some comet, or unuſual prodigy?
*Bap.* Why, ſir, you know, this is your wedding-day:
Firſt were we ſad, fearing you would not come;
Now ſadder, that you come ſo unprovided.
Fye! doff this habit, ſhame to your eſtate,
An eye-ſore to our ſolemn feſtival.
*Tra.* And tell us, what occaſion of import
Hath all ſo long detain'd you from your wife,
And ſent you hither ſo unlike yourſelf?
*Pet.* Tedious it were to tell, and harſh to hear;
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in ſome part enforced to digreſs [5];
Which, at more leiſure, I will ſo excuſe
As you ſhall well be ſatisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I ſtay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.
*Tra.* See not your bride in theſe unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.
*Pet.* Not I, believe me, thus I'll viſit her.
*Bap.* But thus, I truſt, you will not marry her.
*Pet.* Good ſooth, even thus; therefore have done with words;
To me ſhe's marry'd, not unto my cloaths:

5 — *to digreſs*;] to deviate from any promiſe. JOHNSON.

Could

Could I repair what ſhe will wear in me,
As I can change theſe poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myſelf.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I ſhould bid good morrow to my bride,
And ſeal the title with a lovely kiſs?

[*Exeunt* PET. GRU. *and* BION.

*Tra.* He hath ſome meaning in his mad attire:
We will perſuade him, be it poſſible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

*Bap.* I'll after him, and ſee the event of this. [*Exit.*

*Tra.* But, ſir, to her love [6] concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: Which to bring to paſs,
As I before imparted [7] to your worſhip,
I am to get a man—whate'er he be,
It ſkills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he ſhall be Vincentio of Piſa;
And make aſſurance, here in Padua,
Of greater ſums than I have promiſed.
So ſhall you quietly enjoy your hope.
And marry ſweet Bianca with conſent.

*Luc.* Were it not that my fellow ſchool-maſter
Doth watch Bianca's ſteps ſo narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to ſteal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world ſay—no,
I'll keep mine own, deſpight of all the world.

[6] *But, ſir,* to her *love*—] The words *to her*, which are wanting in the old copy, have been inſerted on the ſuggeſtion of Mr. Tyrwhitt. The nominative caſe to the verb *concerneth* is here underſtood. A ſimilar licence may be found in *As you like it.*

Again, in *Coriolanus:*

"*Remains* that in the official marks inveſted,
"You anon do meet the ſenate."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"The beauty that is borne here in the face
"The bearer knows not, but *commends* itſelf
"To others' eyes." MALONE.

We muſt ſuppoſe, that Lucentio had before informed Tranio in private of his having obtained Bianca's love; and Tranio here reſumes the converſation, by obſerving, that *to her love* it concerns them to add *her father's conſent*; and then goes on to propoſe a ſcheme for obtaining the latter. TYRWHITT.

[7] *As I before imparted*—] *I*, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio; but with his uſual inaccuracy was inſerted in the wrong place. MALONE.

*Tra.*

*Tra.* That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this buſineſs:
We'll over reach the grey-beard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola;
The quaint muſician, amorous Licio;
All for my maſter's ſake, Lucentio.—

*Re-enter* GREMIO.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?
*Gre* As willingly as e'er I came from ſchool[8].
*Tra.* And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?
*Gre.* A bridegroom, ſay you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl ſhall find.
*Tra.* Curſter than ſhe? why, 'tis impoſſible.
*Gre.* Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
*Tra.* Why, ſhe's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
*Gre.* Tut! ſhe's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, ſir Lucentio; When the prieſt
Should aſk—if Catharine ſhould be his wife,
*Ay, by gogs-wouns*, quoth he; and ſwore ſo loud,
That, all amaz'd, the prieſt let fall the book:
And, as he ſtoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him ſuch a cuff,
That down fell prieſt and book, and book and prieſt;
*Now take them up*, quoth he, *if any liſt.*
*Tra.* What ſaid the wench, when he roſe again?
*Gre.* Trembled and ſhook; for why, he ſtamp'd, and ſwore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him,
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:
*A health*, quoth he; as if he had been aboard,
Carouſing to his mates after a ſtorm:
Quaff'd off the muſcadel[9], and threw the ſops
All in the ſexton's face; having no other reaſon,—
But

8 *As willingly* &c.] This is a proverbial ſaying. See Ray's *Collection.* STEEVENS.

9 *Quaff'd off the muſcadel,*] It appears from this paſſage, and the following one in *the Hiſtory of the two Maids of Moreclacke*, a comedy by

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And ſeem'd to aſk him ſops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck;
And kiſs'd her lips with ſuch a clamorous ſmack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo *.
I, ſeeing this [1], came thence for very ſhame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before:
Hark, hark! I hear the minſtrels play. [*Muſick.*

by Robert Armin, 1609, that it was the cuſtom to drink wine immediately after the marriage ceremony Armin's play begins thus:
*Enter a Maid ſtrewing flowers, and a ſerving-man perfuming the door.*
" *Maid.* Strew, ſtrew.
" *Man.* The *muſcadine* ſtays for the bride at church.
" The prieſt and Hymen's ceremonies 'tend
" To make them man and wife"
There was likewiſe a flower [*Sops in Wine*] that borrowed its name from this ceremony. STEEVENS.

The faſhion of introducing a bowl of wine into the church at a wedding, to be drank by the bride and bridegroom and perſons preſent, was very anciently a conſtant ceremony; and, as appears from this paſſage, not aboliſhed in our author's age. We find it practiſed at the magnificent marriage of queen Mary and Philip, in Wincheſter cathedral, 1554. "The trumpets ſounded, and they both returned to their traverſes in the quire, and there remayned untill maſſe was done: at which tyme, wyne and *ſopes* were hallowed and delyvered to them both. COLLECT. Append. Vol. IV. p. 400, edit. 1770. T. WARTON.

This cuſtom is of very high antiquity; for it ſubſiſted among our Gothick anceſtors.—"*Ingreſſus domum convivalem ſponſus cum pronubo ſuo, ſumpto poculo, quod maritale vocant, ac paucis a pronubo de mutato vitæ genere prefatis, in ſignum conſtantiæ, virtutis, defenſionis et tutelæ*, propinat *ſponſæ*, & *ſimul morgenaticam* [dotalitium *ob virginitatem*] *promittit, quod ipſa grato animo recolens, pari ratione & modo, paulo poſt mutato in uxorium habitum operculo capitis, ingreſſa*, poculum, *uti noſtrates vocant*, uxorium leviter deliban*s*, *amorem, fidem, diligentiam, & ſubjectionem promittit.*" Stiernhook *de Jure Sueonum & Gothorum veteſto*, p. 163, quarto, 1672. MALONE.

* —— *he took his bride about the neck;*
*And kiſs'd her lips with ſuch a clamorous ſmack,*
*That, at the parting, all the church did echo.*] This alſo is a very ancient cuſtom, as appears from the following rubrick, with which I was furniſhed by the late Reverend Mr. Bowle. "Surgant ambo, ſponſus et ſponſa, et accipiat ſponſus pacem a ſacerdote, et ferat ſponſe, *oſculans eam*, et neminem alium, nec ipſe, nec ipſa." *Manuale Sarum*, Paris, 1533, 4to. fol. 69. MALONE.

[1] I, *ſeeing this*,—] The old copy has—*And* I ſeeing—. *And* was probably caught from the beginning of the next line. The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter* PETRUCHIO, CATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, *and Train.*

*Pet.* Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great ſtore of wedding cheer;
But ſo it is, my haſte doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.
*Bap.* Is't poſſible, you will away to-night?
*Pet.* I muſt away to-day, before night come:—
Make it no wonder; if you knew my buſineſs,
You would entreat me rather go than ſtay.
And, honeſt company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myſelf
To this moſt patient, ſweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I muſt hence, and farewel to you all.
*Tra.* Let us intreat you ſtay till after dinner.
*Pet.* It may not be.
*Gre.* Let me entreat you.
*Pet.* It cannot be.
*Cath.* Let me entreat you.
*Pet.* I am content.
*Cath.* Are you content to ſtay?
*Pet.* I am content you ſhall entreat me ſtay;
But yet not ſtay, entreat me how you can.
*Cath.* Now, if you love me, ſtay.
*Pet.* Grumio, my horſe.
*Gru.* Ay, ſir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horſes [2].

*Cath.*

[2] — *the oats have eaten the horſes.*] There is ſtill a ludicrous expreſſion, when horſes have ſtaid ſo long in a place as to have eaten more than they are worth,—viz. that *their heads are too big for the ſtable door.* I ſuppoſe Grumio has ſome ſuch meaning, though it is more openly expreſs'd, as follows, in the original play:

" *Feran.* Tut, *Kate*, I tel thee we muſt needes go home:
" Vilaine, haſt thou ſaddled my horſe?
" *San.* Which horſe? your curtall?
" *Feran.* Souns, you ſlave, ſtand you prating here?
" Saddle the bay gelding for your miſtris.
" *Kate.* Not for me, for I will not go.

" *San.*

*Cath.* Nay, then,
Do what thou canſt, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till [3] I pleaſe myſelf.
The door is open, ſir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging, whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone, till I pleaſe myſelf:—
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly ſurly groom,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.
*Pet.* O, Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.
*Cath.* I will be angry; What haſt thou to do?
Father, be quiet; he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.
*Gre.* Ay, marry, ſir: now it begins to work.
*Cath.* Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—
I ſee, a woman may be made a fool,
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt.
*Pet.* They ſhall go forward, Kate, at thy command:—
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feaſt, revel and domineer,
Carouſe full meaſure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourſelves;
But for my bonny Kate, ſhe muſt with me.
Nay, look not big, nor ſtamp, nor ſtare, nor fret;
I will be maſter of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; ſhe is my houſe,
My houſhold-ſtuff, my field, my barn,
My horſe, my ox, my aſs, my any thing;
And here ſhe ſtands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring mine action on the proudeſt he
That ſtops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beſet with thieves;
Reſcue thy miſtreſs, if thou be a man:—
Fear not, ſweet wench, they ſhall not touch thee, Kate;
I'll buckler thee againſt a million.
[*Exeunt* PET. CATH. *and* GRU.
*Bap.* Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.
*Gre.* Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with laughing.
*Tra.* Of all mad matches, never was the like!
*Luc.* Miſtreſs, what's your opinion of your ſiſter?

"*San. The oſtler will not let me have him: you owe ten pence for his meate, and 6 pence for ſtuffing my miſtris ſaddle.*"
"*Feran.* Here, villaine; goe pay him ſtrait. STEEVENS.

[3] — nor *till*—] Old Copy—*not* till. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

*Bian.* That, being mad herſelf, ſhe's madly mated.
*Gre.* I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.
*Bap.* Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to ſupply the places at the table,
You know, there wants no junkets at the feaſt;—
Lucentio, you ſhall ſupply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her ſiſter's room.
*Tra.* Shall ſweet Bianca practiſe how to bride it?
*Bap.* She ſhall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go.
[*Exeunt.*

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## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Hall in* Petruchio's *Country Houſe.*

*Enter* GRUMIO.

*Gru.* Fye, fye, on all tired jades! on all mad maſters! and all foul ways! Was ever man ſo beaten? was ever man ſo ray'd [4]? was ever man ſo weary? I am ſent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and ſoon hot [5], my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I ſhould come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with blowing the fire, ſhall warm myſelf; for, conſidering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

4 — *ſo* ray'd?] i. e. *beray'd*, made dirty. So Spenſer, B. II. c. 8. ſt. 32: "Ruffled and foully *ray'd* with filthy oil." TOLLET.
So, in *Summer's laſt will and Teſtament*, 1600: "Let there be a few ruſhes laid in the place where Backwinter ſhall tumble, for fear of *raying* his clothes." STEEVENS.
5 — *a little pot, and ſoon hot,*] This is a proverbial expreſſion. STEEVENS.

*Enter*

*Enter* CURTIS.

*Curt.* Who is that, calls ſo loudly?

*Gru.* A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'ſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

*Curt.* Is my maſter and his wife coming, Grumio?

*Gru.* Oh, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; caſt on no water [6].

*Curt.* Is ſhe ſo hot a ſhrew as ſhe's reported?

*Gru.* She was, good Curtis, before this froſt: but, thou know'ſt, winter tames man, woman, and beaſt; for it hath tam'd my old maſter, and my new miſtreſs, and myſelf, fellow Curtis [7].

[6] — *fire, fire; caſt on no water.*] There is an old popular catch of three parts, in theſe words:

" Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth.

" Fire, fire;——Fire, fire;

" Caſt on ſome more water." BLACKSTONE.

[7] — *winter tames man*, &c.] " *Winter*," ſays Grumio, " tames *man, woman, and beaſt:* for it has tamed my old maſter, my new miſtreſs, and *myſelf*, fellow *Curtis*.—Away, you three-inch'd fool," replies *Curtis*, " *I am no beaſt.*" Why, aſks Dr. Warburton, had Grumio call'd him one? He alters therefore *myſelf to thyſelf*, and all the editors follow him. But there is no neceſſity; if Grumio calls *himſelf a beaſt*, and *Curtis, fellow*, ſurely he calls *Curtis a beaſt* likewiſe. Malvolio takes this ſenſe of the word: " let this *fellow* be look'd to!—*Fellow!* not *Malvolio*, after my degree, but *fellow!*" In Ben Jonſon's *Caſe is Altered*, " What ſays my *fellow Onion?*" quoth *Chriſtophero.*—" All of a houſe," replies *Onion*, " but not *fellows.*"

In the old play, call'd *The Return from Parnaſſus*, we have a curious paſſage, which ſhews the opinion of contemporaries concerning the *learning* of Shakſpeare; this uſe of the word *fellow* brings it to my remembrance. Burbage and Kempe are introduced to teach the univerſity-men the art of acting, and are repreſented (particularly Kempe,) as *learden ſpouts,—very illiterate.* " Few of the univerſity, ſays Kempe, pen plays well; *they* ſmell too much of that writer, *Ovid*, and that writer *Metamorphoſis:*—why, here's our *Fellow Shakſpeare* puts them all down." FARMER.

The ſentence delivered by Grumio is proverbial:

" Wedding, and ill-wintering, tame both man and beaſt."

See Ray's *Collection.*" STEEVENS.

*Curt.*

*Curt.* Away, you three-inch fool[8]! I am no beaſt.

*Gru.* Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot[9]; and ſo long am I, at the leaſt. But wilt thou make a fire, or ſhall I complain on thee to our miſtreſs, whoſe hand (ſhe being now at hand) thou ſhalt ſoon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being ſlow in thy hot office.

*Curt.* I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

*Gru.* A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my maſter and miſtreſs are almoſt frozen to death.

*Curt.* There's fire ready; And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

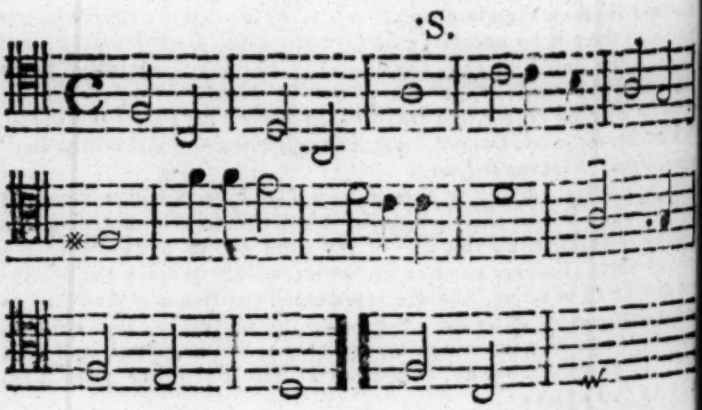
*Gru.* Why, *Jack boy! ho boy*[1]! and as much news as thou wilt[2].

[8] *Away, you* three inch *fool!*] This contemptuous expreſſion alludes to Grumio's diminutive ſize. He has already mentioned it himſelf:—"Now were not I a *little pot*—" His anſwer likewiſe, "—and ſo *long* am I at the leaſt,"—ſhews that this is the meaning, and that Dr. Warburton was miſtaken in ſuppoſing that theſe words allude to the *thickneſs* of Grumio's *ſkull*. MALONE.

9 *Why*, thy horn *is a foot*;] The meaning is, that he had made Curtis a cuckold. WARBURTON.

[1] *Jack boy! ho boy!*] is the beginning of an old round in three parts.

Jack boy! ho boy!




SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

[2] — *as* thou wilt.] Old Copy—*wilt thou*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

*Curt.*

*Curt.* Come, you are ſo full of conycatching:—

*Gru.* Why therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is ſupper ready, the houſe trimm'd, ruſhes ſtrew'd, cobwebs ſwept; the ſerving-men their new fuſtian, their white ſtockings [3], and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without [4], the carpets laid [5], and every thing in order?

*Curt.* All ready; And therefore, I pray thee, news [6]?

*Gru.* Firſt, know, my horſe is tired; my maſter and miſtreſs fallen out.

*Curt.* How?

*Gru.* Out of their ſaddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

*Curt.* Let's ha't, good Grumio.

*Gru.* Lend thine ear.

*Curt.* Here.

*Gru.* There. [*ſtriking him.*

*Curt.* This is [7] to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

*Gru.* And therefore 'tis called, a ſenſible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beſeech liſt'ning. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my maſter riding behind my miſtreſs:—

*Curt.* Both of one horſe?

*Gru.* What's that to thee?

*Curt.* Why, a horſe.

*Gru.* Tell thou the tale:—But hadſt thou not croſs'd me, thou ſhould'ſt have heard how her horſe fell, and ſhe under

3 — their *white ſtockings*,—] The old copy reads—*the white*—. Corrected by the editor of third folio. MALONE.

4 *Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without?*] i. e. Are the drinking veſſels clean, and the maid ſervants dreſs'd? WARBURTON.

I believe the poet meant to play upon the words *Jack* and *Jill*, which ſignify *two drinking meaſures*, as well as *men* and *maid ſervants*. The diſtinction made in the queſtions concerning them, was owing to this. The *Jacks* being of leather, could not be made to appear beautiful on the outſide, but were very apt to contract foulneſs within; whereas, the *Jills*, being of metal, were expected to be kept bright externally, and were not liable to dirt on the outſide like the leather. STEEVENS.

5 — *the carpets laid*,] In our author's time it was cuſtomary to cover tables with carpets. Floors, as appears from the preſent paſſage and others, were ſtrewed with ruſhes. MALONE.

6 *I pray* thee, *news?*] I believe the author wrote—I pray, *thy* news. MALONE.

7 *This* is—] Old Copy—This *'tis*—. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

her

her horſe; thou ſhould'ſt have heard, in how miry a place; how ſhe was bemoil'd[8]; how he left her with the horſe upon her; how he beat me becauſe her horſe ſtumbled; how ſhe waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he ſwore; how ſhe pray'd—that never pray'd before[9]; how I cry'd; how the horſes ran away; how her bridle was burſt[1]; how I loſt my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now ſhall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

*Curt.* By this reckoning, he is more ſhrew than ſhe.

*Gru.* Ay; and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joſeph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarſop, and the reſt: let their heads be ſleekly comb'd, their blue coats bruſh'd[2], and their garters of an indifferent knit[3]: let them curt'ſy with their left legs; and not preſume to touch a hair of my maſter's horſe-tail, till they kiſs their hands. Are they all ready?

*Curt.* They are.

*Gru.* Call them forth.

*Curt.* Do you hear, ho? you muſt meet my maſter, to countenance my miſtreſs.

8 — *bemoil'd*;] i. e. be-draggled, bemired. STEEVENS.

9 — *how he ſwore*;

*how ſhe pray'd—that never pray'd before*;] Theſe lines, with little variation, are found in the old copy of *K. Leir*, publiſhed before that of Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

1 — *her bridle* was burſt;] See p. 244, n. 6. MALONE.

2 — *their* blue coats *bruſh'd*.] The dreſs of ſervants at the time. So, in Decker's *Belman's Night Walkes*, ſig. E. 3: "—the other ſet their parts in *blue coates*, as they were *ſerving men*—." REED.

3 — *garters of an indifferent knit*:] What is the ſenſe of this I know not, unleſs it means, that their *garters* ſhould be *fellows*; *indifferent*, or *not different*, one from the other. JOHNSON.

This is rightly explained. So, in *Hamlet*:

"As the *indifferent* children of the earth." STEEVENS.

Perhaps by "garters of an *indifferent* knit" the author meant *particoloured* garters; garters of a *different* knit. In Shakſpeare's time *indifferent* was ſometimes uſed for *different*. Thus Speed (*Hiſt. of Gr. Brit.* p. 770,) deſcribing the French and Engliſh armies at the battle of Agincourt, ſays, "—the face of theſe hoaſts were diverſe and *indifferent*."

That garters of a *different knit* wore formerly worn, appears from TEXNOΓAMIA, *or the Marriages of the Arts*, by Barton Holyday, 1630, where the following ſtage direction occurs. "Phantaſtes in a branched velvet jerkin, red ſilk ſtockings, and *particoloured garters*. MALONE.

*Gru.*

*Gru.* Why, ſhe hath a face of her own.
*Curt.* Who knows not that?
*Gru.* Thou, it ſeems; thou call'ſt for company to countenance her.
*Curt.* I call them forth to credit her.
*Gru.* Why, ſhe comes to borrow nothing of them.

*Enter ſeveral Servants.*

*Nath.* Welcome home, Grumio.
*Phil.* How now, Grumio!
*Joſ.* What, Grumio!
*Nich.* Fellow Grumio!
*Nath.* How now, old lad?
*Gru.* Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my ſpruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?
*Nath.* All things is ready[4]: How near is our maſter?
*Gru.* E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,—Cock's paſſion, ſilence! I hear my maſter.

*Enter* PETRUCHIO *and* CATHARINA[5].

*Pet.* Where be theſe knaves? What, no man at door[6],
To hold my ſtirrup, nor to take my horſe?
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—
*All Serv.* Here, here, ſir, here ſir.
*Pet.* Here, ſir! here, ſir! here, ſir! here, ſir!
You logger-headed and unpoliſh'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the fooliſh knave I ſent before?

[4] *All things* is *ready:*] Though in general it is proper to correct the falſe concords that are found in almoſt every page of the old copy, here it would be improper; becauſe the language ſuits the character.
MALONE.

[5] *Enter Petruchio and Catharina.*] The old *Taming of a Shrew*, already mentioned, furniſhed our author with materials for this ſcene.
MALONE.

[6] — *at* door,] Door is here, and in other places, uſed as a diſſyllable.
MALONE.

*Gru.*

*Gru.* Here, ſir; as fooliſh as I was before.

*Pet.* You peaſant ſwain! you whoreſon malt-horſe drudge!
Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along theſe raſcal knaves with thee?

*Gru.* Nathaniel's coat, ſir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat [6],
And Walter's dagger was not come from ſheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The reſt were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

*Pet.* Go, raſcals, go, and fetch my ſupper in.—
[*Exeunt ſome of the* Servants.

*Where is the life that late I led*—[7] [*ſings.*
Where are thoſe—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—
Soud, ſoud, ſoud, ſoud [8]!

*Re-enter* Servants, *with ſupper.*

Why when, I ſay?—Nay, good ſweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

*It was the friar of orders grey* [9], [*ſings.*
*As he forth walked on his way:*—

Out,

6 — *no* link *to colour Peter's hat,*] A *link* is a torch of pitch. Greene, in his *Mihil Mumchance*, ſays—"This cozenage is uſed likewiſe in ſelling old hats found upon dunghills, inſtead of newe, blackt over with the *ſmoke of an old linke.*" STEEVENS.

7 *Where is the life that late I led*—] A ſcrap of ſome old ballad. Ancient Piſtol elſewhere quotes the ſame line. In an old black letter book, intitled *A gorgious Gallery of gallant inventions* is a ſong *To the tune of* "Where is the life that late I led." ANONYMOUS.

This ballad was peculiarly ſuited to Petruchio's preſent ſituation: for it appears to have been deſcriptive of the ſtate of a lover who had newly reſigned his freedom. In an old collection of Sonnets, entitled *A handefful of pleaſant delites, containing ſundrie new ſonets*, &c. by Clement Robinſon, 1584, is "Dame Beautie's replie to the *lover late at libertie*, and now complaineth himſelfe to be her captive, intituled, *Where is the life that late I led.*

"The life that erſt thou led'ſt, my friend,
"Was pleaſant to thine eyes," &c. MALONE.

8 *Soud, ſoud,* &c.] This, I believe, is a word coined by our poet, to expreſs the noiſe made by a perſon heated and fatigued. MALONE.

9 *It was the friar of orders grey,*] Diſperſed through Shakſpeare's plays are many little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which

Out, out, you rogue [1]! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—
[*ſtrikes him.*
Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what ho!—
Where's my ſpaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my couſin Ferdinand come hither [2]:— [*Exit* Ser.
One, Kate, that you muſt kiſs, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my ſlippers?—Shall I have ſome water?
[*A baſon is preſented to him.*
Come, Kate, and waſh [3], and welcome heartily:—
[*Servant lets the ewer fall.*
You whoreſon villain! will you let it fall? [*ſtrikes him.*
*Cath.* Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

which cannot now be recovered. Many of theſe being of the moſt beautiful and pathetic ſimplicity, Dr. Percy has ſelected ſome of them, and connected them together with a few ſupplemental ſtanzas; a work, which at once ſhews his own poetical abilities, as well as his reſpect to the truly venerable remains of our moſt ancient bards. STEEVENS.

[1] *Out*, out, *you rogue!*] The ſecond word was inſerted by Mr. Pope, to complete the metre. When a word occurs twice in the ſame line, the compoſitor very frequently omits one of them. MALONE.

[2] *And bid my couſin* Ferdinand *come hither:*] This couſin *Ferdinand*, who does not make his perſonal appearance on the ſcene, is mentioned, I ſuppoſe, for no other reaſon than to give Catharine a hint, that he could keep even his own relations in order, and make them obedient as his ſpaniel Troilus. STEEVENS.

[3] *Come, Kate, and* waſh,] It has been already obſerved, that it was the cuſtom in our author's time, (and long before,) to waſh the hands immediately before dinner and ſupper, as well as afterwards. So, in Ives's *Select Papers*, p. 139: "And after that the Queen [Elizabeth, the wife of K. Henry VII.] was returned and *waſhed*, the Archbiſhop ſaid grace." Again, in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591: C. "The meate is coming, let us ſit downe. S. I would waſh firſt—. What ho, bring us ſome water to waſh our hands.—Give me a faire, cleane and white towel" From the ſame dialogue it appears that it was cuſtomary to waſh after meals likewiſe, and that ſetting water on the table was then (as at preſent) peculiar to Great Britain and Ireland. "Bring ſome water (ſays one of the company, when dinner is ended,) to waſh our hands, and ſet the bacin upon the board, *after the Engliſh faſhion*, that all may waſh." That it was the practice to waſh the hands immediately before ſupper, as well as before dinner, is aſcertained by the following paſſage in *The Fountayne of Fame, erected in an Orcharde of amorous adventures*, by Anthony Munday, 1580: "Then was our *ſupper* brought up very orderly, and ſhe brought me *water to waſhe my handes*. And after I had waſhed, I ſat downe, and ſhe alſo; but concerning what good cheere we had, I need not make good report."
MALONE.

*Pet.* A whoreſon, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, ſit down; I know, you have a ſtomach,
Will you give thanks, ſweet Kate; or elſe ſhall I?—
What's this? mutton?

1. *Ser.* Ay.

*Pet.* Who brought it?

1. *Ser.* I.

*Pet.* 'Tis burnt; and ſo is all the meat:
What dogs are theſe?—Where is the raſcal cook?
How durſt you, villains, bring it from the dreſſer,
And ſerve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[*Throws the meat, &c. about the ſtage.*
You heedleſs jolt-heads, and unmanner'd ſlaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you ſtraight.

*Cath.* I pray you, huſband, be not ſo diſquiet;
The meat was well, if you were ſo contented.

*Pet.* I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt, and dry'd away;
And I expreſsly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere, that both of us did faſt,—
Since, of ourſelves, ourſelves are cholerick,—
Than feed it with ſuch over-roaſted fleſh.
Be patient; to-morrow it ſhall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll faſt for company:—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt* PET. CATH. *and* CURTIS.

*Nath.* [*advancing.*] Peter, didſt ever ſee the like?

*Peter.* He kills her in her own humour.

*Re-enter* CURTIS.

*Gru.* Where is he?

*Curt.* In her chamber,
Making a ſermon of continency to her:
And rails, and ſwears, and rates; that ſhe, poor ſoul,
Knows not which way to ſtand, to look, to ſpeak;
And ſits as one new-riſen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter*

*Re-enter* PETRUCHIO.

*Pet.* Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end ſucceſsfully:
My faulcon now is ſharp, and paſſing empty;
And, till ſhe ſtoop, ſhe muſt not be full-gorg'd [4],
For then ſhe never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard [5],
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is,—to watch her [6], as we watch theſe kites,
That bate*, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none ſhall eat;
Laſt night ſhe ſlept not, nor to-night ſhe ſhall not;
As with the meat, ſome undeſerved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolſter,
This way the coverlet, another way the ſheets:—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend [7],
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in concluſion, ſhe ſhall watch all night:
And, if ſhe chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her ſtill awake.

4 —*full gorg'd*, &c.] A hawk too much fed was never tractable. The *lure* was only a thing ſtuff'd like that kind of bird which the hawk was deſigned to purſue. The uſe of the *lure* was to tempt him back after he had flown. STEEVENS.

5 —*to man my* haggard,] A *haggard* is a *wild hawk*; to *man* a hawk is to *tame* her. JOHNSON.

6 *That is*,—*to* watch *her*,] To keep her waking. MALONE.

Thus in the book of *Haukyng*, &c. b. l. commonly called, *The Book of St. Albans*: "And then the ſame night after the teding, *wake* her all night, and on the morrowe all day." Again, in the *Lady Errant*, by Cartwright: "We'll keep you as they do *hawks*; *watching* you until you leave your wildneſs." STEEVENS.

* *That* bate,] To *bate* is to flutter as a hawk does when it ſwoops upon its prey. Minſheu ſuppoſes it to be derived either from *batre*, Fr. to beat, or from *s'abatre*, to deſcend. MALONE.

7 —*amid this hurly*, *I* intend,] *Intend* is ſometimes uſed by our author for *pretend*, and is, I believe, ſo uſed here. So, in *King Richard III*:

"Tremble and ſtart at wagging of a ſtraw,
"*Intending* deep ſuſpicion." MALONE.

This is a way to kill a wife with kindneſs;
And thus I'll curb her mad and head-ſtrong humour:—
He that knows better how to tame a ſhrew,
Now let him ſpeak; 'tis charity, to ſhew. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

Padua. *Before* Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

*Enter* TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO.

*Tra.* Is't poſſible, friend Licio, that miſtreſs Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, ſir, ſhe bears me fair in hand.
*Hor.* Sir, to ſatisfy you in what I have ſaid,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They ſtand aſide.*

*Enter* BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

*Luc.* Now, miſtreſs, profit you in what you read?
*Bian.* What, maſter, read you? firſt, reſolve me that.
*Luc.* I read that I profeſs, the art to love.
*Bian.* And may you prove, ſir, maſter of your art!
*Luc.* While you, ſweet dear, prove miſtreſs of my heart.
[*They retire.*

*Hor.* Quick proceeders, marry[8]! Now, tell me, I pray.
You that durſt ſwear that your miſtreſs Bianca
Lov'd none[9] in the world ſo well as Lucentio.

[8] *Quick* proceeders, *marry!*] Perhaps here an equivoque was intended. To *proceed* Maſter of Arts, &c. is the academical term. MALONE.

[9] *Lov'd* none—] Old Copy—Lov'd *me.* Mr. Rowe made this neceſſary correction. MALONE.

*Tra.*

*Tra.* O deſpightful love! unconſtant womankind:—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
*Hor.* Miſtake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a muſician, as I ſeem to be;
But one that ſcorn to live in this diſguiſe,
For ſuch a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of ſuch a cullion:
Know, ſir, that I am call'd—Hortenſio.
*Tra.* Signior Hortenſio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And ſince mine eyes are witneſs of her lightneſs,
I will with you,—if you be ſo contented,—
Forſwear Bianca and her love for ever.
*Hor.* See how they kiſs and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—
Never to woo her more; but do forſwear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal [1].
*Tra.* And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—
Ne'er to marry with her, though ſhe would entreat:
Fye on her! ſee, how beaſtly ſhe doth court him.
*Hor.* 'Would, all the world, but he, had quite forſworn!
For me,—that I may ſurely keep mine oath,—
I will be marry'd to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days paſs; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud diſdainful haggard:
And ſo farewel, ſignior Lucentio,—
Kindneſs in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and ſo I take my leave,
In reſolution as I ſwore before.

[*Exit* HOR.—LUC. *and* BIAN. *advance.*

*Tra.* Miſtreſs Bianca, bleſs you with ſuch grace
As 'longeth to a lover's bleſſed caſe!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forſworn you, with Hortenſio.
*Bian.* Tranio, you jeſt; But have you both forſworn me?
*Tra.* Miſtreſs, we have.
*Luc.* Then we are rid of Licio.
*Tra.* I'faith, he'll have a luſty widow now,
That ſhall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

[1] —*flatter'd* her *withal.*] The old copy reads—*them* withal. The emendation was made by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

*Bian.*

*Bian.* God give him joy!
*Tra.* Ay, and he'll tame her [2].
*Bian.* He ſays ſo, Tranio.
*Tra.* 'Faith he is gone unto the taming ſchool.
*Bian.* The taming ſchool! what, is there ſuch a place?
*Tra.* Ay, miſtreſs, and Petruchio is the maſter;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—
To tame a ſhrew, and charm her chattering tongue [3].

*Enter* BIONDELLO, *running*.

*Bion.* O maſter, maſter, I have watch'd ſo long,
That I'm dog-weary; but at laſt I ſpied
An ancient angel [4] coming down the hill,
Will ſerve the turn.
*Tra.* What is he, Biondello?
*Bion.* Maſter, a mercatantè, or a pedant [5],
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance ſurely like a father [6].

*Luc.*

2 *Ay, and he'll tame her*, &c.] Thus in the original play:
" —— he means to tame his wife ere long.
" *Val.* Hee ſaies ſo.
" *Aurel.* Faith he's gon unto the taming-ſchoole.
" *Val.* The taming-ſchoole! why is there ſuch a place?
" *Aurel.* I: and *Ferondo* is the maiſter of the ſchoole." STEEVENS.

3 — charm *her chattering tongue.*] So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:
" Peace, wilful boy, or I will *charm* your tongue." STEEVENS.

4 *An ancient* angel—] *Angel* primitively ſignifies a *meſſenger*, but perhaps this ſenſe is not ſtrictly applicable to the paſſage before us. Chapman, in his tranſlation of *Homer*, always calls a meſſenger an *angel*. STEEVENS.

5 *Maſter, a mercatantè, or a pedant,*] The old editions read *marcantant*. The Italian word *mercatantè* is frequently uſed in the old plays for a merchant, and therefore I have made no ſcruple of placing it here. The modern editors, who printed the word as they found it ſpelt in the folio and quarto, were obliged to ſupply a ſyllable to make out the verſe, which the Italian pronunciation renders unneceſſary.—A *pedant* was the common name for a teacher of languages. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Johnſon: " He loves to have a fencer, a *pedant*, and a muſician, ſeen in his lodgings." STEEVENS.
*Mercatantè.* So, Spenſer, in the third book of his *Fairy Queen*:
" Sleves dependant Albanese-wiſe."
And our author has *Veroneſe* in his *Othello*. FARMER.

6 — ſurely *like a father.*] I know not what he is, ſays the ſpeaker, however this is certain, he has the gait and countenance of a fatherly man. WARBURTON.

The

*Luc.* And what of him, Tranio?
*Tra.* If he be credulous, and truſt my tale,
I'll make him glad to ſeem Vincentio;
And give aſſurance to Baptiſta Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love[7], and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt* LUC. *and* BIAN.

*Enter a* Pedant.

*Ped.* God ſave you, ſir!
*Tra.* And you, ſir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the fartheſt?
*Ped.* Sir, at the fartheſt for a week or two:
But then up farther; and as far as Rome;
And ſo to Tripoly, if God lend me life.
*Tra.* What countryman, I pray?
*Ped.* Of Mantua.
*Tra.* Of Mantua, ſir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careleſs of your life?
*Ped.* My life, ſir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
*Tra.* 'Tis death for any one in Mantua[8]
To come to Padua; Know you not the cauſe?
Your ſhips are ſtaid at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,)
Hath publiſh'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it elſe proclaim'd about.
*Ped.* Alas, ſir, it is worſe for me than ſo;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and muſt here deliver them.

The editor of the ſecond folio reads—*ſurly*, which Mr. Theobald adopted, and has quoted the following lines, addreſſed by Tranio to the pedant, in ſupport of the emendation:

"'Tis well; and hold your own in any caſe,
"With ſuch *auſterity* as *longeth* to a *father*." MALONE.

[7] *Take in your love,*] The old copy reads—Take *me*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[8] *'Tis death for any one in Mantua* &c.] So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"—— if any Syracuſan born
"Come to the bay of Epheſus, he dies. STEEVENS.

*Tra.*

*Tra.* Well, ſir, to do you courteſy,
This will I do, and this I will adviſe you;—
Firſt, tell me, have you ever been at Piſa?

*Ped.* Ay, ſir, in Piſa have I often been;
Piſa, renowned for grave citizens.

*Tra.* Among them, know you one Vincentio?

*Ped.* I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

*Tra.* He is my father, ſir; and, ſooth to ſay,
In countenance ſomewhat doth reſemble you.

*Bion.* As much as an apple doth an oyſter, and all one. [*aſide.*

*Tra.* To ſave your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his ſake;
And think it not the worſt of all your fortunes,
That you are like to ſir Vincentio.
His name and credit ſhall you undertake,
And in my houſe you ſhall be friendly lodg'd;—
Look that you take upon you as you ſhould;
You underſtand me, ſir;—ſo ſhall you ſtay
Till you have done your buſineſs in the city:
If this be courteſy, ſir, accept of it.

*Ped.* O, ſir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

*Tra.* Then go with me, to make the matter good,
This, by the way, I let you underſtand;—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To paſs aſſurance [9] of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptiſta's daughter here:
In all theſe circumſtances I'll inſtruct you:
Go with me [1], to cloath you as becomes you. [*Exeunt.*

9 *To paſs* aſſurance &c.] To paſs *aſſurance* means to make a conveyance or deed. Deeds are by law-writers called, "The common *aſſurances* of the realm," becauſe thereby each man's property is *aſſured* to him. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene of this act, "they are buſied about a counterfeit *aſſurance*." MALONE.

1 *Go with me*, &c.] There is an old comedy called *Suppoſes*, tranſlated from *Arioſto*, by George Gaſcoigne. Thence Shakſpeare borrowed this part of the plot, (as well as ſome of the phraſeology) though Theobald pronounces it his own invention. There likewiſe he found the quaint name of Petruchio. My young maſter and his man exchange habits, and perſuade a *Scenæſe*, as he is called, to perſonate *the father*, exactly as in this play, by the pretended danger of his coming from *Sienna* to *Ferrara*, contrary to the order of the government. FARMER.

In the ſame play our author likewiſe found the name of *Lucio*. MALONE.

SCENE

## SCENE III.

*A Room in* Petruchio's *Houſe.*

*Enter* CATHARINA *and* PETRUCHIO [2].

*Gru.* No, no, forſooth; I dare not for my life.
*Cath.* The more my wrong, the more his ſpite appears:
What, did he marry me to famiſh me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a preſent alms;
If not, elſewhere they meet with charity:
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I ſhould entreat,—
Am ſtarv'd for meat, giddy for lack of ſleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which ſpites me more than all theſe wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who ſhould ſay,—if I ſhould ſleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly ſickneſs, or elſe preſent death.—
I pr'ythee go, and get me ſome repaſt;
I care not what, ſo it be wholeſome food.
*Gru.* What ſay you to a neat's foot?
*Cath.* 'Tis paſſing good; I pr'ythee, let me have it.
*Gru* I fear, it is too cholerick a meat [3]:—
How ſay you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?
*Cath.* I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

[2] *Enter Catharina and Grumio* ] Our author (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved) was furniſh'd with ſome hints for this ſcene, from the old *Taming of a Shrew.* MALONE.

[3] *I fear it is too* cholerick *a meat:*] So before:
"And I expreſsly am forbid to touch it;
"For it engenders *choler*."
The editor of the ſecond folio arbitrarily reads—too *phlegmatick a meat*; which has been adopted by all the ſubſequent editors.
MALONE.

*Gru.* I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis cholerick.
What ſay you to a piece of beef, and muſtard?
*Cath.* A diſh that I do love to feed upon.
*Gru.* Ay, but the muſtard is too hot a little.
*Cath.* Why then the beef, and let the muſtard reſt.
*Gru.* Nay, then I will not; you ſhall have the muſtard,
Or elſe you get no beef of Grumio.
*Cath.* Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
*Gru.* Why, then the muſtard without the beef.
*Cath.* Go, get thee gone, thou falſe deluding ſlave,
[*beats him.*
That feed'ſt me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my miſery!
Go, get thee gone, I ſay.

*Enter* PETRUCHIO, *with a diſh of meat*; *and* HORTENSIO.

*Pet.* How fares my Kate? What, ſweeting, all amort[4]?
*Hor.* Miſtreſs, what cheer?
*Cath.* 'Faith, as cold as can be.
*Pet.* Pluck up thy ſpirits, look chearfully upon me.
Here, love; thou ſee'ſt how diligent I am,
To dreſs thy meat myſelf, and bring it thee:
[*ſets the diſh on a table.*
I am ſure, ſweet Kate, this kindneſs merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'ſt it not;
And all my pains is ſorted to no proof[5]:—
Here, take away this diſh.
*Cath.* I pray you let it ſtand.
*Pet.* The pooreſt ſervice is repaid with thanks;
And ſo ſhall mine, before you touch the meat.
*Cath.* I thank you, ſir.

4 *What, ſweeting, all* amort?] That is, all ſunk and diſpirited. MALONE.

This galliciſm is common to many of the old plays. STEEVENS.

5 *And all my pains is* ſorted *to no proof:*] And all my labour has ended in nothing, or *proved* nothing. "*We tried an experiment, but it* ſorted *not.*" Bacon. JOHNSON.

*Hor.*

*Hor.* Signior Petruchio, fye! you are to blame:
Come, miſtreſs Kate, I'll bear you company.
*Pet.* Eat it up all, Hortenſio, if thou lov'ſt me.— [*aſide.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace:—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's houſe;
And revel it as bravely as the beſt,
With ſilken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals and things [6];
With ſcarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, haſt thou din'd? The tailor ſtays thy leiſure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treaſure [7].—

*Enter*

6 —*fardingals, and* things;] Though *things* is a poor word, yet I have no better, and perhaps the author had not another that would rhime. JOHNSON.

However poor the word, the poet muſt be anſwerable for it, as he had uſed it before, Act II. ſc. v. when the rhime did not force it upon him:

*We will have rings, and* things, *and fine array.*

Again, in the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1632:

"'Tis true that I am poor, and yet have *things*,
"And golden rings, &c."

A *thing* is a trifle too inconſiderable to deſerve particular diſcrimination. STEEVENS

7 —*with his* ruffling *treaſure.*] This is the reading of the old copy, which Mr. Pope changed to *ruſtling*, I think, without neceſſity. Our author has indeed in another play,—"*Prouder* than *ruſtling* in unpaid for ſilk;" but *ruffling* is ſometimes uſed in *nearly* the ſame ſenſe. Thus in *K. Lear*:

"—— the high winds
"Do ſorely *ruffle.*"

There clearly the idea of noiſe as well as turbulence is annexed to the word. A *ruffler* in our author's time ſignified a *noiſy* and turbulent ſwaggerer; and the word *ruffling* may here be applied in a kindred ſenſe to dreſs. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

"And his proud wife, high-minded Eleanor,
"That *ruffles* it with ſuch a troop of ladies,
"As ſtrangers in the court take her for queen."

Again, more appoſitely, in Camden's *Remaines*, 1605: "There was a nobleman merry conceited and riotouſly given, that having lately ſold a manor of a hundred tenements, came *ruffling* into the court in a *new* ſuit, ſaying, Am not I a mightie man that beare an hundred houſes on my backe?"

Boyle ſpeaks of the *ruffling* of ſilk, and *ruffled* is uſed by ſo late an author as Addiſon in the ſenſe of *plaited*; in which laſt ſignification perhaps

*Enter* Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us ſee theſe ornaments *;

*Enter* Haberdaſher [8].

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, ſir?
*Hab.* Here is the cap your worſhip did beſpeak.
*Pet.* Why, this was moulded on a porringer [9];
A velvet diſh;—fye, fye! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-ſhell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

haps the word *ruffling* ſhou'd be underſtood here. Petruchio has juſt before told Catharine that ſhe ſhould "revel it with *ruffs* and cuffs;" from the former of which words, *ruffled*, in the ſenſe of plaited, ſeems to be derived. As *ruffling* therefore may be underſtood either in this ſenſe, or that firſt ſuggeſted, (which I incline to think the true one,) I have adhered to the reading of the old copy.

To the examples already given in ſupport of the reading of the old copy, may be added this very appoſite one from Lily's *Euphues, and his England*, 1580: "Shall I *ruffle* in new devices, with chains, with *bracelets*, with *rings*, with robes?"

Again, in Drayton's *Battaile of Agincourt*, 1627:

"With *ruffling* banners, that do brave the ſky." MALONE.

* *Come, tailor, let us ſee theſe ornaments*;] In our poet's time, women's gowns were uſually made by men. So, in the Epiſtle to the Ladies, prefixed to *Euphues and his England*, by John Lily, 1580: "If a *taylor make your gown* too little, you cover his fault with a broad ſtomacher; if too great, with a number of pleights; if too ſhort, with a guard: if too long, with a falſe gathering." MALONE.

[8] Enter Haberdaſher.] To a ſcene in the old play of *the Taming of a Shrew* (which Mr. Steevens has quoted at length,) the author is indebted for the outline of the following dialogue between Petruchio, the Tailor and Haberdaſher. Some of the expreſſions are copied almoſt literally. But the play having been lately re-printed, I have not tranſcribed them. MALONE.

[9] — *on a* porringer;] The ſame thought occurs in *K. Henry VIII.*:

"— rail'd upon me till her pink'd *porringer* fell off her head." STEEVENS.

*Cath.*

*Cath.* I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear ſuch caps as theſe.
*Pet.* When you are gentle, you ſhall have one too,
And not till then.
*Hor.* That will not be in haſte. [*aſide.*
*Cath.* Why, ſir, I truſt, I may have leave to ſpeak;
And ſpeak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me ſay my mind;
And, if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or elſe my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it ſhall, I will be free
Even to the uttermoſt, as I pleaſe, in words.
*Pet.* Why, thou ſay'ſt true; it is a paltry cap,
A cuſtard-coffin[1], a bauble, a ſilken pye:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'ſt it not.
*Cath.* Love me, or love me not, I like the cap:
And it I will have, or I will have none.
*Pet.* Thy gown? why, ay:—Come, tailor, let us ſee't.
O mercy, God! what maſking ſtuff is here?
What's this? a ſleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh, and ſlaſh,
Like to a cenſer [2] in a barber's ſhop:—
Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'ſt thou this?
*Hor.* I ſee, ſhe's like to have neither cap nor gown.
[*aſide.*
*Tai.* You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the faſhion, and the time.
*Pet.* Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtom, ſir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your beſt of it.

[1] *A cuſtard* coffin,—] A *coffin* was the ancient culinary term for the raiſed cruſt of a pye or cuſtard. STEEVENS.

[2] *Like to a* cenſer—] *Cenſers* in barber's ſhops, are now diſuſed, but they may eaſily be imagined to have been veſſels which, for the emiſſion of the ſmoke, were cut with great number and varieties of interſtices. JOHNSON.

In *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Doll calls the beadle "thou thin man in a *cenſer*. MALONE.

*Cath.*

*Cath.* I never ſaw a better faſhion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

*Pet.* Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

*Tai.* She ſays, your worſhip means to make a puppet
Of her.

*Pet.* O monſtrous arrogance! thou lieſt,
Thou thread, thou thimble[3],
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou:—
Brav'd in mine own houſe with a ſkein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I ſhall ſo be mete[4] thee with thy yard,
As thou ſhalt think on prating whilſt thou liv'ſt!
I tell thee, I, that thou haſt marr'd her gown.

*Tai.* Your worſhip is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Juſt as my maſter had direction:
Grumio gave order how it ſhould be done.

*Gru.* I gave him no order, I gave him the ſtuff.

*Tai.* But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?

*Gru.* Marry, ſir, with needle and thread.

*Tai.* But did you not requeſt to have it cut?

*Gru.* Thou haſt faced many things[5].

*Tai.* I have.

*Gru.* Face not me: thou haſt brav'd many men[6]; brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved. I ſay unto thee, —I bid thy maſter cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou lieſt.

*Tai.* Why, here is the note of the faſhion to teſtify.

*Pet.* Read it.

*Gru.* The note lies in his throat, if he ſay I ſaid ſo.

*Tai.* *Imprimis, a looſe-body'd gown:*

3 — *thou thimble*,] The tailor's trade, having an appearance of effeminacy, has always been, among the rugged Engliſh, liable to ſarcaſms and contempt JOHNSON.

4 — *be*-mete—] i. e. be-meaſure thee. STEEVENS.

5 — faced *many things*] i. e. turned up many gowns, &c. with *facings*, &c. So, in *K. Henry IV:*

" To *face* the garment of rebellion
" With ſome fine colour." STEEVENS.

6 — brav'd *many men*;] i. e. made many men *fine*. *Bravery* was the ancient term for elegance of dreſs. STEEVENS.

*Gru.*

*Gru.* Maſter, if ever I ſaid looſe-body'd gown [7], ſow me in the ſkirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I ſaid, a gown.

*Pet.* Proceed.

*Tai. With a ſmall compaſs'd cape* [8];

*Gru.* I confeſs the cape.

*Tai. With a trunk ſleeve*;—

*Gru.* I confeſs two ſleeves.

*Tai. The ſleeves curiouſly cut.*

*Pet.* Ay, there's the villainy.

*Gru.* Error i' the bill, ſir; error i' the bill. I commanded the ſleeves ſhould be cut out, and ſow'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though my little finger be armed in a thimble.

*Tai.* This is true, that I ſay; an I had thee in place where, thou ſhould'ſt know it.

*Gru.* I am for thee ſtraight: take thou the bill [9], give me thy mete yard [1], and ſpare not me.

*Hor.* God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he ſhall have no odds.

*Pet.* Well, ſir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

*Gru.* You are i' the right, ſir; tis for my miſtreſs.

*Pet.* Go, take it up unto thy maſter's uſe.

*Gru.* Villain, not for thy life: Take up my miſtreſs' gown for thy maſter's uſe!

7 looſe-body'd *gown*,] I think the joke is impair'd, unleſs we read with the original play already quoted—a *looſe body's* gown. It appears, however, the *looſe-bodied* gowns were the dreſs of *harlots*. Thus, in the *Michaelmas Term* by Middleton, 1607: "Doſt dream of virginity now? remember a *looſe-bodied* gown, wench, and let it go." STEEVENS.

8 — *a ſmall compaſs'd cape*;] Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuſes* 1595, gives a moſt elaborate deſcription of the gowns of women; and adds—"Some have *capes* reaching down to the midſt of their backs, faced with velvet, or elſe with ſome fine wrought taffata, at the leaſt, fringed about, very bravely." STEEVENS.

So, in the Regiſter of Mr. Henſlowe, proprietor of the Roſe theatre, (a manuſcript of which an account has been given in Vol. I. Part II.) "3 of June 1594. Lent upon a womanes gown of villet in grayne, with a velvet *cape* imbroidered with bugelles, for xxxvis." MALONE.

A *compaſs'd cape* is a round cape. To *compaſs* is *to come round*. JOHNSON.

9 — *take thou the* bill,] The ſame quibble between the written *bill*, and *bill* the ancient weapon carried by foot-ſoldiers, is to be met with in *Timon*. STEEVENS.

1 — *thy mete-yard*,] i. e. thy meaſuring-yard. STEEVENS.

*Pet.*

*Pet.* Why, ſir, what's your conceit in that?

*Gru.* O, ſir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:
Take up my miſtreſs' gown to his maſter's uſe!
O, fye, fye, fye!

*Pet.* Hortenſio, ſay thou wilt ſee the tailor paid:— [*aſide.*
Go take it hence; be gone, and ſay no more.

*Hor.* Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.
Take no unkindneſs of his haſty words:
Away, I ſay; commend me to thy maſter. [*Exit* Tailor.

*Pet.* Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in theſe honeſt mean habiliments;
Our purſes ſhall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the ſun breaks through the darkeſt clouds,
So honour peereth in the meaneſt habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Becauſe his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Becauſe his painted ſkin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worſe
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'ſt it ſhame, lay it on me:
And therefore, frolick; we will hence forthwith,
To feaſt and ſport us at thy father's houſe.—
Go, call my men, and let us ſtraight to him;
And bring our horſes unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
Let's ſee; I think, 'tis now ſome ſeven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

*Cath.* I dare aſſure you, ſir, 'tis almoſt two;
And 'twill be ſupper-time, ere you come there.

*Pet.* It ſhall be ſeven, ere I go to horſe;
Look, what I ſpeak, or do, or think to do,
You are ſtill croſſing it.—Sirs, let't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It ſhall be what o'clock I ſay it is.

*Hor.* Why, ſo! this gallant will command the ſun.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

## SCENE IV[2].

Padua. *Before* Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

*Enter* TRANIO, *and the* Pedant *dreſſed like* VINCENTIO.

*Tra.* Sir, this is the houſe[3]; Pleaſe it you that I call?
*Ped.* Ay, what elſe? and, but I be deceived[4],
Signior Baptiſta may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegaſus[5].
*Tra.* 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any caſe,
With ſuch auſterity as 'longeth to a father.

*Enter* BIONDELLO.

*Ped.* I warrant you: But, ſir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, he were ſchool'd.
*Tra.* Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I adviſe you;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.
*Bion.* Tut! fear not me.

[2] Dr. Johnſon thinks that the fifth act ſhould begin here. MALONE.

[3] Sir, *this is the houſe*;] The old copy has—*Sirs*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[4] — but *I be deceived*,] *But* has here the ſignification of *unleſs*. MALONE.

[5] *Where we were lodgers at the Pegaſus.*] This line in the old copy is by miſtake given to Tranio. The preſent regulation, which is clearly right, was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Shakſpeare has taken a ſign out of *London*, and hung it up in *Padua*: "Meet me an hour hence at the ſign of the *Pegaſus* in *Cheapſide*." *Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606. STEEVENS.

*Tra.*

*Tra.* But haſt thou done thy errand to Baptiſta?
*Bion.* I told him, that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.
*Tra.* Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptiſta:—ſet your countenance, ſir.—

*Enter* BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptiſta, you are happily met:
Sir, [*to the* Pedant.]
This is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, ſtand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.
*Ped.* Soft, ſon!—
Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua
To gather in ſome debts, my ſon Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cauſe
Of love between your daughter and himſelf:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And ſhe to him,—to ſtay him not too long,
I am content in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and, if you pleaſe to like
No worſe than I, ſir, upon ſome agreement,
Me ſhall you find ready and willing
With one conſent to have her ſo beſtow'd:
For curious I cannot be with you [6],
Signior Baptiſta, of whom I hear ſo well.
*Bap.* Sir, pardon me in what I have to ſay;—
Your plainneſs, and your ſhortneſs, pleaſe me well,
Right true it is, your ſon Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and ſhe loveth him,
Or both diſſemble deeply their affections:
And, therefore, if you ſay no more than this,—
That like a father you will deal with him,
And paſs my daughter a ſufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your ſon ſhall have my daughter with conſent.

6 *For* curious *I cannot be with you,*] *Curious* is ſcrupulous. So, in Holinſhed, p. 890:—and was not *curious* to call him to eat with him at the table. STEEVENS.

*Tra.*

*Tra.* I thank you, ſir. Where then do you know beſt,
We be affy'd; and ſuch aſſurance ta'en,
As ſhall with either part's agreement ſtand?

*Bap.* Not in my houſe, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many ſervants:
Beſides, old Gremio is heark'ning ſtill;
And, happily, we might be interrupted [7].

*Tra.* Then at my lodging, an it like you, ſir [8]:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll paſs the buſineſs privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your ſervant here,
My boy ſhall fetch the ſcrivener preſently.
The worſt is this,—that, at ſo ſlender warning,
You're like to have a thin and ſlender pittance.

*Bap.* It likes me well:—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready ſtraight:
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how ſhe's like to be Lucentio's wife.

*Luc.* I pray the gods ſhe may, with all my heart [9]!

*Tra.* Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone [1].
Signior Baptiſta, ſhall I lead the way?
Welcome! one meſs is like to be your cheer:
Come, ſir; we will better it in Piſa.

*Bap.* I follow you. [*Exeunt* TRA. PED. *and* BAP.

*Bion.* Cambio.—

*Luc.* What ſay'ſt thou, Biondello?

*Bion.* You ſaw my maſter wink and laugh upon you?

*Luc.* Biondello, what of that?

[7] *And* happily *we might be interrupted.*] *Happily*, in Shakſpeare's time, ſignified *accidentally*, as well as *fortunately*. TYRWHITT.

[8] — *an it like you*, ſir:] The latter word, which is not in the old copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[9] Luc. *I pray* &c.] In the old copy this line is by miſtake given to Biondello. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[1] — *get thee gone.*] In the old copy Lucentio here goes out; but I have not followed it; the regulation propoſed by Mr. Tyrwhitt in the ſubſequent note appearing to me clearly the true one. MALONE.

It ſeems odd management to make Lucentio *go out* here for nothing that appears, but that he may *return* again five lines lower. It would be better, I think, to ſuppoſe that he lingers upon the ſtage, till the reſt are gone, in order to talk with Biondello in private. TYRWHITT.

*Bion.*

*Bion.* 'Faith, nothing; But he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral * of his ſigns and tokens.

*Luc.* I pray thee, moralize them.

*Bion.* Then thus. Baptiſta is ſafe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful ſon.

*Luc.* And what of him?

*Bion.* His daughter is to be brought by you to the ſupper.

*Luc.* And then?—

*Bion.* The old prieſt at ſaint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

*Luc.* And what of all this?

*Bion.* I cannot tell; expect [2];—they are buſied about a counterfeit aſſurance; take you aſſurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum ſolùm:* to the church [3];—take the prieſt, clerk, and ſome ſufficient honeſt witneſſes:
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to ſay,
But, bid Bianca farewel for ever and a day. [*going.*

*Luc.* Hear'ſt thou, Biondello?

*Bion.* I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as ſhe went to the garden for parſly to ſtuff a rabbet; and ſo may you, ſir; and ſo adieu, ſir. My maſter hath appointed me to go to ſaint Luke's, to bid the prieſt be ready to come againſt you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

*Luc.* I may, and will, if ſhe be ſo contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore ſhould I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;
It ſhall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

* —— *or* moral—] i. e. the ſecret purpoſe. MALONE.
2 — *expect*;—] i. e. wait the event. MALONE.
3 — *to the church*;]— i. e. go to the church. TYRWHITT.

SCENE

## SCENE V[4].

*A publick road.*

*Enter* PETRUCHIO, CATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

*Pet.* Come on, o'God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly ſhines the moon!
*Cath.* The moon! the ſun; it is not moon-light now.
*Pet.* I ſay, it is the moon that ſhines ſo bright.
*Cath.* I know, it is the ſun that ſhines ſo bright.
*Pet.* Now, by my mother's ſon, and that's myſelf,
It ſhall be moon, or ſtar, or what I liſt,
Or ere I journey to your father's houſe:—
Go on, and fetch our horſes back again.—
Evermore croſt, and croſt; nothing but croſt!
*Hor.* Say as he ſays, or we ſhall never go.
*Cath.* Forward I pray, ſince we have come ſo far.
And be it moon, or ſun, or what you pleaſe:
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh-candle,
Henceforth I vow it ſhall be ſo for me.
*Pet.* I ſay, it is the moon.
*Cath.* I know, it is the moon.
*Pet.* Nay, then you lie; it is the bleſſed ſun.
*Cath.* Then, God be bleſt, it is the bleſſed ſun[5]:—
But ſun it is not, when you ſay it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And ſo it ſhall be ſo[6], for Catharine.

[4] Some part of this ſcene likewiſe is borrowed from the old play. MALONE.

[5] —*it* is *the bleſſed ſun*:] For *is* the old copy has *in*. Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[6] *And ſo it ſhall be* ſo,] A modern editor very plauſibly reads—And ſo it ſhall be, *ſir*—. MALONE.

*Hor.*

*Hor.* Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.
*Pet.* Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl ſhould run,
And not unluckily againſt the bias.—
But ſoft; company is coming here.

*Enter* VINCENTIO, *in a travelling dreſs.*

Good-morrow, gentle miſtreſs: Where away?—
[*to* VINCENTIO.
Tell me, ſweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Haſt thou beheld a freſher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What ſtars do ſpangle heaven with ſuch beauty,
As thoſe two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's ſake.
*Hor.* 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman[7] of him.
*Cath.* Young budding virgin, fair, and freſh, and ſweet,
Whither away; or where is thy abode[8]?
Happy the parents of ſo fair a child[9];
Happier the man, whom favourable ſtars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!
*Pet.* Why, how now, Kate; I hope, thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou ſay'ſt he is.
*Cath.* Pardon, old father, my miſtaking eyes,
That have been ſo bedazzled with the ſun,

7 — *to make* a *woman*—] The old copy reads—*the* woman. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

8 — where *is thy abode?*] Inſtead of *where*, the printer of the old copy inadvertently repeated *whither*. Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

9 *Happy the parents of ſo fair a child*;]

——— *qui te genuere beati*;
*Et mater fælix, & fortunata profecto*
*Si qua tibi ſoror eſt, & quæ dedit ubera nutrix*;
*Sed longe cunctis, longeque beatior illa eſt*
*Si qua tibi ſponſa eſt, ſi quam dignabere tæda.* Ovid.
WARBURTON.

That

That every thing I look on ſeemeth green[1]:
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad miſtaking.

*Pet.* Do, good old grandſire; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travell'ſt: if along with us,
We ſhall be joyful of thy company.

*Vin.* Fair ſir,—and you my merry miſtreſs,—
That with your ſtrange encounter much amaz'd me;
My name is call'd—Vincentio; my dwelling—Piſa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to viſit
A ſon of mine, which long I have not ſeen.

*Pet.* What is his name?

*Vin.* Lucentio, gentle ſir.

*Pet.* Happily met; the happier for thy ſon.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father;
The ſiſter to my wife, this gentlewoman.
Thy ſon by this hath marry'd: Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd; ſhe is of good eſteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beſide, ſo qualify'd as may beſeem
The ſpouſe of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:
And wander we to ſee thy honeſt ſon,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

*Vin.* But is this true? or is it elſe your pleaſure,
Like pleaſant travellers, to break a jeſt
Upon the company you overtake?

*Hor.* I do aſſure thee, father, ſo it is.

*Pet.* Come, go along, and ſee the truth hereof;
For our firſt merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PET. CATH. *and* VIN.

*Hor.* Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if ſhe be froward,
Then haſt thou taught Hortenſio to be untoward. [*Exit.*

[1] *That every thing I look on ſeemeth* green.] Shakſpeare's obſervations on the phænomena of nature are very accurate. When one has ſat long in the ſunſhine, the ſurrounding objects will often appear tinged with green. The reaſon is aſſigned by many of the writers on opticks.

BLACKSTONE.

ACT

## ACT V. SCENE I.

Padua. *Before* Lucentio's *Houſe.*

*Enter on one ſide* Biondello, Lucentio, *and* Bianca; Gremio *walking on the other ſide.*

*Bion.* Softly and ſwiftly, ſir; for the prieſt is ready.

*Luc.* I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

*Bion.* Nay, faith, I'll ſee the church o' your back; and then come back to my maſter [2] as ſoon as I can.

[*Exeunt* Luc. Bian. *and* Bion.

*Gre.* I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.

*Enter* Petruchio, Catharina, Vincentio, *and Attendants.*

*Pet.* Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's houſe,
My father's bears more towards the market-place;
Thither muſt I, and here I leave you, ſir.

*Vin.* You ſhall not chooſe, but drink before you go;
I think, I ſhall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, ſome cheer is toward. [*knocks.*

*Gre.* They're buſy within, you were beſt knock louder.

[2] — *and then come back to my* maſter—] The old copy reads—to my *miſtreſs*, owing probably to an M. only being written in the Manuſcript. The ſame miſtake has happened again in this ſcene: "Didſt thou never ſee thy *miſtreſs'* father, Vincentio?" The preſent emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, who obſerves rightly, that by "maſter" Biondello means his pretended maſter, Tranio. Malone.

*Enter*

*Enter* Pedant *above, at a window.*

*Ped.* What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

*Vin.* Is ſignior Lucentio within, ſir?

*Ped.* He's within, ſir, but not to be ſpoken withal.

*Vin.* What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

*Ped.* Keep your hundred pounds to yourſelf; he ſhall need none, ſo long as I live.

*Pet.* Nay, I told you, your ſon was belov'd in Padua — Do you hear, ſir?—to leave frivolous circumſtances,—I pray you, tell ſignior Lucentio, that his father is come from Piſa, and is here at the door to ſpeak with him.

*Ped.* Thou lieſt; his father is come from Piſa [3], and here looking out at the window.

*Vin.* Art thou his father?

*Ped.* Ay, ſir; ſo his mother ſays, if I may believe her.

*Pet.* Why, how now, gentleman! [*to* Vin.] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

*Ped.* Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to cozen ſomebody in this city under my countenance.

*Re-enter* BIONDELLO.

*Bion.* I have ſeen them in the church together; God ſend 'em good ſhipping!—But who is here; mine old maſter Vincentio? now we are undone and brought to nothing.

*Vin.* Come hither, crack-hemp. [*ſeeing* Bion.

[3] —*from* Piſa,] The old copy reads—from *Padua*; which is certainly wrong. The emendation is Mr. Tyrwhitt's. "Both parties (he obſerves) agree that Vincentio's father is come from Piſa, as indeed they neceſſarily muſt; the point in diſpute is whether he be *at the door*, or *looking out at the window*." I ſuſpect we ſhould read—from *Mantua*, from whence the pedant himſelf came, and which he would naturally name, ſuppoſing he forgot, as might well happen, that the real Vincentio was of Piſa. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Padua* and *Verona* occur in two different ſcenes, inſtead of *Milan*. MALONE.

*Bion.* I hope, I may chooſe, ſir.

*Vin.* Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

*Bion.* Forgot you? no, ſir: I could not forget you, for I never ſaw you before in all my life.

*Vin.* What, you notorious villain, didſt thou never ſee thy maſter's father Vincentio [4]?

*Bion.* What, my old, worſhipful old maſter? yes, marry, ſir; ſee where he looks out of the window.

*Vin.* Is't ſo indeed? [*beats* BIONDELLO.

*Bion.* Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

*Ped.* Help, ſon! help, ſignior Baptiſta! [*Exit, from above.*

*Pet.* Pr'ythee, Kate, let's ſtand aſide, and ſee the end of this controverſy. [*They retire.*

*Re-enter* Pedant, *below;* BAPTISTA, TRANIO, *and Servants.*

*Tra.* Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my ſervant?

*Vin.* What am I, ſir? nay, what are you, ſir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A ſilken doublet! a velvet hoſe! a ſcarlet cloak! and a copatain hat [5]! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good huſband at home, my ſon and my ſervant ſpend all at the univerſity.

*Tra.* How now? what's the matter?

*Bap.* What, is the man a lunatick?

*Tra.* Sir, you ſeem a ſober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words ſhew you a madman: Why, ſir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

4 — *thy* maſter's *father Vincentio?*] Old copy—thy *miſtreſs'* father. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. See p. 336, n. 2. MALONE.

5 — *a copatain hat!*] is I believe, a hat with a conical crown, ſuch as was anciently worn by well-dreſſed men. JOHNSON.

In Stubb's *Anatomie of Abuſes*, printed 1595, there is an entire chapter "on the hatres of England," beginning thus:

"*Sometimes they uſe them ſharpe on the crowne, pearking up like the ſpeare or ſhafte of a ſteeple, ſtanding a quarter of a yard above the crowne of their heads, &c.*" STEEVENS.

*Vin.* Thy father? O villain! he is a ſail-maker in Bergamo.

*Bap.* You miſtake, ſir; you miſtake, ſir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

*Vin.* His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever ſince he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

*Ped.* Away, away, mad aſs! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only ſon, and heir to the lands of me ſignior Vincentio.

*Vin.* Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his maſter!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name:—O, my ſon, my ſon!—tell me, thou villain, where is my ſon Lucentio?

*Tra.* Call forth an officer: [*Enter one with an officer.*] carry this mad knave to the jail:—father Baptiſta, I charge you, ſee, that he be forth-coming.

*Vin.* Carry me to the jail!

*Gre.* Stay, officer; he ſhall not go to priſon.

*Bap.* Talk not, ſignior Gremio; I ſay, he ſhall go to priſon.

*Gre.* Take heed, ſignior Baptiſta, leſt you be coney-catch'd[6] in this buſineſs; I dare ſwear, this is the right Vincentio.

*Ped.* Swear, if thou dar'ſt.

*Gre.* Nay, I dare not ſwear it.

*Tra.* Then thou wert beſt ſay, that I am not Lucentio.

*Gre.* Yes, I know thee to be ſignior Lucentio.

*Bap.* Away with the dotard; to the jail with him.

*Vin.* Thus ſtrangers may be haled and abuſed:—O monſtrous villain!

*Re-enter* BIONDELLO, *with* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

*Bion.* O, we are ſpoil'd, and—yonder he is; deny him, forſwear him, or elſe we are all undone.

*Luc.* Pardon, ſweet father. [*kneeling.*

*Vin.* Lives my ſweet ſon?

[Biondello, Tranio, *and* Pedant, *run out.*

[6] — *coney-catch'd*—] i. e. deceived, cheated. STEEVENS.

*Bian.* Pardon, dear father. [*kneeling.*

*Bap.* How haſt thou offended?—
Where is Lucentio?

*Luc.* Here's Lucentio,
Right ſon unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit ſuppoſes blear'd thine eyne [7].

*Gre.* Here's packing [8], with a witneſs, to deceive us all!

*Vin.* Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter ſo?

*Bap.* Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

*Bian* Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

*Luc.* Love wrought theſe miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my ſtate with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at laſt
Unto the wiſhed haven of my bliſs:—
What Tranio did, myſelf enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, ſweet father, for my ſake.

*Vin* I'll ſlit the villain's noſe, that would have ſent me to the jail

*Bap.* But do you hear, ſir? [*to* Luc.] Have you married my daughter without aſking my good will?

*Vin.* Fear not, Baptiſta; we will content you, go to: But I will in, to be reveng'd for this villainy. [*Exit.*

*Bap.* And I, to ſound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

*Luc.* Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.

[*Exeunt* Lucentio *and* Bianca.

7 *While counterfeit* ſuppoſes *blear'd thine eyne.*] The modern editors read *ſuppoſers*, but wrongly. This is a plain alluſion to Gaſcoigne's comedy entitled *Suppoſes*, from which ſeveral of the incidents in this play are borrowed. TYRWHITT.

This is highly probable; but yet *ſuppoſes* is a word often uſed in its common ſenſe, which, on the preſent occaſion, is ſufficiently commodious. Shakſpeare uſes the word in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"That we come ſhort of our *ſuppoſe* ſo far, &c."

*To blear the eye*, was an ancient phraſe ſignifying *to deceive.* So, in Chaucer's *Manciple's Tale*, v. 17202. late edit.

"For all thy waiting, *blered is thin eye.*" STEEVENS.

8 *Here's* packing,] i. e. Plotting, double-dealing. MALONE.

*Gre.*

*Gre.* My cake is dough[9]: but I'll in among the reſt;
Out of hope of all,—but my ſhare of the feaſt. [*Exit.*

[Petruchio *and* Catharine *advance.*

*Cath.* Huſband, let's follow to ſee the end of this ado.

*Pet.* Firſt kiſs me, Kate, and we will.

*Cath.* What, in the midſt of the ſtreet?

*Pet.* What, art thou aſham'd of me?

*Cath.* No, ſir; God forbid: but aſham'd to kiſs.

*Pet.* Why, then let's home again:—Come, ſirrah, let's away.

*Cath.* Nay, I will give thee a kiſs: now pray thee, love, ſtay.

*Pet.* Is not this well?—Come, my ſweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A Room in* Lucentio's *Houſe.*

*A Banquet ſet out.* *Enter* BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, *the* Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, CATHARINA, HORTENSIO, *and* Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, *and others, attending.*

*Luc.* At laſt, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done[1],
To ſmile at 'ſcapes and perils over-blown.—

[9] *My cake is dough:*] This is a proverbial expreſſion. STEEVENS.
It was generally uſed when any project miſcarried. MALONE.

[1] —*when raging war is* done,] This is Mr. Rowe's emendation. The old copy has—when raging war is *come*, which cannot be right. Perhaps the author wrote—when raging war is *calm* (formerly ſpelt *calme*). So, in *Othello*:

"If after every tempeſt comes ſuch *calms*—."

The word "overblown," in the next line, adds ſome little ſupport to this conjecture. MALONE.

My

My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with ſelf-ſame kindneſs welcome thine:—
Brother Petruchio,—ſiſter Catharina,—
And thou, Hortenſio, with thy loving widow,—
Feaſt with the beſt, and welcome to my houſe;
My banquet is to cloſe our ſtomachs up,
After our great good cheer: Pray you, ſit down;
For now we ſit to chat, as well as eat. [*They ſit at table.*

*Pet.* Nothing but ſit and ſit, and eat and eat!

*Bap.* Padua affords this kindneſs, ſon Petruchio.

*Pet.* Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

*Hor.* For both our ſakes, I would that word were true.

*Pet.* Now, for my life, Hortenſio fears his widow[2].

*Wid* Then never truſt me, if I be afeard.

*Pet.* You are very ſenſible, and yet you miſs my ſenſe; I mean, Hortenſio is afeard of you.

*Wid.* He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

*Pet.* Roundly reply'd.

*Cath.* Miſtreſs, how mean you that?

*Wid.* Thus I conceive by him.

*Pet.* Conceives by me!—How likes Hortenſio that?

*Hor.* My widow ſays, thus ſhe conceives her tale.

*Pet.* Very well mended: Kiſs him for that, good widow.

*Cath.* He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round: I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

*Wid.* Your huſband, being troubled with a ſhrew, Meaſures my huſband's ſorrow by his woe: And now you know my meaning.

*Cath.* A very mean meaning.

*Wid.* Right, I mean you.

*Cath.* And I am mean, indeed, reſpecting you.

*Pet.* To her, Kate!

*Hor.* To her, widow!

*Pet.* A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

*Hor.* That's my office

*Pet.* Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad[3]. [*drinks to* Hortenſio.

[2] — fears *his widow*] To *fear*, as has been already obſerved, meant in our author's time both to dread, and to intimidate. The widow underſtands the word in the latter ſenſe; and Petruchio tells her, he uſed it in the former. MALONE.

[3] *Ha' to* thee, *lad.*] The old copy has—to *the*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

*Bap.*

*Bap.* How likes Gremio theſe quick-witted folks?
*Gre.* Believe me, ſir, they butt together well.
*Bian.* Head and butt? an haſty witted body
Would ſay, your head and butt were head and horn.
*Vin.* Ay, miſtreſs bride, hath that awakened you?
*Bian.* Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll ſleep again.
*Pet.* Nay, that you ſhall not; ſince you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jeſt or two[4].
*Bian.* Am I your bird? I mean to ſhift my buſh,
And then purſue me as you draw your bow:—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt* BIANCA, CATHARINA, *and* Widow.

*Pet.* She hath prevented me. Here, ſignior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that ſhot and miſs'd.
*Tra.* O, ſir, Lucentio ſlip'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himſelf, and catches for his maſter.
*Pet.* A good ſwift[5] ſimile, but ſomething curriſh.
*Tra.* 'Tis well, ſir, that you hunted for yourſelf;
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.
*Bap.* Oh, oh, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.
*Luc.* I thank thee for that gird[6], good Tranio.
*Hor.* Confeſs, confeſs; hath he not hit you here?
*Pet.* 'A has a little gall'd me, I confeſs;
And, as the jeſt did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright[7].

4 —*for a* bitter *jeſt or two.*] The old copy reads—a *better* jeſt. The emendation (of the propriety of which there cannot, I conceive, be the ſmalleſt doubt,) is one of the very few corrections of any value made by Mr. Capell. So before in the preſent play:

" Hiding his *bitter jeſts* in blunt behaviour."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" Too *bitter* is thy *jeſt*."

Again, in Baſtard's *Epigrams*, 1598:

" He ſhut up the matter with this *bitter jeſt*." MALONE.

5 —*ſwift*—] beſides the original ſenſe of *ſpeedy in motion*, ſignified *witty, quick-witted*. So, in *As You Like It*, the Duke ſays of the Clown, " *He is very* ſwift *and ſententious*." *Quick* is now uſed in almoſt the ſame ſenſe as *nimble* was in the age after that of our author. Heylin ſays of Hales, that *he had known Laud for a* nimble *diſputant*.

JOHNSON.

6 —*that* gird,] A *gird* is a *ſarcaſm*, a *gibe*. STEEVENS.

7 —*you* two *outright.*] Old Copy—you *too*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

*Bap.*

*Bap.* Now, in good ſadneſs, ſon Petruchio,
I think thou haſt the verieſt ſhrew of all.
*Pet.* Well, I ſay no: and therefore, for aſſurance[8],
Let's each one ſend unto his wife[9];
And he, whoſe wife is moſt obedient
To come at firſt when he doth ſend for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propoſe.
*Hor.* Content;—What's the wager?
*Luc.* Twenty crowns.
*Pet.* Twenty crowns!
I'll venture ſo much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times ſo much upon my wife.
*Luc.* A hundred then.
*Hor.* Content.
*Pet.* A match; 'tis done.
*Hor.* Who ſhall begin?
*Luc.* That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your miſtreſs come to me.
*Bion.* I go. [*Exit.*
*Bap.* Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.
*Luc.* I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myſelf.

*Re-enter* BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?
*Bion.* Sir, my miſtreſs ſends you word
That ſhe is buſy, and ſhe cannot come.
*Pet.* How! ſhe is buſy, and ſhe cannot come!
Is that an anſwer?
*Gre.* Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, ſir, your wife ſend you not a worſe.
*Pet.* I hope, better.
*Hor.* Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BIONDELLO.

8 — for *aſſurance*,] Inſtead of *for* the original copy has *fir*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

9 *Let's each one ſend unto his wife*;] This incident,—the ladies' refuſal to obey the ſummons,—that of Catharine's pulling off her cap and offering to lay her hand under her huſband's foot,—are all borrowed from the anonymous play entitled *the Taming of a Shrew*. The lady in that piece likewiſe makes a ſpeech on the duty of a wife. MALONE.

*Pet.*

*Pet.* Oh, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then ſhe muſt needs come.
*Hor.* I am afraid, ſir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

*Re-enter* BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?
*Bion.* She ſays, you have ſome goodly jeſt in hand;
She will not come; ſhe bids you come to her.
*Pet.* Worſe and worſe; ſhe will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your miſtreſs;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit* Grumio.
*Hor.* I know her anſwer.
*Pet.* What?
*Hor.* She will not.
*Pet.* The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

*Enter* CATHARINA.

*Bap.* Now, by my holidame, here comes Catharina!
*Cath.* What is your will, ſir, that you ſend for me?
*Pet.* Where is your ſiſter, and Hortenſio's wife?
*Cath.* They ſit conferring by the parlour fire.
*Pet.* Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge them ſoundly forth unto their huſbands:
Away, I ſay, and bring them hither ſtraight.
[*Exit* CATHARINA.
*Luc.* Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
*Hor.* And ſo it is; I wonder, what it bodes.
*Pet.* Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right ſupremacy;
And, to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweet and happy.
*Bap.* Now fair befal thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou haſt won; and I will add
Unto their loſſes twenty thouſand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For ſhe is chang'd, as ſhe had never been.
*Pet.* Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And ſhow more ſign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

*Re-enter* CATHARINA, *with* BIANCA, *and* Widow.

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.
Catharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[Cath. *pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*
*Wid.* Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
*Bian.* Fye! what a foolish duty call you this?
*Luc.* I would, your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns [1] since supper-time.
*Bian.* The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
*Pet.* Catharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
*Wid.* Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.
*Pet.* Come on, I say; and first begin with her.
*Wid.* She shall not.
*Pet.* I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.
*Cath.* Fye! fye! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads [2];
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body

[1] — an *hundred crowns*—] Old Copy—*five* hundred. Corrected by Mr. Pope. In the Mſ. from which our author's plays were printed, probably numbers were always expreſſed in figures, which has been the occaſion of many miſtakes in the early editions. MALONE.

[2] — *as frosts bite the meads*;] The old copy reads—frosts *do* bite. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

To

To painful labour, both by ſea and land;
To watch the night in ſtorms, the day in cold,
While thou ly'ſt warm at home, ſecure and ſafe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
Such duty as the ſubject owes the prince,
Even ſuch a woman oweth to her huſband:
And, when ſhe's froward, peeviſh, ſullen, ſour,
And, not obedient to his honeſt will,
What is ſhe but a foul contending rebel,
And graceleſs traitor to her loving lord?—
I am aſham'd, that women are ſo ſimple
To offer war where they ſhould kneel for peace;
Or ſeek for rule, ſupremacy, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies ſoft, and weak, and ſmooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;
But that our ſoft conditions [3], and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great: my reaſon, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
But now, I ſee our lances are but ſtraws;
Our ſtrength as weak, our weakneſs paſt compare,—
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are.
Then vail your ſtomachs [4], for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your huſband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he pleaſe,
My hand is ready, may it do him eaſe.

*Pet.* Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiſs me, Kate.

*Luc.* Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou ſhalt ha't.

*Vin.* 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

*Luc.* But a harſh hearing, when women are froward.

*Pet.* Come, Kate, we'll to-bed:—
We three are married, but you two are ſped.

[3] —*our ſoft* conditions,—] The gentle qualities of our minds. MALONE.

[4] *Then vail your ſtomachs*,—] i. e. abate your pride, your ſpirit. STEEVENS.

'Twas

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white[5];
[*to* Lucentio.
And, being a winner, God give you good night!
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, *and* CATHARINA.

*Hor.* Now go thy ways, thou haſt tam'd a curſt ſhrew.

*Luc.* 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, ſhe will be tam'd ſo[6].
[*Exeunt.*

5 *Though you hit the white*;] To hit the *white* is a phraſe borrowed from archery; the mark was commonly white. Here it alludes to the name *Bianca*, or *white*. JOHNSON.

So, in Feltham's *Anſwer* to Ben Jonſon's ode at the end of his *New Inn*:

"As oft you've wanted brains
"And art to ſtrike *the white*,
"As you have levell'd right." MALONE.

6 The players delivered down this comedy, among the reſt, as one of Shakſpeare's own; and its intrinſick merit bears ſufficient evidence to the propriety of their deciſion.

May I add a few reaſons why I neither believe the former comedy of *the Taming of a Shrew*, 1607, nor the old play of *King John* in two parts, 1591, to have been the work of Shakſpeare? He generally followed every novel or hiſtory from whence he took his plots, as cloſely as he could; and is ſo often indebted to theſe originals for his very thoughts and expreſſions, that we may fairly pronounce him not to have been above borrowing, to ſpare himſelf the labour of invention. It is therefore probable, that both theſe plays, (like that of *Henry V.* in which Oldcaſtle is introduced) were the unſucceſsful performances of contemporary players. Shakſpeare ſaw they were meanly written, and yet that their plans were ſuch as would furniſh incidents for a better dramatiſt. He therefore might lazily adopt the order of their ſcenes, ſtill writing the dialogue anew, and inſerting little more from either piece, than a few lines which he might think worth preſerving, or was too much in haſte to alter. It is no uncommon thing in the literary world, to ſee the track of others followed by thoſe who would never have given themſelves the trouble to mark out one of their own. STEEVENS.

It is almoſt unneceſſary to vindicate Shakſpeare from being the author of the old *Taming of a Shrew*. Mr. Pope in conſequence of his being very ſuperficially acquainted with the phraſeology of our early writers, firſt aſcribed it to him, and on his authority this ſtrange opinion obtained credit for half a century. He might with juſt as much propriety have ſuppoſed that our author wrote the old *King Henry IV.* and *V.* and the *Hiſtory of King Leir and his three daughters*, as that he wrote two plays on the ſubject of *Taming of a Shrew*, and two others on the ſtory of *King John*.—The error prevailed for ſuch a length of time from the difficulty of meeting with the piece, which is ſo extremely ſcarce, that I have never ſeen or heard of any copy exiſting but one in the collection of Mr. Steevens, and another in my own: and one of our author's editors ſearched for it for thirty years in vain. Mr. Pope's copy is ſuppoſed to be irrecoverably loſt.

I ſuſpect that the anonymous *Taming of a Shrew* was written about the year 1590, either by George Peele or Robert Greene. MALONE.

From

From this play the TATLER formed a Story, Vol. IV. No 251.

It cannot but ſeem ſtrange that Shakſpeare ſhould be ſo little known to the author of the Tatler, that he ſhould ſuffer this ſtory to be obtruded upon him, or ſo little known to the publick, that he could hope to make it paſs upon his readers as a real narrative of a tranſaction in Lincolnſhire; yet it is apparent, that he was deceived, or intended to deceive, that he knew not himſelf whence the ſtory was taken, or hoped that he might rob ſo obſcure a writer without detection.

Of this play the two plots are ſo well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not diſtracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between Catharine and Petruchio is eminently ſpritely and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleaſure. The whole play is very popular and diverting. JOHNSON.

# ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

## Perſons Repreſented [1].

*King of* France.
*Duke of* Florence.
Bertram, *Count of* Rouſillon.
Lafeu, *an old Lord.*
Parolles [2], *a follower of* Bertram.
*Several young* French *Lords, that ſerve with* Bertram *in the* Florentine *war.*
*Steward,* } *Servants to the Counteſs of* Rouſillon.
*Clown,* }
*A Page.*

*Counteſs of* Rouſillon, *mother to* Bertram.
Helena, *a gentlewoman protected by the Counteſs.*
*An old widow of* Florence.
Diana, *daughter to the widow.*
Violenta [3], } *Neighbours and friends to the widow.*
Mariana, }

*Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers,* &c. French *and* Florentine.

*SCENE, partly in* France, *and partly in* Tuſcany.

1 There is no enumeration of perſons in the old copy.

2 *Parolles,*] I ſuppoſe we ſhould write this name *Paroles*, i. e. a creature made up of empty words. STEEVENS.

3 *Violenta* only enters once, and then ſhe neither ſpeaks, nor is ſpoken to. STEEVENS.

# ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL[1].

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

*Enter* BERTRAM, *the Counteſs of* ROUSILLON, HELENA, *and* LAFEU, *in mourning.*

*Count.* In delivering my ſon from me, I bury a ſecond huſband.

*Ber.* And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I muſt attend his majeſty's command, to whom I am now in ward[2], evermore in ſubjection.

*Laf.*

[1] The ſtory of *All's well that ends well*, or, as I ſuppoſe it to have been ſometimes called, *Love's Labour wonne*, is originally indeed the property of Boccace, but it came immediately to Shakſpeare from *Painter's Gilletta of Narbon*, in the firſt Vol. of the *Palace of Pleaſure*, quarto, 1566, p. 88. FARMER.

Shakſpeare is indebted to the novel only for a few leading circumſtances in the graver parts of the piece. The comick buſineſs appears to be entirely of his own formation. STEEVENS.

This comedy, I imagine, was written in 1598. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

[2] — *in ward*,] Under his particular care, as my guardian, till I come to age. It is now almoſt forgotten in England, that the heirs of great fortunes were the king's *wards*. Whether the ſame practice prevailed in France, it is of no great uſe to enquire, for Shakſpeare gives to all nations the manners of England. JOHNSON.

Howell's fifteenth letter acquaints us that the province of Normandy was ſubject to wardſhips, and no other part of France beſides; but the ſuppoſition of the contrary furniſhed Shakſpeare with a reaſon why the king compelled Rouſſillon to marry Helen. TOLLET.

The

*Laf.* You ſhall find of the king a huſband, madam;—you, ſir, a father: He that ſo generally is at all times good, muſt of neceſſity hold his virtue to you; whoſe worthineſs would ſtir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is ſuch abundance.

*Count.* What hope is there of his majeſty's amendment?

*Laf.* He hath abandon'd his phyſicians, madam; under whoſe practices he hath perſecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the proceſs, but only the loſing of hope by time.

*Count.* This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how ſad a paſſage 'tis[3]!) whoſe ſkill was almoſt as great as his honeſty; had it ſtretch'd ſo far, would have made nature immortal, and death ſhould have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's ſake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's diſeaſe.

*Laf.* How call'd you the man you ſpeak of, madam?

The prerogative of *wardſhip* is a branch of the feudal law, and may as well be ſuppoſed to be incorporated with the conſtitution of France, as it was with that of England, till the reign of Charles II.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

3 *O, that had! how ſad a paſſage 'tis!*] Imitated from the *Heautontimorumenos* of Terence, (then tranſlated,) where Menedemus ſays:

" Filium unicum adoleſcentulum
" *Habeo.* Ah, quid dixi? habere me? imo
" — *habui*, Chreme,
" Nunc *habeam* necne incertum eſt." BLACKSTONE.

So, in Spenſer's *Shepheard's Calender:*

" Shee, while ſhe was (that *was* a woeful word to ſaine)
" For beauties praiſe and pleaſaunce had no peere."

Again, in *Wily Beguil'd*, 1606;

" She is not mine, I have no daughter now;
" That I ſhould ſay *I had*, thence comes my grief." MALONE.

*Paſſage* is *any thing that paſſes*, ſo we now ſay, a *paſſage* of an *au hor*, and we ſaid about a century ago, the *paſſages* of a *reign*. When the counteſs mentions Helena's loſs of a father, ſhe recollects her own loſs of a huſband, and ſtops to obſerve how heavily that word *had* paſſes through her mind. JOHNSON.

Thus Shakſpeare himſelf. See *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. ſc. i:

" Now in the ſtirring *paſſage* of the day."

Again, in *A Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

" I knew the *paſſages* 'twixt her and Scudamore." STEEVENS.

*Count.*

*Count.* He was famous, ſir, in his profeſſion, and it was his great right to be ſo: Gerard de Narbon.

*Laf.* He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately ſpoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly: he was ſkilful enough to have liv'd ſtill, if knowledge could be ſet up againſt mortality.

*Ber.* What is it, my good lord, the king languiſhes of?

*Laf.* A fiſtula, my lord.

*Ber.* I heard not of it before.

*Laf.* I would, it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

*Count.* His ſole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes: her diſpoſitions ſhe inherits, which make fair gifts fairer: for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities [4], there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their ſimpleneſs [5]; ſhe derives her honeſty, and atchieves her goodneſs.

*Laf.* Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

4 — *virtuous qualities,*] i. e. qualities of good breeding and erudition, (in the ſame ſenſe that the Italians ſay, *qualità virtuoſa,*) and not moral ones. WARBURTON.

*Virtue* and *virtuous*, as I am told, ſtill keep the ſignification in the north, and mean ingenuity, and ingenious. STEEVENS.

5 — *they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their ſimpleneſs;*] *Her virtues are the better for their ſimpleneſs*, that is, her excellencies are the better becauſe they are artleſs and open, without fraud, without deſign. The learned commentator has well explained *virtues*, but has not, I think, reached the force of the word *traitors*, and therefore has not ſhewn the full extent of Shakſpeare's maſterly obſervation. *Virtues in an unclean mind are virtues and traitors too.* Eſtimable and uſeful qualities, joined with an evil diſpoſition, give that evil diſpoſition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence. The *Tatler*, mentioning the ſharpers of his time, obſerves, that ſome of them are men of ſuch elegance and knowledge, that *a young man who falls into their way, is* betrayed *as much by his judgment as his paſſions.* JOHNSON.

In *As you like it*, *virtues* are called *traitors* on a very different ground:

" ——— to ſome kind of men
" Their graces ſerve them but as enemies;
" No more do yours; your *virtues*, gentle maſter,
" Are ſanctified and holy *traitors* to you.
" O what a world is this, when what is comely
" Envenoms him that bears it!" MALONE.

*Count.*

*Count.* 'Tis the beſt brine a maiden can ſeaſon her praiſe in [6]. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her ſorrows takes all livelihood [7] from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, than to have [8].

*Hel.* I do affect a ſorrow, indeed, but I have it too [9].

*Laf.* Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceſſive grief the enemy to the living.

*Count.* If the living be enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal [1].

*Ber.*

6 — *can* ſeaſon *her praiſe in.*] To *ſeaſon* has here a culinary ſenſe; *to preſerve by ſalting.* A paſſage in *Twelfth Night* will beſt explain its meaning:

" —— all this to *ſeaſon*
" A brother's dead love, which ſhe would keep *freſh*,
" And *laſting* in her remembrance." MALONE.

7 — *all* livelihood—] i. e. all appearance of life. STEEVENS.

8 — *leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, than* to have.] Our author ſometimes is guilty of ſuch ſlight inaccuracies; and concludes a ſentence as if the former part of it had been conſtructed differently.—Thus in the preſent inſtance, he ſeems to have meant—leſt *you* be rather thought *to* affect a ſorrow, than *to have*. MALONE.

9 *I do affect a ſorrow, indeed, but I have it too.*] Helena has, I believe, a meaning here, that ſhe does not wiſh ſhould be underſtood by the counteſs. Her *affected* ſorrow was for the death of her father; her *real* grief for the lowneſs of her ſituation, which ſhe feared would for ever be a bar to her union with her beloved Bertram. Her own words afterwards fully ſupport this interpretation:

" ——— I think not on my father;—
" ——— What was he like?
" I have forgot him; my imagination
" Carries no ſavour in it but Bertram's:
" I am undone." MALONE.

1 *If the living be enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.*] *Lafeu*, ſays, *exceſſive grief is the enemy of the living:* the counteſs replies, *If the living be an enemy to grief, the exceſs ſoon makes it mortal:* that is, *if the living do not indulge grief, grief deſtroys itſelf by its own exceſs.* By the word *mortal* I underſtand *that which dies*, and Dr. Warburton, [who reads—be *not* enemy—] *that which deſtroys.* I think that my interpretation gives a ſentence more acute and more refined. Let the reader judge. JOHNSON.

A paſſage in *the Winter's Tale*, in which our author again ſpeaks of grief deſtroying itſelf by its own exceſs, adds ſupport to Dr. Johnſon's interpretation:

" —— ſcarce any joy
" Did ever live ſo long; *no ſorrow*,
" *But kill'd itſelf much ſooner.*"

In

*Ber.* Madam, I deſire your holy wiſhes.

*Laf.* How underſtand we that?

*Count.* Be thou bleſt, Bertram! and ſucceed thy father
In manners, as in ſhape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, truſt a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than uſe; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for ſilence,
But never tax'd for ſpeech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furniſh [2], and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,
'Tis an unſeaſon'd courtier; good my lord,
Adviſe him.

*Laf.* He cannot want the beſt,
That ſhall attend his love.

*Count.* Heaven bleſs him!—Farewell, Bertram.

[*Exit* Counteſs.

*Ber.* The beſt wiſhes, that can be forged in your thoughts, [*to* Helena.] be ſervants to you [3]! Be comfortable to my mother, your miſtreſs, and make much of her.

*Laf.* Farewell, pretty lady! You muſt hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt* BERTRAM *and* LAFEU.

*Hel.* O, were that all [4]!—I think not on my father;
And theſe great tears [5] grace his remembrance more,
Than thoſe I ſhed for him. What was he like?

In *Romeo and Juliet* we meet with a kindred thought:

"Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
"And *in their triumph die.*" MALONE.

[2] *That thee may furniſh,*] That may help thee with more and better qualifications. JOHNSON.

[3] *The beſt wiſhes,* &c.] That is, may you be miſtreſs of your wiſhes, and have power to bring them to effect. JOHNSON.

[4] *O were that all!* &c.] Would that the attention to maintain the credit of my father, (or, not to act unbecoming the daughter of ſuch a father,—for ſuch perhaps is the meaning,) were my only ſolicitude! I think not of him. My cares are all for Bertram. MALONE.

[5] — *theſe great* tears &c.] The *tears* which the king and counteſs ſhed for him. JOHNSON.

Perhaps ſhe means rather,—And theſe great tears which are now falling in abundance from my eyes, on another account, *appear* to do more honour to his memory than thoſe which I really ſhed for him when he died; which flowed in a leſs copious ſtream. For the hint of this interpretation I am indebted to Mr. Maſon. MALONE.

I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular ſtar,
And think to wed it, he is ſo above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere[6].
The ambition in my love thus plagues itſelf:
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Muſt die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To ſee him every hour: to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table[7]; heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour[8]:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctify his relicks. Who comes here?

6 *In his bright radiance* &c.] I cannot be united with him and move in the ſame *ſphere*, but *muſt be comforted* at a diſtance by the *radiance* that ſhoots *on all ſides* from him. JOHNSON.

*Milton*, b. x:

" — from his radiant ſeat he roſe
" Of high *collateral* glory." STEEVENS.

7 — *'Twas pretty, though a plague,*
*To ſee him every hour, to ſit and* draw
*His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,*
*In our* heart's table;] So, in our author's 24th Sonnet:

" Mine eye hath play'd the *painter*, and hath ſteel'd
" Thy beauty's form in *table of my heart.*"

A *table* was formerly a term for a *picture*. *Tableau*, Fr. So, on a picture painted in the time of Queen Elizabeth, in the poſſeſſion of the Hon. Horace Walpole:

" The Queen to Walſingham this *table* ſent,
" Mark of her people's and her own content." MALONE.

8 — trick *of his ſweet favour:*] So, in *King John:* " he hath a *trick* of Cœur de Lion's face." *Trick* ſeems to be ſome peculiarity of look or feature. JOHNSON.

*Trick* is an expreſſion taken from *drawing*, and is ſo explained in another place. The preſent inſtance explains itſelf:

—— *to ſit and* draw
*His arched brows*, &c.
—— *and* trick *of his ſweet favour.*

*Trick*, however, may mean *peculiarity*. STEEVENS.

*Tricking* is uſed by heralds for the delineation and colouring of arms, &c. MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter* PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his ſake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward;
Yet theſe fix'd evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's ſteely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we ſee
Cold wiſdom waiting on ſuperfluous folly [9].

*Par.* Save you, fair queen.

*Hel.* And you, monárch [1].

*Par.* No

*Hel.* And no [2].

*Par.* Are you meditating on virginity?

*Hel.* Ay. You have ſome ſtain of ſoldier [3] in you; let me aſk you a queſtion: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it againſt him?

*Par.* Keep him out.

*Hel.* But he aſſails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us ſome warlike reſiſtance.

*Par.* There is none; man, ſitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

*Hel.* Bleſs our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

*Par.* Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourſelves made, you loſe your city [4]. It is not politick

9 Cold *wiſdom waiting on* ſuperfluous *folly.*] *Cold* for naked; as *ſuperfluous* for over-cloathed. This makes the propriety of the antitheſis. WARBURTON.

1 *And you*, monárch.] Perhaps here is ſome alluſion deſigned to *Monarcho*, a ridiculous fantaſtical character of the age of Shakſpeare. Concerning this perſon, ſee the notes on *Love's Labour Loſt*. STEEVENS.

2 *And no.*] I am no more a queen than you are a monarch, or *Monarcho*. MALONE.

3 — ſtain *of ſoldier*—] *Stain* for what we now ſay *tincture*; ſome qualities, at leaſt ſuperficial, of a ſoldier. JOHNSON.

4 — *with the breach yourſelves made, you loſe your* city.] So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

"And

tick in the commonwealth of nature to preſerve virginity. Loſs of virginity is rational increaſe [5]; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was firſt loſt. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once loſt, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, is ever loſt: 'tis too cold a companion; away with it.

*Hel.* I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

*Par.* There's little can be ſaid in't; 'tis againſt the rule of nature. To ſpeak on the part of virginity, is to accuſe your mothers; which is moſt infallible diſobedience. He that hangs himſelf, is a virgin: virginity murders itſelf [6]; and ſhould be buried in highways, out of all ſanctified limit, as a deſperate offendreſs againſt nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheeſe; conſumes itſelf to the very paring, and ſo dies with feeding his own ſtomach. Beſides, virginity is peeviſh, proud, idle, made of ſelf-love, which is the moſt inhibited ſin [7] in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot chooſe but loſe by't: Out with't: within ten years it will make itſelf ten [8], which is a goodly increaſe; and the principal itſelf not much the worſe: Away with't.

*Hel.*

" And long upon theſe terms I held my *city*,
" Till this he 'gan beſiege me."

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

" This makes in him more rage, and leſſer pity,
" To make the breach, and enter this ſweet *city*." MALONE.

5 *Loſs of virginity is* rational *increaſe*;—] I believe we ſhould read *national*. TYRWHITT.

*Rational increaſe* may mean the regular increaſe by which rational beings are propagated. STEEVENS.

6 *He that hangs himſelf, is a virgin: virginity murders itſelf*;] i. e. he that hangs himſelf, and a virgin, are in this circumſtance alike; they are both *ſelf-deſtroyers*. MALONE.

7 — *inhibited ſin*—] i. e. forbidden. So, in *Othello*:

" ——— a practiſer
" Of arts *inhibited* and out of warrant." STEEVENS.

8 — *within ten years, it will make itſelf* ten,] The old copy reads —within ten years it will make itſelf *two*. The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. It was alſo ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens, who likewiſe propoſed to read—within *two* years it will make itſelf *two*. Mr. Tollet would read—within ten years it will make itſelf *twelve*.

I formerly propoſed to read—" Out with it: within ten *months* it will make itſelf two." Part with it, and within ten months' time it will double itſelf; i. e. it will produce a child.

I now

*Hel.* How might one do, ſir, to loſe it to her own liking?

*Par.* Let me ſee: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes [9]. 'Tis a commodity will loſe the gloſs with lying; the longer kept, the leſs worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: anſwer the time of requeſt. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of faſhion; richly ſuited, but unſuitable: juſt like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now [1]. Your date is better [2] in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears; it looks

I now mention this conjecture (in which I once had ſome confidence) only for the purpoſe of acknowledging my error. I had not ſufficiently attended to a former paſſage in this ſcene,—"Virginity, by being once loſt, may be *ten* times found," i. e. may produce *ten* virgins." Thoſe words likewiſe are ſpoken by Parolles, and add ſuch deciſive ſupport to Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation, that I have not heſitated to adopt it. The text, as exhibited in the old copy, is undoubtedly corrupt. It has already been obſerved, that many paſſages in theſe plays, in which numbers are introduced, are printed incorrectly.

"*Out* with it," is uſed equivocally.—Applied to virginity, it means, give it away; part with it: conſidered in another light, it ſignifies, put it out to intereſt. In *the Tempeſt* we have—"Each *putter out* on five for one," &c.

Our author's ſixth Sonnet fully ſupports the emendation made here:

"That *uſe* is not forbidden uſury,
"Which happies thoſe that pay the willing loan;
"That's for thyſelf, to breed another thee,
"Or *ten times* happier, be it *ten* for one.
"Ten times thyſelf were happier than thou art,
"*If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee.*" MALONE.

[9] — *Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes.*] Parolles, in anſwer to the queſtion, *how one ſhall loſe virginity to her own liking?* plays upon the word *liking*, and ſays, *ſhe muſt do ill, for* virginity, to be ſo loſt, *muſt like him that likes not* virginity. JOHNSON.

[1] — *which* wear *not now.*] Thus the old copy, and rightly. Shakſpeare often uſes the active for the paſſive. The modern editors read, —"which *we* wear not now" TYRWHITT.

The old copy has *were*. Mr. Rowe corrected it. MALONE.

[2] — *Your* date *is better*—] Here is a quibble on the word *date*, which means both *age*, and a kind of candied *fruit* much uſed in our author's time. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"They call for *dates* and quinces in the paſtry."

The ſame quibble occurs in *Troilus and Creſſida:* "— and then to be baked with no *date* in the pye, for then the man's *date* is out."

STEEVENS.

ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a wither'd pear: Will you any thing with it?

*Hel.* Not my virginity yet [3].
There ſhall your maſter have a thouſand loves,
A mother, and a miſtreſs, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain [4], and an enemy,

3 *Not my virginity yet.*] Something, which ſhould connect Helena's words with thoſe of Parolles, ſeems to be wanting. Hanmer has made a fair attempt by reading:

*Not my virginity yet* —You're for the court,
*There ſhall your maſter* &c.

Some ſuch clauſe has, I think, dropped out, but ſtill the firſt words want connection. Perhaps Parolles, going away after his harangue, ſaid *will you any thing with me?* to which Helena may reply—I know not what to do with the paſſage. JOHNSON.

I do not perceive ſo great a want of connection as my predeceſſors have apprehended; nor is that connection always to be ſought for, in ſo careleſs a writer as ours, from the thought immediately preceding the reply of the ſpeaker. Parolles has been laughing at the unprofitableneſs of virginity, eſpecially when it grows ancient, and compares it to withered fruit. Helena, properly enough replies, that hers is not yet in that ſtate: but that in the enjoyment of her, his maſter ſhould find the gratification of all his moſt romantick wiſhes. It does not however appear that this rapturous effuſion of Helena was deſigned to be intelligible to Parolles. Its obſcurity, therefore, may be its merit. It ſufficiently explains what is paſſing in the mind of the ſpeaker, to every one but him to whom ſhe does not mean to explain it. STEEVENS.

Perhaps we ſhould read: "Will you any thing with *us?*" i. e. will you ſend any thing with us to court? to which Helena's anſwer would be proper enough—

"Not my virginity yet."

A ſimilar phraſe occurs in *Twelfth Night*, Act III. ſc. i:

"*You'll nothing*, madam, to my lord by me?" TYRWHITT.

Perhaps ſomething has been omitted in Parolles's ſpeech. "*I am now bound for the court*; will you any thing with it [i. e. with the court]?" So, in *the Winter's Tale:*

"Tell me what you have to the king."

I do not agree with Mr. Steevens in the latter part of his note; "— that in the enjoyment of her," &c. See note 5. MALONE.

4 — *captain*,] Our author often uſes this word for a head or chief. So, in one of his Sonnets:

"Or *captain* jewels in the carkanet."

Again, in *Timon of Athens:* "— the aſs more *captain* than the lion." Again more appoſitely, in *Othello*, where it is applied to Deſdemona:

"— our great captain's *captain*." MALONE.

A guide,

A guide, a goddeſs, and a ſovereign,
A counſellor, a traitreſs [5], and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his diſcord dulcet,
His faith, his ſweet diſaſter; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious chriſtendoms [6],

5 — *a* traitreſs,] *Traditora, a traitreſs*, in the Italian language, is generally uſed as a term of endearment. The meaning of *Helen* is, that ſhe ſhall prove *every thing* to *Bertram*. Our ancient writers delighted in catalogues, and always characterize love by contrarieties. STEVENS.

Falſtaff, in *the Merry Wives of Windſor*, ſays to Mrs. Ford: "Thou art a *traitor* to ſay ſo." In his interview with her, he certainly meant to uſe the language of love.

Helena however, I think, does not mean to ſay that ſhe ſhall prove every thing to Bertram, but to expreſs her apprehenſion that he will find at the court ſome lady or ladies who ſhall prove every thing to him; ("a phœnix, captain, counſellor, traitreſs, &c.") to whom he will give all the fond names that "blinking Cupid goſſips."

We find ſome of theſe terms of endearment again uſed in *The Winter's Tale*. Leontes ſays to the young Mamillius,

"Come, *captain*, we muſt be neat," &c.

Again, in the ſame ſcene, Polixenes, ſpeaking of his ſon, ſays,

"He's all my exerciſe, my mirth, my matter;
"Now my ſworn *friend*, and then mine *enemy*;
"My paraſite, my ſoldier, ſtateſman, all." MALONE.

I believe it would not be difficult to find in the love poetry of thoſe times an authority for moſt, if not for every one, of theſe whimſical titles. At leaſt I can affirm it from knowledge, that far the greater part of them are to be found in the Italian lyrick poetry, which was the model from which our poets chiefly copied. HEATH.

6 — *chriſtendoms*,] This word, which ſignifies the collective body of chriſtianity, every place where the chriſtian religion is embraced, is ſurely uſed with much licence on this occaſion. STEVENS.

It is uſed by another ancient writer in the ſame ſenſe; ſo that the word probably bore, in our author's time, the ſignification which he has affixed to it. So, in *A Royal Arbor of Loyal Poeſie*, by Thomas Jordan, no date, but printed about 1661:

"She is baptiz'd in *Chriſtendom*,
[i. e. by a chriſtian name,]
"The Jew cries out he's undone—."

Theſe lines are found in a ballad formed on part of the ſtory of *The Merchant of Venice*, in which it is remarkable that it is the Jew's daughter, and not Portia, that ſaves the Merchant's life by pleading his cauſe. There ſhould ſeem therefore to have been ſome novel on this ſubject, that has hitherto eſcaped the researches of the commentators. In the ſame book are ballads founded on the fables of *Much ado about Nothing*, and *the Winter's Tale*. MALONE.

That blinking Cupid goſſips. Now ſhall he—
I know not what he ſhall:—God ſend him well!—
The court's a learning place;—and he is one—

*Par.* What one, 'faith?

*Hel.* That I wiſh well.—'Tis pity—

*Par.* What's pity?

*Hel.* That wiſhing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whoſe baſer ſtars do ſhut us up in wiſhes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And ſhew what we alone muſt think[7]; which never
Returns us thanks.

*Enter a* Page.

*Page.* Monſieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit* Page.

*Par.* Little Helen, farewel: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

*Hel.* Monſieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable ſtar.

*Par.* Under Mars, I.

*Hel.* I eſpecially think, under Mars.

*Par.* Why under Mars?

*Hel.* The wars have ſo kept you under, that you muſt needs be born under Mars?

*Par.* When he was predominant.

*Hel.* When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

*Par.* Why think you ſo?

*Hel.* You go ſo much backward, when you fight.

*Par.* That's for advantage.

*Hel.* So is running away, when fear propoſes the ſafety: But the compoſition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well[8].

*Par.*

7 *And* ſhew *what we alone muſt think*;] And *ſhew* by realities what we now *muſt only think*. JOHNSON.

8 — *is a virtue of a good* wing, *and I like the wear well.*] Mr. Edwards is of opinion, that a *virtue of a good wing* refers to his nimbleneſs or fleetneſs in running away. The phraſe, however, is taken from falconry, as may appear from the following paſſage in Marſton's *Fawne*, 1606: "— love my horſe after a journeying eaſineſs, as he is eaſy in journeying; my hawk for the *goodneſs of his wing*, &c." STEEVENS.

The

*Par.* I am ſo full of buſineſſes, I cannot anſwer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my inſtruction ſhall ſerve to naturalize thee, ſo thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counſel [9], and underſtand what advice ſhall thruſt upon thee; elſe thou dieſt in thine unthankfulneſs, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewel. When thou haſt leiſure, ſay thy prayers; when thou haſt none, remember thy friends: get thee a good huſband, and uſe him as he uſes thee: ſo farewel. [*Exit.*

*Hel.* Our remedies oft in ourſelves do lie,
Which we aſcribe to heaven: the fated ſky
Gives us free ſcope; only doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſigns when we ourſelves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love ſo high;
That makes me ſee, and cannot feed mine eye [1];
The mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiſs like native things [2].

Impoſſible

The reading of the old copy (which Dr. Warburton changed to *ming*,) is ſupported by a paſſage in *K. Henry V.* in which we meet with a ſimilar expreſſion: "Though his *affections* are higher mounted than ours, yet when they ſtoop, they ſtoop with the *like wing*." Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"Yet let me wonder, Harry,
"At thy affections, which do hold a *wing*
"Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors." MALONE.

9 — *ſo thou wilt be* capable *of a courtier's counſel,*] i. e. thou wilt comprehend it. See a note in *Hamlet*, on the words—

"Whoſe form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,
"Would make them *capable*." MALONE.

1 *What power is it, which mounts my love ſo high;*
*That makes me ſee, and cannot feed mine eye?*] She means, by what influence is my love directed to a perſon ſo much above me? why am I made to diſcern excellence, and left to long after it, without the food of hope? JOHNSON.

2 *The mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings*
*To join like likes, and kiſs like native things.*] I underſtand the meaning to be this —*The affections given us by nature often unite perſons between whom fortune or accident has placed the greateſt diſtance or diſparity; and cauſe them to join, like likes,* (inſtar parium) *like perſons in the ſame ſituation or rank of life.* Thus (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved) in *Timon of Athens*:

"Thou ſoldereſt cloſe *impoſſibilities*,
"And mak'ſt them *kiſs*."

This interpretation is ſtrongly confirmed by a ſubſequent ſpeech of the Counteſs's ſteward, who is ſuppoſed to have over-heard the ſoliloquy of Helena:

Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts, to thoſe
That weigh their pains in ſenſe; and do ſuppoſe,
What hath been cannot be: Whoever ſtrove
To ſhew her merit, that did miſs her love?
The king's diſeaſe—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Flouriſh of cornets. Enter the King of France, with letters; Lords and others attending.*

*King.* The Florentines and Senoys[3] are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1. *Lord.* So 'tis reported, ſir.

Helena: "*Fortune*, ſhe ſaid, was no goddeſs, that had put ſuch *difference* betwixt their two eſtates."

*The mightieſt ſpace in fortune*, for *perſons the moſt widely ſeparated by fortune*, is certainly a licentious expreſſion; but it is ſuch a licence as Shakſpeare often takes. Thus in *Cymbeline*, *the diminution of ſpace* is uſed for the diminution of which ſpace, or *diſtance*, is the cauſe.

If he had written *ſpaces* (as in *Troilus and Creſſida*,

" ——— her whom we know well
" The world's large *ſpaces* cannot parallel,)

the paſſage would have been more clear; but he was confined by the metre. We might, however, read—

The mightieſt ſpace in nature fortune brings
To join &c.

i. e. accident ſometimes unites thoſe whom inequality of rank has ſeparated. But I believe the text is right. MALONE.

3 — *Senoys*—] The *Saneſi*, as they are term'd by *Boccace*. *Painter*, who tranſlates him, calls them *Senois*. They were the people of a ſmall republick, of which the capital was *Sienna*. The Florentines were at perpetual variance with them. STEEVENS.

*King.*

*King.* Nay, 'tis moſt credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our couſin Auſtria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For ſpeedy aid; wherein our deareſt friend
Prejudicates the buſineſs, and would ſeem
To have us make denial.

1. *Lord.* His love and wiſdom,
Approv'd ſo to your majeſty, may plead
For ampleſt credence.

*King.* He hath arm'd our anſwer,
And Florence is deny'd before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to ſee
The Tuſcan ſervice, freely have they leave
To ſtand on either part.

2. *Lord.* It may well ſerve
A nurſery to our gentry, who are ſick
For breathing and exploit.

*King.* What's he comes here?

*Enter* BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

1. *Lord.* It is the count Rouſillon [4], my good lord,
Young Bertram.

*King.* Youth, thou bear'ſt thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haſte,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'ſt thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

*Ber.* My thanks and duty are your majeſty's.

*King.* I would I had that corporal ſoundneſs now,
As when thy father, and myſelf, in friendſhip
Firſt try'd our ſoldierſhip! He did look far
Into the ſervice of the time, and was
Diſciplèd of the braveſt: he laſted long;
But on us both did haggiſh age ſteal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father [*]: In his youth

[4] — Rouſillon.] The old copy reads—*Roſignoll.* STEEVENS.

[*] — *It much* repairs
*Me to talk of your good father:*] To *repair*, in theſe plays, generally ſignifies, to *renovate*. So, in *Cymbeline:*

" —— O diſloyal thing,
" That ſhould'ſt *repair* my youth!" MALONE.

He

He had the wit, which I can well obſerve
To-day in our young lords; but they may jeſt,
Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour [5].
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterneſs
Were in his pride or ſharpneſs; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them [6], and his honour,
Clock to itſelf, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him ſpeak, and, at that time,
His tongue obey'd his hand [7]: who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place [8];

And

5 *Ere they can hide their levity in* honour.] I believe, *honour* is not *dignity of birth or rank*, but *acquired reputation: Your father*, ſays the king, *had the ſame airy flights of ſatirical wit, with the young lords of the preſent time, but they do not what he did*, hide their unnoted *levity* in honour, *cover petty faults with great merit.*

This is an excellent obſervation. Jocoſe follies, and ſlight offences are only allowed by mankind in him that overpowers them by great qualities. JOHNSON.

6 *So like a courtier, contempt* nor *bitterneſs*
*Were in his pride or ſharpneſs; if they were,*
*His equal had awak'd them;*] *Nor* was uſed without reduplication. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" More *not* leſs to others paying,
" Than by ſelf-offences weighing."

The text needs to be explained. He was ſo like a courtier, that there was in *his dignity of manner nothing contemptuous*, and *in his keenneſs of wit nothing bitter.* If *bitterneſs or contemptuouſneſs* ever *appeared*, they had been *awakened* by ſome injury, not of a man below him, but of his *equal.* This is the complete image of a well bred man, and ſomewhat like this Voltaire has exhibited his hero Lewis XIV. JOHNSON.

Sir William Blackſtone would point this paſſage differently, and perhaps rightly:

" Ere they can hide their levity in honour,
" So like a courtier. Contempt &c." MALONE.

7 *His tongue obey'd* his *hand:*] We ſhould read—His tongue obeyed *the* hand. That is, the *hand* of *his honour's clock*, ſhewing *the true minute when exceptions had him ſpeak.* JOHNSON.

*His* is put for *its.* So, in *Othello:*

" ——— ——— her motion
" Bluſh'd at *herſelf*,"—inſtead of *itſelf.* STEEVENS.

8 *He us'd as creatures of another place;*] i. e. He made allowances for their conduct, and bore from them what he would not from one of his own rank. WARBURTON.

I doubt whether this was our author's meaning. I rather incline to think that he meant only, that the father of Bertram treated thoſe below him with becoming condeſcenſion, as creatures not indeed in ſo *high* a place

And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praiſe he humbled [9]: Such a man
Might be a copy to theſe younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would démonſtrate them now
But goers backward.

*Ber.* His good remembrance, ſir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal ſpeech [1].

a place as himſelf, but yet holding a certain place; as *one* of the links, though not the largeſt, of the great chain of ſociety.

In *The Winter's Tale*, *place* is again uſed for *rank* or ſituation in life:

" ——— O thou thing,
" Which I'll not call a *creature of thy place*." MALONE.

9 *Making them proud of his humility,*
*In their poor praiſe he humbled:*] I think the meaning is,—Making them proud of receiving ſuch marks of condeſcenſion and affability from a perſon in ſo elevated a ſituation, and at the ſame time lowering or humbling himſelf, by ſtooping to accept of the encomiums of mean perſons for that humility.—The conſtruction ſeems to be, " he *being* humbled in their poor praiſe." MALONE.

Every man has ſeen the *mean* too often *proud of* the *humility* of the great, and perhaps the great may ſometimes be *humbled in the praiſes* of the mean, of thoſe who commend them without conviction or diſcernment: this, however, is not ſo common; the *mean* are found more frequently than the *great*. JOHNSON.

1 *So in approof lives not his epitaph,*
*As in your royal ſpeech.*] *Approof* is approbation. JOHNSON.

So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" Either of condemnation or *approof*." STEEVENS.

Perhaps the meaning is this: *His epitaph or inſcription on his tomb is not ſo much in approbation or condemnation of him, as is your royal ſpeech.* TOLLET.

There can be no doubt but the word *approof* is frequently uſed in the ſenſe of *approbation*, but that is not always the caſe; and in this place it ſignifies *proof* or *confirmation*. The meaning of the paſſage appears to be this: The truth of his epitaph is in no way ſo fully proved as by your royal ſpeech. It is needleſs to remark, that epitaphs generally contain the praiſes and character of the deceaſed. *Approof* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe by Bertram in the ſecond act:

*Lafeu.* But I hope your lordſhip thinks him not a ſoldier.
*Bertram.* Yes, my lord, and of very valiant *approof*. MASON.

Mr. Heath ſuppoſes the meaning to be this: " His epitaph, or the character he left behind him, is not ſo well eſtabliſhed by *the ſpecimens he exhibited of his worth*, as by your royal report in his favour." The paſſage above quoted from Act II. ſupports this interpretation. MALONE.

*King.* 'Would, I were with him! He would always ſay,
(Methinks, I hear him now; his plauſive words
He ſcatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,)—*Let me not live,*—
Thus * his good melancholy oft began,
On the cataſtrophe and heel of paſtime,
When it was out,—*let me not live,* quoth he,
*After my flame lacks oil, to be the ſnuff*
*Of younger ſpirits, whoſe apprehenſive ſenſes*
*All but new things diſdain; whoſe judgments are*
*Mere fathers of their garments* [2]; *whoſe conſtancies*
*Expire before their faſhions:*—This he wiſh'd:
I, after him, do after him wiſh too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were diſſolved from my hive,
To give ſome labourers room.

2. *Lord.* You are lov'd, ſir;
They, that leaſt lend it you, ſhall lack you firſt.

*King.* I fill a place, I know't —How long is't, count,
Since the phyſician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

*Ber.* Some ſix months ſince, my lord.

* Thus—] O'd Copy—*This.* Corrected by Mr. Pope.
So, in *King John:*

" *Thus*, leaning on my elbow, I *begin.*" MALONE.

[2] — *whoſe judgments are*
*Mere* fathers *of their garments*:] Who have no other uſe of their faculties, than to invent new modes of dreſs. JOHNSON.

The reading of the old copy, *fathers*, (inſtead of which Mr. Tyrwhitt ſuſpects that the author wrote—*feathers*,) is ſupported by a ſimilar paſſage in *Cymbeline:*

" —— ſome jay of Italy
" Whoſe *mother* was her *painting*—."

Again, by another in the ſame play:

" —— No, nor thy tailor, raſcal,
" Who is thy *grandfather*; he made thoſe *cloaths*,
" Which, as it ſeems, *make* thee."

There the garment is ſaid to be the father of the man:—in the text, the judgment, being employed ſolely in forming or giving *birth* to new dreſſes, is called *the father of the garment.*

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II.:

" —— every minute now
" Should be the *father* of ſome ſtratagem." MALONE.

*King.*

*King.* If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the reſt have worn me out
With ſeveral applications:—nature and ſickneſs
Debate it at their leiſure. Welcome, count;
My ſon's no dearer.

*Ber.* Thank your majeſty. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

*Enter* Counteſs, Steward, *and* Clown[3].

*Count.* I will now hear: what ſay you of this gentlewoman?

*Stew.*

3 — *and* Clown.] A *Clown* in Shakſpeare is commonly taken for a *licenſed jeſter*, or domeſtick *fool*. We are not to wonder that we find this character often in his plays, ſince fools were, at that time, maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the houſe. In the picture of Sir Thomas More's family, by Hans Holbein, the only ſervant repreſented is Patiſon the *fool*. This is a proof of the familiarity to which they were admitted, not by the great only, but the wiſe.

In ſome plays, a ſervant, or a ruſtick, of remarkable petulance and freedom of ſpeech, is likewiſe called a *clown*. JOHNSON.

Cardinal Wolſey after his diſgrace, wiſhing to ſhew King Henry VIII. a mark of his reſpect, ſent him his fool *Patche*, as a preſent, whom, ſays Stowe, "the king received very gladly." MALONE.

This dialogue, or that in *Twelfth Night*, between *Olivia* and the *Clown*, ſeems to have been particularly cenſured by Cartwright, in one of the copies of verſes prefixed to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"*Shakſpeare* to thee was dull, whoſe beſt jeſt lies
"I' th' *lady's* queſtions, and the *fool's* replies;
"Old-faſhion'd wit, which walk'd from town to town
"In trunk-hoſe, which our fathers call'd the *Clown*."

In the Mſ. regiſter of lord Stanhope of Harrington, treaſurer of the chamber to King James I. from 1613 to 1616, are the following entries: "Tom Derry, his majeſty's *fool*, at 2s. per diem,—1615. Paid John Mawe for the diet and lodging of Thomas Derrie, her majeſty's *jeſter*, for 13 weeks, 10*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*—1616." STEEVENS.

The

*Stew.* Madam, the care I have had to even your content[4], I wiſh might be found in the calendar of my paſt endeavours; for then we wound our modeſty, and make foul the clearneſs of our deſervings, when of ourſelves we publiſh them[5].

*Count.* What does this knave here? Get you gone, ſirrah: The complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my ſlowneſs, that I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make ſuch knaveries yours[6].

*Clown.* 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, that I am a poor fellow.

*Count.* Well, ſir.

*Clown.* No, madam, 'tis not ſo well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damn'd*: But, if I may have

The following lines in *The Careleſs Shepherdeſs*, a comedy, 1656, exhibit probably a faithful portrait of this once admired character:

" Why, I would have *the fool* in every act,
" Be it comedy or tragedy. I have laugh'd
" Untill I cry'd again, to ſee what faces
" The rogue will make —O, it does me good
" *To ſee him hold out his chin, hang down his hands,*
" *And twirl his bable.* There is ne'er a part
" About him but breaks jeſts.—
" I'd rather hear him leap, or laugh, or cry,
" Than hear the graveſt ſpeech in all the play.
" I never ſaw READE peeping through the curtain,
" But raviſhing joy enter'd into my heart." MALONE.

4 — *to even your content,*] To act up to your deſires. JOHNSON.

5 — *when of ourſelves we publiſh them.*] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" The worthineſs of praiſe diſtains his worth,
" If he that's prais'd, himſelf brings the praiſe forth."
MALONE.

6 — *you lack not folly to commit* them, *and have ability enough to make ſuch knaveries* yours.] After premiſing that the accuſative, *them*, refers to the precedent word, *complaints*, and that this by a metonymy of the effect for the cauſe, ſtands for the freaks which occaſioned thoſe complaints, the ſenſe will be extremely clear. *You are fool enough to commit thoſe irregularities you are charged with, and yet not ſo much fool neither, as to diſcredit the accuſation by any defect in your ability.* HEATH.

It appears to me that the accuſative *them* refers to *knaveries*, and the natural ſenſe of the paſſage ſeems to be this: " You have folly enough to deſire to commit theſe knaveries, and ability enough to accompliſh them." MASON.

* — *are damn'd;*] See S. Mark x. 25; S. Luke xviii. 25. GREY.

your

your ladyſhip's good will to go to the world [7], Iſbel the woman and I will do as we may.

*Count.* Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

*Clown.* I do beg your good will in this caſe.

*Count.* In what caſe?

*Clown.* In Iſbel's caſe and mine own. Service is no heritage: and, I think, I ſhall never have the bleſſing of God, till I have iſſue of my body; for, they ſay, bearns are bleſſings.

*Count.* Tell me the reaſon why thou wilt marry.

*Clown.* My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the fleſh; and he muſt needs go, that the devil drives.

*Count.* Is this all your worſhip's reaſon?

*Clown.* 'Faith, madam, I have other holy reaſons, ſuch as they are.

*Count.* May the world know them?

*Clown.* I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all fleſh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

*Count.* Thy marriage, ſooner than thy wickedneſs.

*Clown.* I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's ſake.

*Count.* Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

*Clown.* You are ſhallow, madam; e'en great friends [9]; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am aweary of.

7 — *to go to the world,*] This phraſe has already occurred in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and ſignifies *to be married:* and thus, in *As you like it*, Audrey ſays: "— it is no diſhoneſt deſire, to deſire to be *a woman of the world*." STEEVENS.

8 — *and* I—] *I*, which was inadvertently omitted in the firſt copy, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

9 *You are ſhallow, madam*; e'en *great friends*;] The old copy reads —in great friends; evidently a miſtake for *e'en*, which was formerly written *e'n*. The two words are ſo near in ſound, that they might eaſily have been confounded by an inattentive hearer.

The ſame miſtake has happened in many other places in our author's plays. So, in the preſent comedy, Act III. ſc. ii. folio, 1623:

*Lady.* What have we here?

*Clown. In* that you have there.

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"No more but *in* a woman."

Again, in *Twelfth Night:*

"'Tis with him *in* ſtanding water, between boy and man."

The

of. He, that ears my land [1], ſpares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: He, that comforts my wife, is the cheriſher of my fleſh and blood; he, that cheriſhes my fleſh and blood, loves my fleſh and blood; he, that loves my fleſh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kiſſes my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poyſam the papiſt, howſoe'er their hearts are ſever'd in religion, their heads are both one, they may joll horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

*Count.* Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

*Clown.* A prophet I, madam; and I ſpeak the truth the next way [2]:

*For I the ballad will repeat,*
*Which men full true ſhall find;*
*Your marriage comes by deſtiny,*
*Your cuckoo ſings by kind* [3].

*Count.* Get you gone, ſir; I'll talk with you more anon.

*Stew.* May it pleaſe you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to ſpeak.

*Count.* Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would ſpeak with her; Helen I mean.

The corruption of this paſſage was pointed out by Mr. Tyrwhitt. For the emendation now made the preſent editor is anſwerable. MALONE.

1 — *that* ears *my land*,—] To *ear* is to *plough*. STEEVENS.

2 *A prophet, I, madam; and I ſpeak the truth the next way*:] It is a ſuperſtition, which has run through all ages and people, that *natural fools* have ſomething in them of divinity. WARBURTON.

*Next way*, is *neareſt way*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

" 'Tis the *next* way to turn tailor," &c. STEEVENS.

3 — *ſings by kind.*] I find ſomething like two of the lines of this ballad in *John Grange's Garden*, 1577;

" Content yourſelf as well as I, let reaſon rule your minde;
" As cuckoldes come by deſtinie, ſo cuckowes ſing by kinde."
STEEVENS.

Clown.

Clown. *Was this fair face the cauſe, quoth ſhe*[4], [ſinging.
*Why the Grecians ſacked Troy?*
*Fond done*[5], *done fond,*
*Was this King Priam's joy.*
*With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood,*
*With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood,*
*And gave this ſentence then;*
*Among nine bad if one be good,*
*Among nine bad if one be good,*
*There's yet one good in ten*[6].

*Count.*

[4] *Was this fair face the cauſe*, &c.] The name of *Helen*, whom the counteſs has juſt called for, brings an old ballad on the ſacking of Troy to the clown's mind. MALONE.

This is a ſtanza of an old ballad, out of which a word or two are dropt, equally neceſſary to make the ſenſe and the alternate rhime. For it was not Helen, who was king Priam's joy, but Paris. The third line therefore ſhould be read thus:

*Fond done, fond done*, for Paris, he—. WARBURTON.

If this be a ſtanza taken from an ancient ballad, it will probably in time be found entire, and then the reſtoration may be made with authority. STEEVENS.

In confirmation of Dr. Warburton's conjecture, Mr. Theobald has quoted from Fletcher's *Maid in the Mill*, the following ſtanza of another old ballad:

" And here fair *Paris* comes,
" The hopeful youth of *Troy*,
" Queen Hecuba's darling ſon,
" King *Priam's* only *joy*."

This renders it extremely probable, that Paris was the perſon deſcribed as "king Priam's joy" in the ballad quoted by our author; but Mr. Heath has juſtly obſerved, that Dr. Warburton, though he has ſupplied the words ſuppoſed to be loſt, has not explained them; nor indeed do they ſeem, as they are connected, to afford any meaning.

In 1585 was entered on the Stationers' books by Edward White, "*The lamentation of Hecuba and the ladies of Troye*;" which probably contained the ſtanza here quoted. MALONE.

[5] —*fond* done,] is fooliſhly done. STEEVENS.

[6] *Among nine bad if one be good,*
*There's yet one good in ten.*] This ſecond ſtanza of the ballad is turned to a joke upon the women: a confeſſion that there was one good in ten. Whereon the Counteſs obſerved, that he corrupted the ſong; which ſhews the ſong ſaid, *nine* good *in ten*.

*If one be bad amongſt nine good,*
*There's but one bad in ten.*

This

*Count.* What, one good in ten? you corrupt the ſong, ſirrah.

*Clown.* One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the ſong: 'Would God would ſerve the world ſo all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parſon: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but or every [7] blazing ſtar, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well [8]; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

*Count.* You'll be gone, ſir knave, and do as I command you?

*Clown.* That man ſhould be at a woman's command [9], and yet no hurt done?—Though honeſty be no puritan [1], yet it will

This relates to the ten ſons of Priam, who all behaved themſelves well but Paris. For though he once had fifty, yet at this unfortunate period of his reign he had but ten; *Agathon*, *Antiphon*, *Deiphobus*, *Dius*, *Hector*, *Helenus*, *Hippothous*, *Perimon*, *Paris*, and *Polites*. WARBURTON.

7 — or *every*—] The old copy reads—*o'er* every—, which cannot be right. I ſuppoſe *o'er* was a miſprint for *or*, which was uſed by our old writers for *before*. MALONE.

8 — *'twould* mend *the lottery* well;] This ſurely is a ſtrange kind of phraſeology. I have never met with any example of it in any of the contemporary writers; and if there were any proof that in the lotteries of Queen Elizabeth's time *wheels* were employed, I ſhould be inclined to read—lottery-*wheel*. MALONE.

9 *That man* &c.] The clown's anſwer is obſcure. His lady bids him do as he is *commanded*. He anſwers with the licentious petulance of his character, that *if a man does as a woman commands, it is likely he will do amiſs*; that he does not amiſs, being at the command of a woman, he makes the effect, not of his lady's goodneſs, but of his own *honeſty*, which, though not very nice or *puritanical*, will *do no hurt*; and will not only do no hurt, but, unlike the *puritans*, will comply with the injunctions of ſuperiors, and wear the *ſurplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart*; will obey commands, though not much pleaſed with a ſtate of ſubjection.

Here is an alluſion, violently enough forced in, to ſatirize the obſtinacy with which the *puritans* refuſed the uſe of the eccleſiaſtical habits, which was, at that time, one principal cauſe of the breach of union, and, perhaps, to inſinuate, that the modeſt purity of the ſurplice was ſometimes a cover for pride. JOHNSON.

The averſion of the *puritans* to a *ſurplice* is alluded to in many of the old comedies. So, in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607:

"She loves to act in as clean linen as any gentlewoman of her function about the town; and truly that's the reaſon that your ſincere *puritans* cannot abide a *ſurplice*, becauſe they ſay 'tis made of the ſame thing that your villainous ſin is committed in, of your prophane holland." STEEVENS.

1 *Though honeſty be no puritan*, &c.] I cannot help thinking we ſhould read—Though honeſty be *a* puritan—. TYRWHITT.

Surely

will do no hurt; it will wear the ſurplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forſooth: the buſineſs is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*

*Count.* Well, now.

*Stew.* I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

*Count.* 'Faith, I do: her father bequeath'd her to me; and ſhe herſelf, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as ſhe finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more ſhall be paid her, than ſhe'll demand.

*Stew.* Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, ſhe wiſh'd me: alone ſhe was, and did communicate to herſelf, her own words to her own ears; ſhe thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any ſtranger ſenſe. Her matter was, ſhe lov'd your ſon: Fortune, ſhe ſaid, was no goddeſs, that had put ſuch difference betwixt their two eſtates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level *; Diana, no queen of virgins [2], that would ſuffer her poor knight to be ſurpriſed, without reſcue, in the firſt aſſault, or ranſom afterward: This ſhe deliver'd in

Surely Mr. Tyrwhitt's correction is right. If our author had meant to ſay, "— *though* honeſty be *no* puritan,"—why ſhould he add "that it would wear the ſurplice &c." or, in other words, that it would be content to aſſume a covering that puritans in general reprobated? What would there be extraordinary in this? Is it matter of wonder, that he who is no puritan, ſhould be free from the ſcruples and prejudices of one?

The clown, I think, means to ſay, "Though honeſty be rigid and conſcientious as *a* puritan, yet it will not be obſtinate, but humbly comply with the lawful commands of its ſuperiors, while at the ſame time its proud ſpirit inwardly revolts againſt them." I ſuſpect however a ſtill farther corruption; and that the compoſitor caught the words "*no hurt*" from the preceding line. Our author perhaps wrote—"Though honeſty be *a* puritan, yet it will do *what is enjoined*; it will wear the ſurplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart." I will therefore obey my miſtreſs, however reluctantly, and go for Helena.

MALONE.

* —*only where qualities were level*;] The meaning may be, where qualities only, *and not fortunes* or *conditions*, were level. Or perhaps *only* is uſed for *except*. "— that would not extend his might, *except* where two perſons were of equal rank." MALONE.

[2] Diana, no *queen of virgins*,—] The firſt two words, which are not in the old copy, were introduced by Mr Theobald. The compoſitor, it is highly probable, inadvertently omitted them. "Her *knight*," in the next line, is Helena. MALONE.

the

the moſt bitter touch of ſorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty ſpeedily to acquaint you withal; ſithence, in the loſs that may happen, it concerns you ſomething to know it.

*Count.* You have diſcharged this honeſtly; keep it to yourſelf: many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung ſo tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor miſdoubt: Pray you, leave me: ſtall this in your boſom, and I thank you for your honeſt care: I will ſpeak with you further anon. [*Exit* Steward.

*Enter* HELENA.

*Count.* Even ſo it was with me, when I was young:
If we are nature's [2], theſe are ours; this thorn
Doth to our roſe of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the ſhew and ſeal of nature's truth,
Where love's ſtrong paſſion is impreſt in youth:
By our remembrances [3] of days foregone,
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none [4].
Her eye is ſick on't; I obſerve her now.

*Hel.* What is your pleaſure, madam?

*Count.* You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

*Hel.* Mine honourable miſtreſs.

*Count.* Nay a mother;
Why not a mother? When I ſaid, a mother,
Methought you ſaw a ſerpent: What's in mother,
That you ſtart at it? I ſay, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of thoſe

[2] *If we are nature's,*] The old copy reads—If *ever* we are nature's. STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[3] *By our remembrances*—] That is, *according to* our recollection. So we ſay, he is old *by* my reckoning. JOHNSON.

[4] *Such were our faults*:—or *then we thought them none.*] Such were the faulty weakneſſes of which I was guilty in my youth, or ſuch at leaſt were then my *feelings*, though perhaps at that period of my life I did not think they deſerved the name of *faults*. Dr. Warburton, without neceſſity, as it ſeems to me, reads—"*O!* then we thought them none;"—and the ſubſequent editors adopted the alteration. MALONE.

That

That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often ſeen,
Adoption ſtrives with nature; and choice breeds
A native ſlip to us from foreign ſeeds[5]:
You ne'er oppreſs'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I expreſs to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To ſay, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this diſtemper'd meſſenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye[6]?
Why?—that you are my daughter?

*Hel.* That I am not.

*Count.* I ſay, I am your mother.

*Hel.* Pardon, madam:
The count Rouſillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My maſter, my dear lord he is; and I
His ſervant live, and will his vaſſal die:
He muſt not be my brother.

*Count.* Nor I your mother?

*Hel.* You are my mother, madam; 'Would you were
(So that my lord, your ſon, were not my brother,)
Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
So I were not his ſiſter[7]: Can't no other,

But,

[5] ——— *and choice breeds*
*A native ſlip to us from foreign ſeeds:*] And our choice furniſhes us with a ſlip propagated to us from foreign ſeeds, which we educate and treat, as if it were native to us, and ſprung from ourſelves. HEATH.

[6] *That this diſtemper'd meſſenger of wet,*
*The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?*] There is ſomething exquiſitely beautiful in this repreſentation of that ſuffuſion of colours which glimmers around the ſight when the eye laſhes are wet with tears. The poet hath deſcribed the ſame appearance in his *Rape of Lucrece:*

"And round about her tear-diſtained eye,
"Blue circles ſtream'd like rainbows in the ſky." HENLEY.

[7] ——— *or were you both our mothers,*
I care no more for, *than I do for heaven,*
*So I were not his ſiſter:*] There is a deſigned ambiguity: *I care no more for*, is, I care *as much for*.—I wiſh it equally. FARMER.

In *Troilus and Creſſida* we find—"I *care not* to be the louſe of a lazar, *ſo I were not* Menelaus." There the words certainly mean, I ſhould not be ſorry or unwilling to be, &c. According to this, then, the meaning of the paſſage before us ſhould be, "If you were mother to us both, it would not give me more ſolicitude than heaven gives me,—

ſo

But, I your daughter, he muſt be my brother [8]?

*Count.* Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;
God ſhield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,
So ſtrive upon your pulſe: What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondneſs: Now I ſee
The myſtery of your lonelineſs [9], and find
Your ſalt tears' head [1]. Now to all ſenſe 'tis groſs,
You love my ſon; invention is aſham'd,
Againſt the proclamation of thy paſſion,
To ſay, thou doſt not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis ſo:—for, look, thy cheeks
Confeſs it, one to the other; and thine eyes
See it ſo groſly ſhewn in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they ſpeak it; only ſin
And helliſh obſtinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth ſhould be ſuſpected: Speak, is't ſo?
If it be ſo, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forſwear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven ſhall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

*Hel.* Good madam, pardon me!

ſo I were not his ſiſter." But Helena certainly would not confeſs an indifference about her future ſtate. However, ſhe may mean, as Dr. Farmer has ſuggeſted, "I ſhould not care *more* than, but *equally as*, I care for future happineſs; I ſhould be as content and ſolicit it as much, as I pray for the bliſs of heaven." MALONE.

8 ——— *Can't no other,*

*But, I your daughter, he muſt be my brother?*] The meaning is obſcured by the elliptical diction. *Can it* be *no other* way, *but*, if *I* be *your daughter, he muſt be my brother?* JOHNSON.

9 ——— *Now I ſee*

*The myſtery of your* lonelineſs,] The old copy reads—*lovelineſs*. In the firſt folio an *u* is always uſed where our preſent printers employ a *v*; in conſequence of which in many places in theſe plays the former letter, being accidentally reverſed at the preſs, appears as an *n*, and vice verſa. In the Mſs. of that time *u* and *n* are ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable. The preſent correction was made by Mr. Theobald; who has well ſupported his emendation by a former paſſage, relative to Helena: "*Alas* ſhe was, and did communicate her own words to her own ears." MALONE.

The late Mr. Hall had corrected this, I believe, rightly,—your *lowlineſs*. TYRWHITT.

I think Theobald's correction as plauſible. To chooſe ſolitude is a mark of love. STEEVENS.

1 *Your ſalt tears' head* ] The ſource, the fountain of your tears, the cauſe of your grief. JOHNSON.

*Count.*

*Count.* Do you love my ſon?
*Hel.* Your pardon, noble miſtreſs!
*Count.* Love you my ſon?
*Hel.* Do not you love him, madam?
*Count.* Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, diſcloſe
The ſtate of your affection; for your paſſions
Have to the full appeach'd.
*Hel.* Then, I confeſs,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your ſon:—
My friends were poor, but honeſt; ſo's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of preſumptuous ſuit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deſerve him;
Yet never know how that deſert ſhould be.
I know I love in vain, ſtrive againſt hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible ſieve [2],
I ſtill pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to loſe ſtill [3]: thus, Indian-like,

[2] *Yet, in this* captious *and* intenible *ſieve,*] By *captious*, I believe, Shakſpeare only meant *recipient*, capable of *receiving* what is put into it; and by *intenible*, incapable of holding or retaining it. How frequently he and the other writers of his age confounded the active and paſſive adjectives, has been already more than once obſerved.

The original copy reads—*intemible*. The correction was made in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Dr. Farmer ſuppoſes *captious* to be a contraction of *capacious*. As violent ones are to be found among our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

[3] *And lack not to* loſe *ſtill?*] Perhaps we ſhould read:

*And lack not to* love *ſtill.* TYRWHITT.

I believe *loſe* is right. So afterwards, in this ſpeech:

" ——— whoſe ſtate is ſuch, that cannot chooſe
" But lend and give, where ſhe is ſure to *loſe.*"

Helena means, I think, to ſay that, like a perſon who pours water into a veſſel full of holes, and ſtill continues his employment though he finds the water all loſt, and the veſſel empty, ſo, though ſhe finds that *the waters of her love* are ſtill *loſt*, that her affection is thrown away on an object whom ſhe thinks ſhe never can deſerve, ſhe yet is not diſcouraged, but perſeveres in her hopeleſs endeavour to accompliſh her wiſhes. The poet evidently alludes to the trite ſtory of the daughters of Danaus. MALONE.

Religious

Religious in mine error, I adore
The ſun, that looks upon his worſhipper,
But knows of him no more. My deareſt madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourſelf,
Whoſe aged honour cites a virtuous youth[4],
Did ever, in ſo true a flame of liking,
Wiſh chaſtly, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herſelf and Love[5]: O then, give pity
To her, whoſe ſtate is ſuch, that cannot chooſe
But lend and give, where ſhe is ſure to loſe;
That ſeeks not to find that, her ſearch implies,
But, riddle like, lives ſweetly where ſhe dies.

*Count.* Had you not lately an intent, ſpeak truly,
To go to Paris,

*Hel.* Madam, I had,

*Count.* Wherefore? tell true.

*Hel.* I will tell truth; by grace itſelf, I ſwear.
You know, my father left me ſome preſcriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, ſuch as his reading,
And manifeſt experience, had collected
For general ſovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfulleſt reſervation, to beſtow them,
As notes, whoſe faculties incluſive were
More than they were in note[6]: amongſt the reſt,
There is a remedy, approv'd, ſet down,
To cure the deſperate languiſhings, whereof
The king is render'd loſt.

4 *Whoſe aged honour* cites *a virtuous youth*,] i. e. Whoſe reſpectable conduct in age *ſhews* or *proves* that you were no leſs virtuous when young. As a fact is *proved* by *citing* witneſſes, or examples from books, our author with his uſual licence uſes to *cite* in the ſenſe of *to prove*. MALONE.

5 *Wiſh chaſtly, and love dearly, that your Dian*
*Was both herſelf and* Love:] i. e. Venus. Helena means to ſay—if ever you wiſhed that the deity who preſides over chaſtity, and the queen of amorous rites, were one and the ſame perſon; or, in other words, if ever you wiſhed for the honeſt and lawful completion of your chaſte deſires. I believe, however, the words were accidentally tranſpoſed at the preſs, and would read—

Love dearly, and wiſh chaſtly, that your Dian &c. MALONE.

6 — *notes, whoſe faculties incluſive were* &c.] Receipts in which greater *virtues* were *incloſed* than appeared to obſervation. JOHNSON.

*Count.* This was your motive
For Paris, was it? ſpeak.
*Hel.* My lord your ſon made me to think of this;
Elſe Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the converſation of my thoughts,
Haply, been abſent then.
*Count.* But think you, Helen,
If you ſhould tender your ſuppoſed aid,
He would receive it? He and his phyſicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help: How ſhall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the ſchools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine[7], have left off
The danger to itſelf?
*Hel.* There's ſomething hints[8],
More than my father's ſkill, which was the greateſt
Of his profeſſion, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be ſanctified
By the luckieſt ſtars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try ſucceſs, I'd venture
The well-loſt life of mine on his grace's cure,
By ſuch a day, and hour.
*Count.* Doſt thou believe't?
*Hel.* Ay, madam, knowingly.
*Count.* Why, Helen, thou ſhalt have my leave, and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To thoſe of mine in court; I'll ſtay at home,
And pray God's bleſſing into thy attempt[9]:
Begone to-morrow; and be ſure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou ſhalt not miſs. [*Exeunt.*

[7] *Embowell'd of their doctrine,*] i. e. exhauſted of their ſkill. STEEVENS.

[8] *There's ſomething* hints—] i. e. (ſays Dr. Warburton,) I have a ſecret preſage. The old copy has—ſomething *in't*. The neceſſary correction was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer. MALONE.

[9] — into *thy attempt:*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Steevens propoſed to read—*unto*. Such, I find, is the reading of the third folio. MALONE.

ACT

## ACT II. SCENE I.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Flouriſh.* *Enter* King, *with young lords taking leave for the* Florentine *war*; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *and Attendants.*

*King.* Farewel, young lords, theſe warlike principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lords, farewel[1]:—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth ſtretch itſelf as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1. *Lord.* 'Tis our hope, ſir,
After well-enter'd ſoldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

*King.* No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confeſs, he owes the malady
That does my life beſiege. Farewel, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the ſons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Thoſe 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the laſt monarchy,) ſee[2], that you come

Not

[1] —*and you, my* lords, *farewel*:] It does not any where appear that more than two French lords (beſides Bertram) went to ſerve in Italy; and therefore I think the king's ſpeech ſhould be corrected thus:

"Farewel, young *lord*; theſe warlike principles
"Do not throw from you; and you, my *lord*, farewel:"

What follows, ſhews this correction to be neceſſary:

"Share the advice betwixt you; if both" &c. TYRWHITT.

[2] ——— *let higher Italy*
*(Thoſe 'bated, that inherit but the fall*
*Of the laſt monarchy,) ſee,* &c.] The ancient geographers have divided Italy into the higher and the lower, the Appennine hills being a kind of natural line of partition; the ſide next the Adriatick was denominated the higher Italy, and the other ſide the lower: and the two

ſeas

Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The braveſt queſtant ſhrinks, find what you ſeek,
That fame may cry you loud: I ſay, farewel.

2. *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, ſerve your majeſty!

*King.* Thoſe girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They ſay, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you ſerve [3].

*Both.* Our hearts receive your warnings.

*King.* Farewel.—Come hither to me.

[*The* King *retires to a couch.*

1. *Lord.* O my ſweet lord, that you will ſtay behind us!

*Par.* 'Tis not his fault; the ſpark—

2. *Lord.* O, 'tis brave wars!

*Par.* Moſt admirable: I have ſeen thoſe wars.

*Ber.* I am commanded here, and kept a coil with;
*Too young*, and *the next year*, and *'tis too early.*

*Par.* An thy mind ſtand to it, boy, ſteal away bravely.

*Ber.* I ſhall ſtay here the forehorſe to a ſmock,
Creaking my ſhoes on the plain maſonry,

ſea followed the ſame term of diſtinction, the Adriatick being called the upper ſea, and the Tyrrhene or Tuſcan the lower. Now the Sennones or Senois, with whom the Florentines are here ſuppoſed to be at war, inhabited the higher Italy, their chief town being Arminium, now called Rimini, upon the Adriatick. HANMER.

Dr. Warburton's obſervation is learned, but rather too ſubtle; Sir Thomas Hanmer's alteration [Thoſe *baſtards* that inherit, &c.] is merely arbitrary. The paſſage is confeſſedly obſcure, and therefore I may offer another explanation. I am of opinion, that the epithet *higher* is to be underſtood of ſituation rather than of dignity. The ſenſe may then be this: *Let upper Italy*, where you are to exerciſe your valour, *ſee that you come to gain honour, to the* abatement, *that is, to the diſgrace and depreſſion of thoſe* that have now loſt their ancient military fame, and *inherit but the fall of the laſt monarchy.* To *abate* is uſed by Shakſpeare in the original ſenſe of *abatre*, to *depreſs*, to *ſink*, to *deject*, to *ſubdue*. So, in *Coriolanus*: "— as moſt *abated* captives." The word has ſtill the ſame meaning in the language of the law. JOHNSON.

Both Sir T Hanmer and Dr. Warburton underſtood by the words *thoſe that inherit but the fall of the laſt monarchy*, the ſeveral cities and petty ſtates of Italy which aroſe out of the ruins of the Roman Empire, the laſt of the four great monarchies of the world. In this Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have concurred with them, differing from them only in the explanation of the word *abated*. Dr. Warburton's note I have not preſerved, for the reaſon aſſigned by Dr. Johnſon. MALONE.

[3] *Before you* ſerve.] The word *ſerve* is equivocal, the ſenſe is, *Be not captives before* you ſerve in the war. *Be not captives before you are ſoldiers.* JOHNSON.

Till honour be bought up, and no ſword worn,
But one to dance with[4]! By heaven, I'll ſteal away.

1. *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

*Par.* Commit it, count.

2. *Lord.* I am your acceſſary; and ſo farewel.

*Ber.* I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body[5].

1. *Lord.* Farewel, captain.

2. *Lord.* Sweet monſieur Parolles!

*Par.* Noble heroes, my ſword and yours are kin. Good ſparks and luſtrous, a word, good metals:—You ſhall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice[6], an emblem of war, here on his ſiniſter cheek; it was this very ſword entrench'd it: ſay to him, I live; and obſerve his reports for me.

2. *Lord.* We ſhall, noble captain.

*Par.* Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt* Lords. What will you do?

*Ber.* Stay; the king— [*ſeeing him riſe.*

*Par.* Uſe a more ſpacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have reſtrain'd yourſelf within the liſt of too cold an adieu: be more expreſſive to them; for they wear themſelves

4 ——— *and no ſword worn,*
*But one to* dance *with!*] It ſhould be remembered that in Shakſpeare's time it was uſual for gentlemen to dance with ſwords on.—Our author, who gave to all countries the manners of his own, has again alluded to this ancient cuſtom in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——— He at Philippi, kept
" His ſword, even like a *dancer.*"

See Mr. Steevens's note there. MALONE.

5 *I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.*] We two growing together, and having, as it were, but one body, (" like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,") our parting is a tortured body; i. e. cannot be effected but by a diſruption of limbs which are now common to both. MALONE.

I read thus:—*Our parting is* the parting of *a tortured body.* Our parting is as the diſruption of limbs torn from each other. Repetition of a word is often the cauſe of miſtakes: the eye glances on the wrong word, and the intermediate part of the ſentence is omitted JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry VIII.* Act II. ſc. iii:

" ——— it is a ſufferance, panging
" As ſoul and body's ſevering." STEEVENS.

6 — with *his cicatrice,*] The old copy reads—his cicatrice *with.* Mr. Theobald reſtored the words to their proper order. MALONE.

ſelves in the cap of the time, there do muſter true gait [7], eat, ſpeak, and move under the influence of the moſt receiv'd ſtar; and though the devil lead the meaſure, ſuch are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewel.

*Ber.* And I will do ſo.

*Par.* Worthy fellows; and like to prove moſt ſinewy ſword men. [*Exeunt* BER. *and* PAR.

*Enter* LAFEU.

*Laf.* Pardon, my lord, [*kneeling.*] for me and for my tidings.

*King.* I'll fee thee to ſtand up.

*Laf.* Then here's a man
Stands, that has brought [8] his pardon. I would, you
Had kneel'd, my lord, to aſk me mercy; and
That, at my bidding, you could ſo ſtand up.

*King.* I would I had; ſo I had broke thy pate,
And aſk'd thee mercy for't.

*Laf.* Good faith, acroſs [9]:
But, my good lord, 'tis thus; Will you be cur'd
Of your infirmity?

*King.* No.

*Laf.* O, will you eat
No grapes, my royal fox? but you will,
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox

[7] — *they wear themſelves in the cap of the time, there do muſter true gait*, &c] To wear themſelves in the cap of the time, ſignifies to be the foremoſt in the faſhion: the figurative alluſion is to the gallantry then in vogue, of wearing jewels, flowers, and their miſtreſs's favours in their caps. WARBURTON.

Perhaps this paſſage might be read thus:—They *do muſter* with the *true gait*, that is, they have the true military ſtep. Every man has obſerved ſomething peculiar in the ſtrut of a ſoldier. JOHNSON.

[8] — brought—] Some modern editions read—*bought*. MALONE.

[9] — *acroſs*:] Mr. Davies with ſome probability ſuppoſes the meaning to be,—"With all my heart, ſir; though you had broken my head acroſs;" and ſupports his idea by a paſſage in *Twelfth Night*: "He has broke my head *acroſs*, and given ſir Toby a bloody coxcomb too."
MALONE.

Could reach them [1]: I have ſeen a medicine [2],
That's able to breathe life into a ſtone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary [3]
With ſprightly fire and motion; whoſe ſimple touch
Is powerful to araiſe king Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
And write * to her a love-line.

*King.* What her is this?

*Laf.* Why, doctor ſhe: My lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will ſee her,—now by my faith and honour,
If ſeriouſly I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have ſpoke
With one, that, in her ſex, her years, profeſſion [3],
Wiſdom, and conſtancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakneſs [4]: Will you ſee her,
(For that is her demand,) and know her buſineſs?
That done, laugh well at me.

*King.* Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May ſpend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'ſt it.

*Laf.* Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit* Lafeu.

*King.* Thus he his ſpecial nothing ever prologues.

[1] — *yes, but you will,*
*My noble grapes,* &c.] *You will eat,* ſays Lafeu, *no grapes. Yes, but you will* eat *ſuch noble grapes* as I bring you, *if you could reach them.* JOHNSON.

[2] — *medicine,*] is here put for a *ſkilful phyſician.* HANMER.

[3] — *dance* canary] A ſpecies of dance formerly in uſe. MALONE.

* *And write*—] I believe a line preceding this has been loſt. MALONE.

[3] — *her years,* profeſſion,] By *profeſſion* is meant her declaration of the end and purpoſe of her coming. WARBURTON.

[4] *Than I dare blame my weakneſs:*] This is one of Shakſpeare's perplexed expreſſions. To acknowledge how much ſhe has aſtoniſhed me, would be to acknowledge a weakneſs; and this I have not the confidence to do. STEEVENS.

Lafeu's meaning appears to me to be this:—That the amazement ſhe excited in him was ſo great, that he could not impute it merely to his own weakneſs, but to the wonderful qualities of the object that occaſioned it. MASON.

*Re-enter*

*Re-enter* LAFEU *with* HELENA.

*Laf.* Nay, come your ways.
*King.* This haſte hath wings indeed.
*Laf.* Nay, come your ways:
This is his majeſty, ſay your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but ſuch traitors
His majeſty ſeldom fears: I am Creſſid's uncle [5],
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*
*King.* Now, fair one, does your buſineſs follow us?
*Hel.* Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon
My father; in what he did profeſs, well found.
*King.* I knew him.
*Hel.* The rather will I ſpare my praiſes towards him;
Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the deareſt iſſue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bad me ſtore up, as a triple eye [6],
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have ſo:
And, hearing your high majeſty is touch'd
With that malignant cauſe wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift ſtands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleneſs.
*King.* We thank you, maiden;
But may not be ſo credulous of cure,—
When our moſt learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring art can never ranſom nature
From her inaidable eſtate,—I ſay we muſt not
So ſtain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To proſtitute our paſt-cure malady
To empiricks; or to diſſever ſo
Our great ſelf and our credit, to eſteem
A ſenſeleſs help, when help paſt ſenſe we deem.

[5] —Creſſid's *uncle*,] I am like Pandarus. See *Troilus and Creſſida*. JOHNSON.

[6] —*a* triple *eye*,] i. e. a *third* eye. STEEVENS.

*Hel.*

*Hel.* My duty then ſhall pay me for my pains;
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modeſt one, to bear me back again.

*King.* I cannot give thee leſs, to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'ſt to help me; and ſuch thanks I give,
As one near death to thoſe that wiſh him live:
But, what at full I know, thou know'ſt no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

*Hel.* What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you ſet up your reſt 'gainſt remedy:
He that of greateſt works is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt miniſter:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment ſhown,
When judges have been babes *. Great floods have flown
From ſimple ſources; and great ſeas have dry'd,
When miracles have by the greateſt been deny'd [7].
Oft expectation fails, and moſt oft there
Where moſt it promiſes; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpair moſt ſits [8].

* *So holy writ in babes hath judgment ſhewn,*
*When judges have been babes.*] The alluſion is to St. Matthew's Goſpel, xi. 25. "O father, lord of heaven and earth, I thank thee, becauſe *thou haſt hid theſe things from the wiſe and prudent, and revealed them unto babes.*" See alſo 2 Cor. i. 27. "But God hath choſen the fooliſh things of the world to confound the wiſe; and God hath choſen the weak things of the world, to confound the things that are mighty." MALONE.

7 *When miracles have by the greateſt been deny'd.*] i. e. miracles have continued to happen, while the greateſt men have been writing againſt the poſſibility of them. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare ſays nothing of miracles continuing to happen, nor of wiſe men writing againſt the poſſibility of them; but only—after alluding to *the production of water from a rock*, and *the drying up the red ſea*—that *miracles had been denied by the* GREATEST; or in other words, that the ELDERS OF ISRAEL (who juſt before in reference to another text were ſtyled *judges*) had notwithſtanding theſe miracles wrought for their own preſervation, refuſed that compliance they ought to have yielded. See the book of Exodus, and particularly ch. xvii. 5, 6, &c. HENLEY.

See alſo Pſalm lxviii. 13, &c and Pſalm cvi. St. Matthew's Goſpel, xi 21. and St. Luke's Goſpel, vii. 30. MALONE

8 — *and deſpair moſt* ſits.] The old copy reads—*ſhifts*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

*King.*

*King.* I muſt not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, muſt by thyſelf be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.
*Hel.* Inſpired merit ſo by breath is barr'd:
It is not ſo with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that ſquare our gueſs by ſhows:
But moſt it is preſumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear ſir, to my endeavours give conſent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impoſtor, that proclaim
Myſelf againſt the level of mine aim [9];
But know I think, and think I know moſt ſure,
My art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure.
*King.* Art thou ſo confident? Within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my cure?
*Hel.* The greateſt grace lending grace [1],
Ere twice the horſes of the ſun ſhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moiſt Heſperus hath quench'd his ſleepy lamp *;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glaſs
Hath told the thieviſh minutes how they paſs;
What is infirm from your ſound parts ſhall fly,
Health ſhall live free, and ſickneſs freely die.
*King.* Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'ſt thou venture?
*Hel.* Tax of impudence,—
A ſtrumpet's boldneſs; a divulged ſhame,—
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwiſe; no worſe of worſt extended,
With vileſt torture let my life be ended [2].

*King.*

9 *Myſelf againſt the level of mine aim*;] *I am not an impoſtor that proclaim* one thing and deſign another, *that proclaim* a cure and *aim* at a fraud; I think what I ſpeak. JOHNSON.

1 *The greateſt* grace *lending* grace,] I ſhould have thought the repetition of *grace* to have been ſuperfluous, if the *grace of grace* had not occurred in the ſpeech with which the tragedy of *Macbeth* concludes. STEEVENS.

* —his *ſleepy lamp*;] Old Copy—*her* ſleepy lamp. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

2 *Tax of impudence*,—
*A ſtrumpet's boldneſs, a divulged ſhame*, &c.] *I would bear* (ſays he) *the tax of impudence, which is the detestement of a ſtrumpet, would endure*

*King.* Methinks, in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak;
His powerful ſound, within an organ weak [3];
And what impoſſibility would ſlay
In common ſenſe, ſenſe ſaves another way [4].

*endure a ſhame reſulting from my failure in what I have undertaken, and thence become the ſubject of odious ballads; let my maiden reputation be otherwiſe branded*; and, no worſe of worſt extended, i. e. *provided nothing worſe is offered to me*, (meaning violation) *let my life be ended with the worſt of tortures.* The poet for the ſake of rhime has obſcured the ſenſe of the paſſage. *The worſt that can befal a woman, being extended to me*, ſeems to be the meaning of the laſt line. STEEVENS.

*Tax of impudence*, that is, to be charged with having the boldneſs of a ſtrumpet.—*a divulged ſhame*; i. e to be traduced by odious ballads: —*my maiden's name ſeared otherwiſe*; i. e. to be ſtigmatized as a proſtitute: *no worſe of worſt extended*; i. e. to be ſo defamed that nothing ſeverer can be ſaid againſt thoſe who are moſt publickly reported to be infamous. Shakſpeare has uſed the word *ſear* and *extended* in the *Winter's Tale*, both in the ſame ſenſe as above:

" ——— for calumny will *ſear*
" Virtue itſelf!"

And " The report of her is *extended* more than can be thought."
HENLEY.

The old copy reads, not *no*, but *ne*, probably an error for *nay*, or *th*. I would wiſh to read and point the latter part of the paſſage thus:

——— *my maiden's name*
*Sear'd otherwiſe*; nay, worſt *of worſt extended*
*With vileſt torture, let my life be ended.*

i. e. Let me be otherwiſe branded;—and (what is *the worſt of worſt*, the conſummation of miſery,) my body being extended on the rack by the moſt cruel torture, let my life pay the forfeit of my preſumption.

So, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594:

" — the *worſt of worſt* of ills."

Again, in *The Remedie of Love*, 4to. 1600:

" If ſhe be fat, then ſhe is ſwollen, ſay,
" If browne, then tawny as the Africk Moore;
" If ſlender, leane, meagre and worn away,
" If courtly, wanton, *worſt of worſt* before."

*No* was introduced by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

3 *Methinks, in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak;*
*His* powerful ſound, *within an organ weak:*] The verb, *doth ſpeak*, in the firſt line, ſhould be underſtood to be repeated in the conſtruction of the ſecond, thus:

*His powerful ſound* ſpeaks *within a weak organ.* HEATH.

4 *And what impoſſibility would ſlay*
*In common ſenſe, ſenſe ſaves another way.*] i. e. And that which, if I truſted to my reaſon, I ſhould think impoſſible, I yet, perceiving thee to be actuated by ſome bleſſed ſpirit, think thee capable of effecting. MALONE.

Thy

Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eſtimate [5];
Youth, beauty, wiſdom, courage, virtue [6], all
That happineſs and prime can happy call [7]:
Thou this to hazard, needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or monſtrous deſperate.
Sweet practiſer, thy phyſick I will try;
That miniſters thine own death, if I die.

*Hel.* If I break time, or flinch in property [8]
Of what I ſpoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deſerv'd: not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promiſe me?

*King.* Make thy demand.

*Hel.* But will you make it even?

*King.* Ay, by my ſcepter, and my hopes of heaven [9].

*Hel.* Then ſhalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What huſband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chooſe from forth the royal blood of France;

5 — *in thee hath eſtimate*;] May be *counted* among the gifts enjoyed by thee. JOHNSON.

6 — *virtue*,] This word was ſupplied by Dr. Warburton to complete the metre. MALONE.

7 *That happineſs and* prime *can happy call*:] By *prime* Dr. Johnſon underſtands *youth*, the ſpring or morning of life. "But how," ſays Mr Tyrwhitt, "does that interpretation ſuit with the context? *You have all that is worth the name of life*; youth, *beauty*, &c. *all*, *That happineſs and* youth *can happy call*."

I think, with Dr. Johnſon, that *prime* is here uſed as a ſubſtantive, but that it means, that *ſprightly vigour* which uſually accompanies us in the prime of life. So, in Montaigne's *Eſſaies*, tranſlated by Florio, 1603, B. II. c. 6: "Many things ſeeme greater by imagination, than by effect. I have paſſed over a good part of my age in ſound and perfect health. I ſay, not only ſound, but blithe and wantonly-luſtful. That ſtate, full of luſt, of *prime* and mirth, made me deeme the conſideration of ſickneſſes ſo yrkſome, that when I came to the experience of them, I have found their fits but weak." MALONE.

8 — *in* property] In *property* ſeems to be here uſed, with much laxity, for—*in the due performance*. In a ſubſequent paſſage it ſeems to mean either a thing poſſeſſed, or a ſubject diſcriminated by peculiar qualities:

"The *property* by what it is ſhould go,
"Not by the title." MALONE.

9 — *and my hopes of* heaven] The correction of the old copy, which reads *help* inſtead of *heaven*, was made by Dr. Thirlby. The rhime fully ſupports the change. MALONE.

My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy ſtate[1]:
But ſuch a one, thy vaſſal, whom I know
Is free for me to aſk, thee to beſtow.

*King.* Here is my hand; the premiſes obſerv'd,
Thy will by my performance ſhall be ſerv'd:
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy reſolv'd patient, on thee ſtill rely.
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt;
Though, more to know, could not be more to truſt;
From whence thou can'ſt, how tended on,—But reſt
Unqueſtion'd welcome, and undoubted bleſt.—
Give me ſome help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

*Enter* Counteſs *and* Clown.

*Count.* Come on, ſir; I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.

*Clown.* I will ſhew myſelf highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my buſineſs is but to the court.

*Count.* To the court! why, what place make you ſpecial, when you put off that with ſuch contempt? But to the court!

[1] *With any* branch *or* image *of thy ſtate;*] *Image* may mean any repreſentation of thine; i. e. any one who reſembles you as being related to your family, or as a prince reflects any part of your ſtate and majeſty. STEEVENS.

Our author again uſes the word *image* in the ſame ſenſe as here, in his *Rape of Lucrece:*

"O, from thy cheeks my *image* thou haſt torn." MALONE.

*Clown.*

*Clown.* Truly, madam, if God hath lent a man any manners, he may eaſily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiſs his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, ſuch a fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an anſwer will ſerve all men.

*Count.* Marry, that's a bountiful anſwer, that fits all queſtions.

*Clown.* It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks [2]; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

*Count.* Will your anſwer ſerve fit to all queſtions?

*Clown.* As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffaty punk, as Tib's ruſh for Tom's fore-finger [3], as a pancake for Shrove-tueſday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to

[2] *It is like a barber's chair*, &c.] This expreſſion is proverbial. See Ray's *Proverbs*. So, in *More Fooles yet*, by R. S. a Collection of Epigrams, quarto, 1610:

" Moreover ſatten ſutes he doth compare
" Unto the ſervice of a *barber's chayre*;
" As fit for every Jacke and journeyman,
" As for a knight or worthy gentleman." STEEVENS.

[3] — *Tib's ruſh for Tom's fore-finger*.] An anonymous writer, with ſome probability, ſuppoſes that this is one of thoſe covert alluſions in which Shakſpeare frequently indulges himſelf. The following lines of Cleiveland on an *Hermaphrodite* ſeem to countenance the ſuppoſition:

" Nay, thoſe which modeſty can mean,
" But dare not ſpeak, are Epicene.
" That gameſter needs muſt overcome,
" That can play both with *Tib* and *Tom*."

Sir John Hawkins conceives, the alluſion is to the ancient practice of marrying with a *ruſh* ring. He would therefore read—" as *Tom's* ruſh for *Tib's* fore-finger. But if this were the author's meaning, it would be neceſſary to alter ſtill farther, and to read—As *Tom's* ruſh for Tib's *fourth* finger. *Tib* and *Tom* are generally coupled by our old writers. *Tib*, Cole renders in his Latin Dict. 1679, by *mulier ſordida*.

" He ſtruck at Tib, and down fell Tom,"

is, I think, one of Ray's Proverbial Sentences. MALONE.

Sir John Hawkins's alteration is unneceſſary. It was the practice in former times for the woman to give the man a ring as well as for the man to give her one. So, in the laſt ſcene of *Twelfth Night*, the prieſt giving an account of Olivia's marriage, ſays, it was

" Atteſted by the holy cloſe of lips,
" Strengthen'd by *enterchangement of your rings*." MASON.

his

his horn, as a ſcolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his ſkin.

*Count.* Have you, I ſay, an anſwer of ſuch fitneſs for all queſtions?

*Clown.* From below your duke, to beneath your conſtable, it will fit any queſtion.

*Count.* It muſt be an anſwer of moſt monſtrous ſize, that muſt fit all demands.

*Clown.* But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned ſhould ſpeak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't: Aſk me, if I am a courtier; it ſhall do you no harm to learn.

*Count.* To be young again [4], if we could:—I will be a fool in queſtion, hoping to be the wiſer by your anſwer. I pray you, ſir, are you a courtier?

*Clown.* O Lord, ſir [5],—There's a ſimple putting off:—more, more, a hundred of them.

*Count.* Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

*Clown.* O Lord, ſir, Thick, thick, ſpare not me.

*Count.* I think, ſir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

*Clown.* O Lord, ſir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

*Count.* You were lately whip'd, ſir, as I think.

*Clown.* O Lord, ſir,—Spare not me.

*Count.* Do you cry, *O Lord, ſir*, at your whipping, and *ſpare not me?* Indeed, your *O Lord, ſir*, is very ſequent to your whipping; you would anſwer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

*Clown.* I ne'er had worſe luck in my life, in my—*O Lord, ſir:* I ſee, things may ſerve long, but not ſerve ever.

*Count.* I play the noble houſewife with the time, to entertain it ſo merrily with a fool.

*Clown.* O Lord, ſir,—Why, there't ſerves well again.

4 *To be young again,*] The lady cenſures her own levity in trifling with her jeſter, as a ridiculous attempt to return back to youth. JOHNSON.

5 *O Lord, ſir,*] A ridicule on that fooliſh expletive of ſpeech then in vogue at court. WARBURTON.

Thus Clove and Orange, in *Every Man out of his Humour:*

"You conceive me, ſir?"—"*O Lord, ſir.*"

Cleiveland, in one of his ſongs, makes his *gentleman*,

"Anſwer, *O Lord, ſir!* and talk *play-book* oaths." FARMER.

*Count.*

*Count.* An end, ſir, to your buſineſs: Give Helen this,
And urge her to a preſent anſwer back:
Commend me to my kinſmen, and my ſon;
This is not much.

*Clown.* Not much commendation to them.

*Count.* Not much employment for you: You underſtand me?

*Clown.* Moſt fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

*Count.* Haſte you again. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

## SCENE III.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Enter* BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

*Laf.* They ſay, miracles are paſt; and we have our philoſophical perſons, to make modern [6] and familiar things, ſupernatural and cauſeleſs. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; enſconcing ourſelves into ſeeming knowledge, when we ſhould ſubmit ourſelves to an unknown fear [7].

*Par.* Why, 'tis the rareſt argument of wonder, that hath ſhot out in our later times.

*Ber.* And ſo 'tis.

*Laf.* To be relinquiſh'd of the artiſts,—

*Par.* So I ſay; both of Galen and Paracelſus [8].

*Laf.*

[6] — *modern*—] i. e. common, ordinary. So, in *As you like it:*

" Full of wiſe ſaws, and *modern* inſtances."

Again, in another play:

" — and with her *modern* grace—." MALONE.

[7] — *unknown* fear.] *Fear* is here the object of fear. JOHNSON.

[8] — *of Galen and Paracelſus.*] As the whole merriment of this ſcene conſiſts in the pretenſions of Parolles to knowledge and ſentiments which he has not, I believe here are two paſſages in which the words and ſenſe are beſtowed upon him by the copies, which the author gave to Lafeu. I read this paſſage thus:

Laf.

*Laf.* Of all the learned and authentick fellows [9],—

*Par.* Right, ſo I ſay.

*Laf.* That gave him out incurable,—

*Par.* Why, there 'tis; ſo ſay I too.

*Laf.* Not to be help'd,—

*Par.* Right; as 'twere, a man aſſur'd of an—

*Laf.* Uncertain life, and ſure death.

*Par.* Juſt, you ſay well; ſo would I have ſaid.

*Laf.* I may truly ſay, it is a novelty to the world.

*Par.* It is, indeed: if you will have it in ſhewing [1], you ſhall read it in,—What do you call there?—

*Laf.* A ſhewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor [2].

*Par.* That's it I would have ſaid; the very ſame.

*Laf.* Why, your dolphin is not luſtier [3]: 'fore me I ſpeak in reſpect—

*Par.* Nay, 'tis ſtrange, 'tis very ſtrange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a moſt facinorous ſpirit [4], that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. *To be relinquiſhed of the artiſts*——

Par. *So I ſay.*

Laf. *Both of Galen and Paracelſus, of all the learned and authentick fellows*—

Par. *Right, ſo I ſay.* JOHNSON.

9 — authentick *fellows,*] The phraſe of the diploma is, *authentice* licentiatus. MUSGRAVE.

The epithet *authentick* was in our author's time particularly applied to the learned. So, in Drayton's *Owle*, 4to. 1604:

" For which thoſe grave and ſtill *authentick* ſages
" Which ſought for knowledge in thoſe golden ages,
" From whom we hold the ſcience that we have," &c.

MALONE.

1 Par. *It is indeed: if you will have it* in *ſhewing*, &c.] We ſhould read, I think: " It is, indeed, if you will have it *a* ſhewing—you ſhall read it in what do you call there"— TYRWHITT.

2 *A ſhewing of a heavenly effect* &c ] The title of ſome pamphlet here ridiculed. WARBURTON.

3 *Why, your* dolphin *is not luſtier:*] By *dolphin*, is meant the *dauphin*, the heir apparent, and hope of the crown of France. His title is ſo tranſlated in all the old books. STEEVENS.

What Mr. Steevens obſerves is certainly true; and yet the additional word *your* induces me to think, that by *dolphin*, in the paſſage before us, the fiſh ſo called was meant. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——— —— —— his *delights*
" Were *dolphin* like; they ſhew'd his back
" Above the element he liv'd in."

Laſeu, who is an old courtier, if he had meant the king's ſon, would ſurely have ſaid—*the* Dolphin. I uſe the old ſpelling. MALONE.

4 — facinorous *ſpirit,*] *Facinorous* is wicked. STEEVENS.

*Laf.*

*Laf.* Very hand of heaven.

*Par.* Ay, ſo I ſay

*Laf.* In a moſt weak—

*Par.* And debile miniſter [5], great power, great tranſcendence: which ſhould, indeed, give us a farther uſe to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

*Laf.* Generally thankful.

*Enter* King, HELENA, *and Attendants.*

*Par.* I would have ſaid it; you ſay well: Here comes the king.

*Laf.* Luſtick, as the Dutchman ſays [6]: I'll like a maid the better, whilſt I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lead her a corranto.

*Par. Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

*Laf.* 'Fore God, I think ſo.

*King.* Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Sit, my preſerver, by thy patient's ſide;
And with this healthful hand, whoſe baniſh'd ſenſe
Thou haſt repeal'd, a ſecond time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

[5] *And debile miniſter*, &c.] I believe Parolles has again uſurped words and ſenſe to which he has no right; and I read this paſſage thus:

Laf. *In a moſt weak and debile miniſter, great power, great tranſcendence; which ſhould, indeed, give us a farther uſe to be made than the mere recovery of the king.*

Par. *Ay to be—*

Laf. *Generally thankful.* JOHNSON.

When the parts are written out for players, the names of the characters which they are to repreſent are never ſet down; but only the laſt words of the preceding ſpeech which belongs to their partner in the ſcene. If the plays of Shakſpeare were printed (as there is good reaſon to ſuſpect) from theſe piece-meal tranſcripts, how eaſily may the miſtake be accounted for, which Dr. Johnſon has judiciouſly ſtrove to remedy? STEEVENS.

[6] Luſtick, *as the Dutchman ſays:*] *Luſtigh* is the Dutch word for luſty, chearful, pleaſant. STEEVENS.

*Enter*

*Enter ſeveral Lords.*

Fair maid, ſend forth thine eye; this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors ſtand at my beſtowing,
O'er whom both ſovereign power and father's voice
I have to uſe *: thy frank election make;
Thou haſt power to chooſe, and they none to forſake.

*Hel.* To each of you one fair and virtuous miſtreſs
Fall, when love pleaſe!—marry, to each, but one [7]!

*Laf.* I'd give bay Curtal [8], and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken [9] than theſe boys',
And writ as little beard.

*King.* Peruſe them well:
Not one of thoſe, but had a noble father.

*Hel.* Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, reſtor'd the king to health.

*All.* We underſtand it, and thank heaven for you.

*Hel.* I am a ſimple maid; and therein wealthieſt,
That, I proteſt, I ſimply am a maid:—
Pleaſe it your majeſty, I have done already:
The bluſhes in my cheeks thus whiſper me,
*We bluſh, that thou ſhould'ſt chooſe; but, be refus'd,*
*Let the white death ſit on thy cheek for ever;*
*We'll ne'er come there again* [1].

*King.*

* *O'er whom both ſovereign power and* father's voice
*I have to uſe:*] They were his *wards*, as well as his ſubjects.
HENLEY.

7 — *to each*, but *one!*] The words *but one* do not mean *one only*, but, *except* one. Helena wiſhes a fair and virtuous miſtreſs to each of the young lords who were preſent, one only *excepted*; and the perſon excepted is Bertram, whoſe miſtreſs ſhe hoped ſhe herſelf ſhould be.
MASON.

8 — *bay Curtal*,] i. e. a bay, dock'd horſe. STEEVENS.

9 *My* mouth *no more were* broken—] A *broken mouth* is a mouth which has loſt part of its teeth. JOHNSON.

1 *We bluſh, that thou ſhould'ſt chooſe; but, be refus'd,*
*Let the white death* &c.] In the original copy theſe lines are pointed thus:

We bluſh that thou ſhould'ſt chooſe, but be refu'd;
Let the white death ſit on thy cheek for ever; &c.

This punctuation has been adopted in all the ſubſequent editions. The preſent regulation of the text appears to me to afford a much clearer ſenſe. "My bluſhes, (ſays Helen) thus whiſper me. We bluſh that thou

*King.* Make choice; and, ſee,
Who ſhuns thy love, ſhuns all his love in me.
*Hel.* Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god moſt high,
Do my ſighs ſtream.—Sir, will you hear my ſuit?
1. *Lord.* And grant it.
*Hel.* Thanks, ſir; all the reſt is mute [3].
*Laf.* I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace [4] for my life.
*Hel.* The honour, ſir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I ſpeak, too threatningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that ſo wiſhes, and her humble love!
2. *Lord.* No better, if you pleaſe.
*Hel.* My wiſh receive,
Which great love grant! and ſo I take my leave.
*Laf.* Do all they deny her [5]? An they were ſons of mine, I'd have them whipt; or I would ſend them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.
*Hel.* Be not afraid [*to a* Lord.] that I your hand ſhould take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own ſake:
Bleſſing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!
*Laf.* Theſe boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: ſure, they are baſtards to the Engliſh; the French ne'er got them.

thou ſhould'ſt have the nomination of thy huſband. However, chooſe him at thy peril. But, if thou be refuſed, let thy cheeks be for ever pale; we will never reviſit them again."

The bluſhes, which are here perſonified, could not be ſuppoſed to know that Helen would be refuſed, as, according to the former punctuation, they appear to do; and, even if the poet had meant this, he would ſurely have written "—*and* be refuſed," not—"*but* be refuſed." *Be refus'd* means the ſame as—"thou being refuſed,"—or, "be thou refuſed." MALONE.

*Let the* white death *ſit on thy cheek for ever,*] The *white death* is the *chlorosis.* JOHNSON.

3 — *all* the reſt is mute.] i. e. I have no more to ſay to you So Hamlet: "— *the reſt is ſilence.*" STEEVENS

4 — *ames-ace*—] i. e. the loweſt chance of the dice. STEEVENS.

5 *Do all they deny her?*] None of them have yet denied her, or deny her afterwards but Bertram. The ſcene muſt be ſo regulated that Lafeu and Parolles talk at a diſtance, where they may ſee what paſſes between Helena and the lords, but not hear it, ſo that they know not by whom the refuſal is made. JOHNSON.

*Hel.*

*Hel.* You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourſelf a ſon out of my blood.

4. *Lord.* Fair one, I think not ſo.

*Laf.* There's one grape yet [6],—I am ſure, thy father drunk wine.—But if thou be'ſt not an aſs, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

*Hel.* I dare not ſay, I take you; [*to* Ber.] but I give
Me, and my ſervice, ever whilſt I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

*King.* Why then, young Bertram, take her, ſhe's thy wife.

*Ber.* My wife, my liege? I ſhall beſeech your highneſs,
In ſuch a buſineſs give me leave to uſe
The help of mine own eyes.

*King.* Know'ſt thou not, Bertram,
What ſhe has done for me?

*Ber.* Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I ſhould marry her.

*King.* Thou know'ſt, ſhe has rais'd me from my ſickly bed.

*Ber.* But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Muſt anſwer for your raiſing? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor phyſician's daughter my wife!—Diſdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

*King.* 'Tis only title [7] thou diſdain'ſt in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat [8], pour'd all together,
Would quite confound diſtinction, yet ſtand off
In differences ſo mighty: If ſhe be
All that is virtuous, (ſave what thou diſlik'ſt,
A poor phyſician's daughter,) thou diſlik'ſt
Of virtue for the name: but do not ſo:
From loweſt place when virtuous things [9] proceed,
The place is dignify'd by the doer's deed:

6 *There's one grape yet*, &c.] Old Laſeu having, upon the ſuppoſition that the lady was refuſed, reproached the young lords as *boys of ice*, throwing his eyes on Bertram who remained, cries out, *There is one yet into whom his father put good blood*;—*but I have known thee long enough to know thee for an aſs.* JOHNSON.

7 *'Tis only title*—] i. e. the want of title. MALONE.

8 *Of colour, weight, and heat,*] That is, which are of *the ſame* colour, weight, &c. MALONE.

9 — when *virtuous things*—] The old copy has—*whence*. Dr. Thirlby corrected it. MALONE.

Where

Where great additions ſwell *, and virtue none,
It is a dropſied honour: good alone
Is good, without a name; vileneſs is ſo [1]:
The property by what it is ſhould go,
Not by the title. She is young, wiſe, fair;
In theſe to nature ſhe's immediate heir [2];
And theſe breed honour: that is honour's ſcorn,
Which challenges itſelf as honour's born [3],
And is not like the ſire: Honours thrive [4],
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a ſlave,
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where duſt, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What ſhould be ſaid?
If thou canſt like this creature as a maid,
I can create the reſt: virtue, and ſhe,
Is her own dower; honour, and wealth, from me.

*Ber.* I cannot love her, nor will ſtrive to do't.

*King.* Thou wrong'ſt thyſelf, if thou ſhould'ſt ſtrive to chooſe.

*Hel.* That you are well reſtor'd, my lord, I am glad;
Let the reſt go.

* *Where great* additions *ſwell,*] *Additions* are the titles and deſcriptions by which men are diſtinguiſhed from each other. MALONE.

[1] —— *good alone*
*Is good, without a name; vileneſs is ſo:*] The meaning is,—Good is good, independent on any worldly diſtinction or title: ſo, vileneſs is vile, in whatever ſtate it may appear. The ſame phraſeology is found in *Macbeth:*

"Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
"Yet grace muſt ſtill look *ſo.*"

i. e. muſt ſtill look like grace,—like itſelf. MALONE.

[2] *In theſe to nature ſhe's immediate heir;*] To be immediate heir is to inherit without any intervening tranſmitter. She inherits youth, beauty, &c. immediately from *nature*; but honour is tranſmitted by anceſtors. JOHNSON.

[3] — *as honour's born,*] Perhaps we might read more elegantly—as *honour-born*; honourably deſcended; the child of honour. MALONE.

[4] *And is not like the ſire: Honours thrive,* &c.] The modern editors read—Honours *beſt* thrive, in which they have followed the editor of the ſecond folio, who introduced the word *beſt* unneceſſarily, not obſerving that *ſire* was uſed by our author, like *fire, hour,* &c. as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

*King.*

*King.* My honour's at the ſtake; which to defeat,
I muſt produce my power [5]: Here, take her hand,
Proud ſcornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That doſt in vile miſpriſion ſhackle up
My love, and her deſert; that canſt not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective ſcale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam [6]; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We pleaſe to have it grow: Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy diſdain, but preſently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the ſtaggers [7], and the careleſs lapſe
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate,
Looſing upon thee in the name of juſtice,
Without all terms of pity: Speak; thine anſwer.

*Ber.* Pardon, my gracious lord; for I ſubmit
My fancy to your eyes: When I conſider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour,

5 *My honour's at the ſtake; which to* defeat
*I muſt produce my power:*] The *implication* or *clauſe* of the ſentence (as the grammarians ſay) ſerves for the antecedent; "— which *danger* to *defeat*." FARMER.

The French verb *defaire* (from whence our *defeat*) ſignifies *to free, to diſembarraſs*, as well as *to deſtroy*. *Defaire un noeud*, is *to untie a knot*; and in this ſenſe, I apprehend, *defeat* is here uſed. It may be obſerved, that our verb *undo* has the ſame varieties of ſignification; and I ſuppoſe even Mr. Theobald would not have been much puzzled to find the ſenſe of this paſſage, if it had been written;—*My honour's at the ſtake; which to* undo, *I muſt produce my power*. TYRWHITT.

6 ——— *that canſt not dream,*
*We, poizing us in her defective ſcale,*
*Shall weigh thee to the beam:*] That canſt not underſtand, that if you and this maiden ſhould be weighed together, and our royal favours ſhould be thrown into her ſcale, (which you eſteem ſo light,) we ſhould make that in which you ſhould be placed, to ſtrike the beam. MALONE.

7 *Into the* ſtaggers,] One ſpecies of the *ſtaggers*, or the *horſe's apoplexy*, is a raging impatience which makes the animal daſh himſelf with deſtructive violence againſt poſts or walls. To this the alluſion, I ſuppoſe, is made. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare has the ſame expreſſion in *Cymbeline*, where Poſthumus ſays;—"Whence come theſe *ſtaggers* on me?" STEEVENS.

Flies

Flies where you bid it, I find, that ſhe, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts moſt baſe, is now
The praiſed of the king; who, ſo ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born ſo.

*King.* Take her by the hand,
And tell her, ſhe is thine: to whom I promiſe
A counterpoize; if not to thy eſtate,
A balance more replete.

*Ber.* I take her hand.

*King.* Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contráct; whoſe ceremony
Shall ſeem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night[8]: the ſolemn feaſt
Shall more attend upon the coming ſpace,
Expecting abſent friends. As thou lov'ſt her,
Thy love's to me religious; elſe, does err.

[*Exeunt* King, Ber. Hel *Lords, and Attendants*[9].

*Laf.* Do you hear, monſieur? a word with you.

[8] ——— *whoſe ceremony*
*Shall ſeem* expedient *on the now born* brief,
*And be perform'd to-night*;] The *brief* is the *contract of eſpouſal*, or the *licence* of the church. Johnson.

*Expedient* is uſed in other places for *expeditious*. So, in *K. Richard II:*

"*Expedient* manage muſt be made, my liege—."

Again, in *As you like it:*

"Do this *expediently*, and turn him going."

Our author often uſes *brief* in the ſenſe of a ſhort note, or intimation concerning any buſineſs; and ſometimes without the idea of writing. So, in the laſt act of this play:

"— told me
"In a ſweet verbal *brief* &c."

Again, in the Prologue of *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, 1600:

"To ſtop which ſcruple, let this *brief* ſuffice:
"It is no pamper'd glutton we preſent," &c.

The meaning therefore of the preſent paſſage, I believe, is;—Good fortune, and the king's favour ſmile on this ſhort contract; the ceremonial part of which ſhall *immediately paſs*,—*ſhall follow cloſe on the troth now plighted* between the parties, and be performed this night; the ſolemn feaſt ſhall be delayed to a future time. Malone.

[9] The old copy has this ſingular ſtage-direction: *Parolles and Lafeu ſtay behind, commenting of this wedding.* Steevens.

To *comment* means, I believe, to aſſume the appearance of perſons deeply engaged in thought. Malone.

*Par.*

*Par.* Your pleaſure, ſir?

*Laf.* Your lord and maſter did well to make his recantation.

*Par.* Recantation?—My lord? my maſter?

*Laf.* Ay; Is it not a language, I ſpeak?

*Par.* A moſt harſh one; and not to be underſtood without bloody ſucceeding. My maſter?

*Laf.* Are you companion to the count Rouſillon?

*Par.* To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

*Laf.* To what is count's man; count's maſter is of another ſtile.

*Par.* You are too old, ſir; let it ſatisfy you, you are too old.

*Laf.* I muſt tell thee, ſirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

*Par.* What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

*Laf.* I did think thee, for two ordinaries [1], to be a pretty wiſe fellow; thou didſt make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might paſs: yet the ſcarfs, and the bannerets, about thee, did manifoldly diſſuade me from believing thee a veſſel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I loſe thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up [2]; and that thou art ſcarce worth.

*Par.* Had'ſt thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

*Laf.* Do not plunge thyſelf too far in anger, leſt thou haſten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy caſement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

*Par.* My lord, you give me moſt egregious indignity.

*Laf.* Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

*Par.* I have not, my lord, deſerv'd it.

*Laf.* Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a ſcruple.

*Par.* Well, I ſhall be wiſer.

*Laf.* E'en as ſoon as thou canſt, for thou haſt to pull at a ſmack o'the contrary. If ever thou be'ſt bound in thy ſcarf,

[1] —*for two ordinaries,*] While I ſat twice with thee at table. JOHNSON.

[2] —*taking up*;] To *take up*, is to *contradict*, to *call to account*, as well as to *pick off the ground*. JOHNSON.

and beaten, thou ſhalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a deſire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may ſay, in the default [3], he is a man I know.

*Par.* My lord, you do me moſt inſupportable vexation.

*Laf.* I would it were hell-pains for thy ſake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am paſt; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave [4]. [*Exit.*

*Par.* Well, thou haſt a ſon ſhall take this diſgrace off me [5]; ſcurvy, old, filthy, ſcurvy lord!—Well, I muſt be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

*Re-enter* LAFEU.

*Laf.* Sirrah, your lord and maſter's marry'd, there's news for you; you have a new miſtreſs.

*Par.* I moſt unfeignedly beſeech your lordſhip to make ſome reſervation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I ſerve above, is my maſter.

3 — *in the default.*] That is, *at a need.* JOHNSON.

4 — *for doing I am paſt; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.*] The conceit, which is ſo thin that it might well eſcape a haſty reader, is in the word *paſt: I am* paſt, *as I will be* paſt *by thee.* JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon is, I believe, miſtaken. Mr. Edwards has, I think, given the true meaning of Lafeu's words. "*I cannot do much*, ſays Lafeu; *doing I am* paſt, as I will by thee *in what motion age will give me leave*; i. e. *as I will* paſs *by thee as faſt as I am able:*—and he immediately goes out. It is a play on the word *paſt:* the conceit indeed is poor, but Shakſpeare plainly meant it." MALONE.

*Doing* is here uſed ob cenely. So, in Ben Jonſon's tranſlation of a paſſage in an *Epigram* of Petronius:

*Brevis eſt*, &c. *et fœda voluptas.*

"*Doing*, a filthy pleaſure is, and ſhort." COLLINS.

5 *Well, thou haſt a ſon ſhall take this diſgrace off me;*] This the poet makes Parolles ſpeak alone; and this is nature. A coward ſhould try to hide his poltroonery even from himſelf.—An ordinary writer would have been glad of ſuch an opportunity to bring him to confeſſion. WARBURTON.

*Laf.*

*Laf.* Who? God?

*Par.* Ay, ſir.

*Laf.* The devil it is, that's thy maſter. Why doſt thou garter up thy arms o'this faſhion? doſt make hoſe of thy ſleeves? do other ſervants ſo? Thou wert beſt ſet thy lower part where thy noſe ſtands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man ſhould beat thee. I think, thou waſt created for men to breathe themſelves upon thee.

*Par.* This is hard and undeſerved meaſure, my lord.

*Laf.* Go to, ſir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more ſaucy with lords, and honourable perſonages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commiſſion [6]. You are not worth another word, elſe I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

*Enter* BERTRAM.

*Par.* Good, very good; it is ſo then.—Good, very good; let it be conceal'd a while.

*Ber.* Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

*Par.* What is the matter, ſweet heart?

*Ber.* Although before the ſolemn prieſt I have ſworn,
I will not bed her.

*Par.* What? what, ſweet heart?

*Ber.* O my Parolles, they have married me:—
I'll to the Tuſcan wars, and never bed her.

*Par.* France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

*Ber.* There's letters from my mother; what the import is,
I know not yet.

*Par.* Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box unſeen,

[6] — *than the heraldry of your birth* &c.] In former copies:—*than the commiſſion of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry.* Sir Thomas Hanmer reſtored it. JOHNSON.

That

That hugs his kickſy-wickſy here at home [7];
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which ſhould ſuſtain the bound and high curvet
Of Marſes fiery ſteed: To other regions!
France is a ſtable; we that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

*Ber.* It ſhall be ſo; I'll ſend her to my houſe,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durſt not ſpeak: His preſent gift
Shall furniſh me to thoſe Italian fields,
Where noble fellows ſtrike: Wars are no ſtrife
To the dark houſe, and the deteſted wife [8].

*Par.* Will this capricio hold in thee, art ſure?

*Ber.* Go with me to my chamber, and adviſe me.
I'll ſend her ſtraight away: To-morrow
I'll to the wars, ſhe to her ſingle ſorrow.

*Par.* Why, theſe balls bound; there's noiſe in it.—'Tis hard;
A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong; but, huſh! 'tis ſo. [*Exeunt.*

7 *That hugs his* kickſy-wickſy &c.] Sir T. Hanmer, in his Gloſſary, obſerves that *kickſy-wickſy* is a made word in ridicule and diſdain of a wife. Taylor, the water-poet, has a poem in diſdain of his *debtors*, intitled, a *kickſey-winſey*, or a *Lerry-come-twang*. GREY.

8 *To the* dark-houſe, &c.] The *dark-houſe* is a houſe made gloomy by diſcontent. Milton ſays of *death* and the *king* of hell preparing to combat:

" So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
" Grew *darker* at their frown." JOHNSON.

Perhaps this is the ſame thought we meet with in *K. Henry IV.* only more ſolemnly expreſs'd:

" ——— he's as tedious
" As is a tired horſe, a *railing wife*;
" Worſe than a *ſmoky houſe*."

The old copy reads—*deteſted* wife. STEEVENS.

The emendation, which was made by Mr. Rowe, is fully ſupported by a ſubſequent paſſage:

" 'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
" Of a *deteſting* lord. MALONE.

## SCENE IV.

*The ſame. Another Room in the ſame.*

*Enter* HELENA *and* Clown.

*Hel.* My mother greets me kindly; Is ſhe well?

*Clown.* She is not well; but yet ſhe has her health: ſhe's very merry; but yet ſhe is not well: but thanks be given, ſhe's very well, and wants nothing i'the world; but yet ſhe is not well.

*Hel.* If ſhe be very well, what does ſhe ail, that ſhe's not very well?

*Clown.* Truly, ſhe's very well, indeed, but for two things.

*Hel.* What two things?

*Clown.* One, that ſhe's not in heaven, whither God ſend her quickly! the other, that ſhe's in earth, from whence God ſend her quickly!

*Enter* PAROLLES.

*Par.* Bleſs you, my fortunate lady!

*Hel.* I hope, ſir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes [9].

*Par.* You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them ſtill.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

*Clown.* So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would ſhe did as you ſay.

*Par.* Why, I ſay nothing.

9 — fortunes.] Old Copy—*fortune.* Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

*Clown.*

*Clown.* Marry, you are the wiſer man; for many a man's tongue ſhakes out his maſter's undoing: To ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

*Par.* Away, thou'rt a knave.

*Clown.* You ſhould have ſaid, ſir, before a knave thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave this had been truth, ſir.

*Par.* Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

*Clown.* Did you find me in yourſelf, ſir? or were you taught to find me? The ſearch, ſir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleaſure, and the increaſe of laughter.

*Par.* A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very ſerious buſineſs calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off to a compell'd reſtraint [1];
Whoſe want, and whoſe delay, is ſtrew'd with ſweets [2],

[1] *But puts it off* to *a compell'd reſtraint*; Thus the original and only authentick ancient copy. The editor of the third folio reads—*by* a compell'd reſtraint; and the alteration has been adopted by the modern editors; perhaps without neceſſity. Our poet might have meant, in his uſual licentious manner, that Bertram puts off the completion of his wiſhes *to* a future day, *till* which he is *compelled* to *reſtrain* his deſires. This, it muſt be confeſſed, is very harſh; but our author is often ſo licentious in his phraſeology, that change on that ground alone is very dangerous. In *King Henry VIII.* we have a phraſeology not very different.

" ——— All-ſouls day
" Is the *determin'd reſpite* of my wrongs."

i. e. the day to which my wrongs are reſpited. MALONE.

[2] *Whoſe want, and whoſe delay, is ſtrew'd with* ſweets,] The *ſweets* which are diſtilled, by the reſtraint ſaid to be impoſed on Bertram, from "the want and delay of the great prerogative of love," are the ſweets of *expectation*. Parolles is here ſpeaking of Bertram's feelings during this "curbed time," not, as Dr Johnſon ſeems to have thought, of thoſe of Helena. The following lines in *Troilus and Creſſida* may prove the beſt comment on the preſent paſſage:

" I am giddy; *expectation* whirls me round.
" The *imaginary* reliſh is ſo *ſweet*
" That it enchants my ſenſe. What will it be,
" When that the watery palate *taſtes indeed*
" Love's thrice-reputed nectar? Death, I fear me,
" Swooning deſtruction; &c." MALONE.

Which they diſtil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleaſure drown the brim.

*Hel.* What's his will elſe?

*Par.* That you will take your inſtant leave o'the king,
And make this haſte as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need [3].

*Hel.* What more commands he?

*Par.* That, having this obtain'd, you preſently
Attend his further pleaſure.

*Hel.* In every thing I wait upon his will.

*Par.* I ſhall report it ſo.

*Hel.* I pray you.—Come, ſirrah. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*Another Room in the ſame.*

*Enter* LAFEU *and* BERTRAM.

*Laf.* But, I hope, your lordſhip thinks not him a ſoldier.

*Ber.* Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

*Laf.* You have it from his own deliverance.

*Ber.* And by other warranted teſtimony.

*Laf.* Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting [4].

*Ber.* I do aſſure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

*Laf.* I have then ſinned againſt his experience, and tranſgreſs'd againſt his valour; and my ſtate that way is dangerous,

3 — *probable need.*] A ſpecious appearance of neceſſity. JOHNSON.

4 — *a* bunting.] Barrett's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, gives this account of this bird: "Terraneola et rubetra, avis alaudæ ſimilis, &c. Dicta terraneola quod non in arboribus, ſed in terra verſetur et nidificet." STEEVENS.

ſince

ſince I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will purſue the amity.

*Enter* PAROLLES.

*Par.* Theſe things ſhall be done, ſir. [*to* Ber.

*Laf.* 'Pray you, ſir, who's his tailor?

*Par.* Sir?

*Laf.* O, I know him well: Ay, ſir; he, ſir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

*Ber.* Is ſhe gone to the king? [*aſide to* Parolles.

*Par.* She is.

*Ber.* Will ſhe away to-night?

*Par.* As you'll have her.

*Ber.* I have writ my letters, caſketed my treaſure,
Given order for our horſes; and to-night,
When I ſhould take poſſeſſion of the bride,—
And, ere I do begin,—

*Laf.* A good traveller is ſomething at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds *, and uſes a known truth to paſs a thouſand nothings with, ſhould be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God ſave you, captain.

*Ber.* Is there any unkindneſs between my lord and you, monſieur?

*Par.* I know not how I have deſerv'd to run into my lord's diſpleaſure.

*Laf.* You have made ſhift to run into't, boots and ſpurs and all, like him that leapt into the cuſtard [5]; and out of it you'll run again, rather than ſuffer queſtion for your reſidence.

* *A good traveller is ſomething at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds*, &c.] So, in Marlowe's *King Edward II:*

" *Gav.* What art thou?
" 2. *Poor Man.* A *traveller.*
" *Gav.* Let me ſee; thou would'ſt well
" To wait on my trencher, and *tell me lies at dinner-time.*"
MALONE.

[5] *You have made ſhift to run into't, boots and ſpurs and all, like him that* leapt *into the* cuſtard;] It was a fooliery practiſed at city entertainments, whilſt the jeſter or zany was in vogue, for him to jump into a large deep cuſtard, ſet for the purpoſe, *to ſet on a quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh*, as our poet ſays in his *Hamlet*. See *the Devil's an Aſs*, by Ben Jonſon, Act I. ſc. i. THEOBALD.

*Ber.*

*Ber.* It may be, you have miſtaken him, my lord.

*Laf.* And ſhall do ſo ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord: and believe this of me, There can be no kernel in this light nut; the ſoul of this man is his clothes: truſt him not in matter of heavy conſequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monſieur: I have ſpoken better of you, than you have or will to deſerve * at my hand; but we muſt do good againſt evil [*Exit.*

*Par.* An idle lord, I ſwear.

*Ber.* I think ſo.

*Par.* Why, do you not know him?

*Ber.* Yes, I know him well; and common ſpeech
Gives him a worthy paſs. Here comes my clog.

*Enter* HELENA.

*Hel.* I have, ſir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For preſent parting; only, he deſires
Some private ſpeech with you.

*Ber.* I ſhall obey his will.
You muſt not marvel, Helen, at my courſe,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The miniſtration and required office
On my particular: prepar'd I was not
For ſuch a buſineſs; therefore am I found
So much unſettled; This drives me to entreat you,
That preſently you take your way for home:
And rather muſe [6], than aſk, why I entreat you:
For my reſpects are better than they ſeem;
And my appointments have in them a need,
Greater than ſhews itſelf, at the firſt view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother:
[*giving a letter.*

* — *than you have or will to deſerve*—] Something ſeems to have been omitted; but I know not how to rectify the paſſage. Perhaps we ſhould read—than you have *qualities* or will to deſerve. The editor of the ſecond folio reads—than you have or will deſerve—. MALONE.

[6] *And rather* muſe,] To *muſe* is to *wonder*. So, in *Macbeth:*

" Do not *muſe* at me, my moſt noble friends." STEEVENS.

'Twill

'Twill be two days ere I ſhall ſee you; ſo
I leave you to your wiſdom.
*Hel.* Sir, I can nothing ſay,
But that I am your moſt obedient ſervant.
*Ber.* Come, come, no more of that.
*Hel.* And ever ſhall
With true obſervance ſeek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely ſtars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.
*Ber.* Let that go:
My haſte is very great: Farewel; hie home.
*Hel.* Pray, ſir, your pardon.
*Ber.* Well, what would you ſay?
*Hel.* I am not worthy of the wealth I owe[7];
Nor dare I ſay, 'tis mine; and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, moſt fain would ſteal
What law does vouch mine own.
*Ber.* What would you have?
*Hel.* Something; and ſcarce ſo much:—nothing, indeed.—
I would not tell you what I would; my lord,—'faith, yes;—
Strangers, and foes, do ſunder, and not kiſs.
*Ber.* I pray you, ſtay not, but in haſte to horſe.
*Hel.* I ſhall not break your bidding, good my lord.
*Ber.* Where are my other men, monſieur?—Farewel[8].
[*Exit* HELENA.
Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilſt I can ſhake my ſword, or hear the drum:—
Away, and for our flight.
*Par.* Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*

7 — *the wealth I* owe;] i. e. I *own.* STEEVENS.

8 *Where are my other men, monſieur?—Farewel.*] This line which in the original copy is given to Helena, was very properly attributed by Mr. Theobald to Bertram. MALONE.

Bertram, obſerving Helen to linger fondly, and wanting to ſhift her off, puts on a ſhew of haſte, aſks Parolles for his ſervants, and then gives his wife an abrupt diſmiſſion. THEOBALD.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

Florence. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

*Flouriſh.* *Enter the Duke of* Florence, *attended*; *two* French *Lords, and others.*

*Duke.* So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reaſons of this war;
Whoſe great deciſion hath much blood let forth
And more thirſts after.

1. *Lord.* Holy ſeems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the oppoſer.

*Duke.* Therefore we marvel much, our couſin France
Would, in ſo juſt a buſineſs, ſhut his boſom
Againſt our borrowing prayers.

2. *Lord.* Good, my lord,
The reaſons of our ſtate I cannot yield[9],
But like a common and an outward man[1],
That the great figure of a council frames
By ſelf-unable motion[2]: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; ſince I have found
Myſelf in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I gueſs'd.

*Duke.* Be it his pleaſure.

9 — *I cannot yield,*] I cannot inform you of the reaſons. JOHNSON.

1 — *an outward man,*] i. e. one not in the ſecret of affairs. WARBURTON.

So *inward* is familiar, admitted to ſecrets. "*I was an* inward *of his.*" *Meaſure for Meaſure.* JOHNSON.

2 — *ſelf-unable* motion:] Dr. Warburton and Mr. Upton would read —*notion.* MALONE.

2. *Lord.*

2. *Lord.* But I am ſure, the younger of our nature [3],
That ſurfeit on their eaſe, will, day by day,
Come here for phyſick.

*Duke.* Welcome ſhall they be;
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them ſettle: You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

*Enter* Counteſs *and* Clown.

*Count.* It hath happened all as I would have had it, ſave, that he comes not along with her.

*Clown.* By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

*Count.* By what obſervance, I pray you?

*Clown.* Why, he will look upon his boot, and ſing; mend the ruff, and ſing *; aſk queſtions, and ſing; pick his teeth, and ſing: I know a man that had this trick of melancholy, ſold a goodly manor for a ſong [4].

[3] — *the younger of our noture,*] i. e. as we ſay at preſent, *our young fellows.* STEEVENS.

* — *mend the* ruff *and ſing:*] The tops of the boots in our author's time turned down, and hung looſely o'er the leg. The folding is what the clown means by the *ruff*. B. Jonſon calls it *ruffle*, and perhaps it ſhould be ſo here. See *Every man out of his humour*, Act IV ſc. vi. WHALLEY.

To this faſhion Biſhop Earle alludes in his *Characters*, 1638, Signat. E. 10. "He has learnt to *ruffle* his face from his *boote*; and takes great delight in his walk to heare his ſpurs gingle." MALONE.

[4] — ſold *a goodly manor for a ſong.*] The old copy reads—*hold* a goodly—. The emendation was made in the third folio. MALONE.

*Count.* Let me ſee what he writes, and when he means to come. [*opening a letter.*

*Clown.* I have no mind to Iſbel, ſince I was at court: our old ling and our Iſbels o'the country, are nothing like your old ling and your Iſbels o'the court: the brains of my Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no ſtomach.

*Count.* What have we here?

*Clown.* E'en that[5] you have there. [*Exit.*

*Count.* [reads.] *I have ſent you a daughter-in-law: ſhe hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and ſworn to make the* not *eternal. You ſhall hear, I am run away; know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long diſtance. My duty to you.*

*Your unfortunate ſon,*

BERTRAM.

This is not well, raſh and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of ſo good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the miſprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

*Re-enter* Clown.

*Clown.* O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two ſoldiers and my young lady.

*Count.* What is the matter?

*Clown.* Nay, there is ſome comfort in the news, ſome comfort; your ſon will not be kill'd ſo ſoon as I thought he would.

*Count.* Why ſhould he be kill'd?

*Clown.* So ſay I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in ſtanding to't; that's the loſs of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more: for my part, I only hear, your ſon was run away. [*Exit* Clown.

5 E'en *that*—] Old Copy—*In* that. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter* HELENA, *and two Gentlemen.*

1. *Gen.* Save you, good madam.

*Hel.* Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2. *Gen.* Do not ſay ſo.

*Count.* Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—
I have felt ſo many quirks of joy, and grief,
That the firſt face of neither, on the ſtart,
Can woman me unto't:—Where is my ſon, I pray you?

2. *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to ſerve the duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after ſome diſpatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

*Hel.* Look on his letter, madam; here's my paſſport.

[reads.] *When thou canſt get the ring upon my finger*[6], *which never ſhall come off, and ſhew me a child begotten of thy body, that I am a father to, then call me huſband: but in ſuch a* then *I write a* never.

This is a dreadful ſentence.

*Count.* Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1. *Gen.* Ay, madam;
And, for the contents' ſake, are ſorry for our pains.

*Count.* I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engroſſeſt all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'ſt me of a moiety: He was my ſon;
But I do waſh his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

2. *Gen.* Ay, madam.

*Count.* And to be a ſoldier?

2. *Gen.* Such is his noble purpoſe: and, believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

[6] *When thou canſt get the ring upon my finger,*] i. e. When thou canſt get the ring, which is on my finger, into thy poſſeſſion. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is confirmed inconteſtably by theſe lines in the fifth act, in which Helena repeats the ſubſtance of this letter:

" ——— there is your ring;
" And look you, here's your letter; this it ſays:
" *When from my finger you can get this ring*, &c." MALONE.

*Count.*

*Count.* Return you thither?

1. *Gen.* Ay, madam, with the ſwifteſt wing of ſpeed.

*Hel.* [reads.] *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.* 'Tis bitter.

*Count.* Find you that there?

*Hel.* Ay, madam.

1. *Gen.* 'Tis but the boldneſs of his hand, haply, which His heart was not conſenting to.

*Count.* Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only ſhe; and ſhe deſerves a lord,
That twenty ſuch rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, miſtreſs.—Who was with him?

1. *Gen.* A ſervant only, and a gentleman
Which I have ſome time known.

*Count.* Parolles, was't not?

1. *Gen.* Ay, my good lady, he.

*Count.* A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedneſs:
My ſon corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1. *Gen.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have [7].

*Count.* You are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you ſee my ſon,
To tell him, that his ſword can never win
The honour that he loſes: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2. *Gen.* We ſerve you, madam,
In that and all your worthieſt affairs.

*Count.* Not ſo, but as we change our courteſies [8].
Will you draw near? [*Exeunt* Counteſs *and* Gentlemen.

Hel. *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou ſhalt have none, Rouſſillon, none in France,

7 — *a deal of that, too much,*
*Which holds him much to have.*] That is, his vices ſtand him in ſtead. WARBURTON.

Mr. Heath thinks the meaning is, this fellow hath a deal too much of *that* which alone can hold or judge that he has much in him; i. e folly and ignorance. MALONE.

8 *Not ſo,* &c.] The gentlemen declare that they are ſervants to the counteſs; ſhe replies, No otherwiſe than as ſhe returns the ſame offices of civility. JOHNSON.

Then

Then haſt thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chaſe thee from thy country, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-ſparing war? and is't I
That drive thee from the ſportive court, where thou
Waſt ſhot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of ſmoky muſkets? O you leaden meſſengers,
That ride upon the violent ſpeed of fire,
Fly with falſe aim; move the ſtill-piecing air [9],
That ſings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever ſhoots at him, I ſet him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breaſt,
I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His death was ſo effected: better 'twere,
I met the ravin lion [1] when he roar'd
With ſharp conſtraint of hunger; better twere,
That all the miſeries, which nature owes,
Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rouſſillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a ſcar,
As oft it loſes all *; I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence;
Shall I ſtay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradiſe did fan the houſe,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,

9 — *move the ſtill*-piecing *air*,] i. e. the air that cloſes immediately, after a ball has paſſed through it. So, in another play:

" — the *wind* that ſtill doth *join*."

The only authentick ancient copy reads—ſtill-*peering*. The preſent emendation was propoſed by ſome former annotator, and adopted by Mr. Steevens. *Piece* was formerly ſpelt—*peece:* ſo that there is but the change of one letter. See *Twelfth Night*, firſt folio, p. 262:

" Now, good Cæſario, but that *peece* of ſong—." MALONE.

I have no doubt that *ſtill-piecing* was Shakſpeare's word But the paſſage is not yet quite ſound. We ſhould read, I believe,—rove *the ſtill-piecing air*, i. e. *fly at random through*. The alluſion is to *ſhooting at rovers* in archery, which was ſhooting without any particular aim. TYRWHITT.

1 — *the* ravin *lion*—] i. e. the *ravenous* or ravening lion. To *ravin* is to ſwallow voraciouſly. MALONE.

* *Whence honour but of danger* &c ] The ſenſe is, from that abode, where all the advantages that honour uſually reaps from the danger it ruſhes upon, is only a ſcar in teſtimony of its bravery, as on the other hand, it often is the cauſe of loſing all, even life itſelf. HEATH.

To

To conſolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll ſteal away. [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.

Florence. *Before the Duke's Palace.*

*Flouriſh.* *Enter the Duke of* Florence, BERTRAM, *Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

*Duke.* The general of our horſe thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our beſt love and credence,
Upon thy promiſing fortune.
*Ber.* Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my ſtrength; but yet
We'll ſtrive to bear it for your worthy ſake,
To the extreme edge of hazard [2].
*Duke.* Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy proſperous helm,
As thy auſpicious miſtreſs [3]!

2 *We'll ſtrive to* bear *it for your worthy ſake,*
*To the extreme* edge *of hazard* ] So, in our author's 116th Sonnet;
" But *bears* it out even to the *edge* of doom." MALONE.
Milton has borrowed this expreſſion; Par. Reg. B. i:
" *You ſee our danger on the utmoſt edge*
" *Of hazard.*" STEEVENS.

3 *And* fortune *play upon thy proſperous helm,*
*As thy auſpicious* miſtreſs!] So, in *the Tempeſt:*
" ——— bountiful *fortune,*
" Now *my dear lady,* &c."
Perhaps Lee, who has frequently imitated our author, had this paſſage in his thoughts when he wrote the following lines:
" Can none remember? Yes, I know all muſt;
" When Glory, like the dazzling eagle, ſtood,
" *Perch'd on my beaver* in the Granick flood;
" When *Fortune's* ſelf my ſtandard trembling bore,
" And the pale Fates" &c. MALONE.

*Ber.* This very day,
Great Mars, I put myſelf into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts; and I ſhall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

*Enter* Counteſs *and* Steward.

*Count.* Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, ſhe would do as ſhe has done,
By ſending me a letter? Read it again,
Stew. *I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim*[4], *thither gone;*
*Ambitious love hath ſo in me offended,*
*That bare foot plod I the cold ground upon,*
*With ſainted vow my fault to have amended.*
*Write, write, that, from the bloody courſe of war,*
*My deareſt maſter, your dear ſon may hie;*
*Bleſs him at home in peace, whilſt I from far,*
*His name with zealous fervour ſanctify:*
*His taken labours bid him me forgive;*
*I, his deſpightful Juno*[5], *ſent him forth*
*From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,*
*Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:*
*He is too good and fair for death and me;*
*Whom I myſelf embrace, to ſet him free.*

[4] — *Saint* Jaques' *pilgrim,*] I do not remember any place famous for pilgrimages conſecrated in Italy to St. James, but it is common to viſit St. James of Compoſtella, in Spain. Another ſaint might eaſily have been found, Florence being ſomewhat out of the road from Rouſillon to Compoſtella. JOHNSON.

[5] — *Juno,*] Alluding to the ſtory of Hercules. JOHNSON.

*Count.* Ah, what ſharp ſtings are in her mildeſt words!
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice ſo much [6],
As letting her paſs ſo; had I ſpoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus ſhe hath prevented.

*Stew.* Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet ſhe writes,
Purſuits would be but vain.

*Count.* What angel ſhall
Bleſs this unworthy huſband? he cannot thrive,
Unleſs her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greateſt juſtice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy huſband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light [7]: my greateſt grief,
Though little he do feel it, ſet down ſharply.
Diſpatch the moſt convenient meſſenger:—
When, haply, he ſhall hear that ſhe is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that ſhe,
Hearing ſo much, will ſpeed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is deareſt to me, I have no ſkill in ſenſe
To make diſtinction:—Provide this meſſenger:—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and ſorrow bids me ſpeak.

[*Exeunt.*

6 — *lack* advice *ſo much,*] *Advice*, in *diſcretion* or *thought.*
JOHNSON.

7 *That he does* weigh *too light:*] To *weigh* here means to *value*, or *eſteem.* So, in *Love's Labour Loſt:*

"You *weigh* me not, O, that's you care not for me."
MALONE.

SCENE

## SCENE V.

*Without the walls of* Florence.

*A tucket afar off. Enter an old* Widow *of* Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, *and other citizens.*

*Wid.* Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we ſhall loſe all the ſight.

*Dia.* They ſay, the French count has done moſt honourable ſervice.

*Wid.* It is reported that he has taken their greateſt commander; and that with his own hand he ſlew the duke's brother. We have loſt our labour; they are gone a contrary way; hark! you may know by their trumpets.

*Mar.* Come, let's return again, and ſuffice ourſelves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is ſo rich as honeſty.

*Wid.* I have told my neighbour, how you have been ſolicited by a gentleman his companion.

*Mar.* I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in thoſe ſuggeſtions [8] for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promiſes, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all theſe engines of luſt, are not the things they go under [9]: many a maid hath been ſeduced by them; and the miſery is, example, that ſo terrible ſhews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that diſſuade ſucceſſion, but

[8] —*in thoſe ſuggeſtions*—] i. e. temptations. MALONE.

[9] —*are* not *the things they go under*;] They are not really ſo true and ſincere, as in appearance they ſeem to be. THEOBALD.

*To go under* the name of any thing is a known expreſſion. The meaning is, they are not the things for which their names would make them paſs. JOHNSON.

that

that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to adviſe you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modeſty which is ſo loſt.

*Dia.* You ſhall not need to fear me.

*Enter* HELENA, *in the dreſs of a pilgrim.*

*Wid.* I hope ſo.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know ſhe will lie at my houſe: thither they ſend one another; I'll queſtion her.—
God ſave you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

*Hel.* To Saint Jaques le grand.
Where do the palmers[1] lodge, I do beſeech you?

*Wid.* At the Saint Francis here, beſide the port.

*Hel.* Is this the way?

*Wid.* Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you! [*A march afar off.*
They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you ſhall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hoſteſs
As ample as myſelf.

*Hel* Is it yourſelf?

*Wid.* If you ſhall pleaſe ſo, pilgrim.

*Hel.* I thank you, and will ſtay upon your leiſure.

*Wid.* You came, I think, from France?

*Hel.* I did ſo.

*Wid.* Here you ſhall ſee a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy ſervice.

*Hel.* His name, I pray you?

*Dia.* The count Rouſſillon; Know you ſuch a one?

*Hel.* But by the ear, that hears moſt nobly of him;
His face I know not.

[1] —*palmers*—] Pilgrims that viſited holy places; ſo called from a ſtaff, or bough of palm they were wont to carry, eſpecially ſuch as had viſited the holy places at Jeruſalem. "A pilgrim and a palmer differed thus: a *pilgrim* had ſome dwelling-place, a *palmer* had none; the *pilgrim* travelled to ſome certain place, the *palmer* to all, and not to any one in particular; the *pilgrim* muſt go at his own charge, the *palmer* muſt profeſs wilful poverty; the *pilgrim* might give over his profeſſion, the *palmer* muſt be conſtant." See Blount's *Gloſſography*. ANONYMOUS.

*Dia.*

*Dia.* Whatſoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He ſtole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Againſt his liking: Think you it is ſo?
*Hel.* Ay, ſurely, mere the truth [2]; I know his lady.
*Dia.* There is a gentleman, that ſerves the count,
Reports but coarſely of her.
*Hel.* What's his name?
*Dia.* Monſieur Parolles.
*Hel.* O, I believe with him,
In argument of praiſe, or to the worth
Of the great count himſelf, ſhe is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deſerving
Is a reſerved honeſty, and that
I have not heard examin'd [3].
*Dia.* Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a deteſting lord.
*Wid.* A right good creature [4]: whereſoe'er ſhe is,
Her heart weighs ſadly: this young maid might do her
A ſhrewd turn, if ſhe pleas'd.
*Hel.* How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count ſolicits her
In the unlawful purpoſe.
*Wid.* He does, indeed;
And brokes [5] with all that can in ſuch a ſuit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But ſhe is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honeſteſt defence.

[2] — mere *the truth*;] The exact, the *entire* truth. MALONE.
[3] — *examin'd*.] That is, *queſtion'd*, *doubted*. JOHNSON.
[4] *A right good creature*:] There is great reaſon to believe, that when theſe plays were copied for the preſs, the tranſcriber truſted to the ear, and not to the eye; one perſon dictating, and another tranſcribing. Hence probably the error of the old copy, which reads—*I write* good creature. For the emendation now made the preſent editor is anſwerable. The ſame expreſſion is found in the *Two Noble Kinſmen*, 1634:

" A *right good creature*, more to me deſerving," &c.
MALONE.

[5] — *brokes*—] Deals as a *broker*. JOHNSON.
To *broke* is to deal with panders. A *broker* in our author's time meant a bawd or pimp. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act I. ſc. iii. MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter with drum and colours, a party of the* Florentine *army,* BERTRAM, *and* PAROLLES.

*Mar.* The gods forbid else!
*Wid.* So, now they come:—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.
*Hel.* Which is the Frenchman?
*Dia.* He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife: if he were honester,
He were much goodlier:—Is't not a handsome gentleman?
*Hel.* I like him well.
*Dia.* 'Tis pity, he's not honest: Yond's that same knave,
That leads him to these places[6]; were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.
*Hel.* Which is he?
*Dia.* That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is he melancholy?
*Hel.* Perchance he's hurt i'the battle.
*Par.* Lose our drum! well.
*Mar.* He's shrewdly vex'd at something: Look, he has spied us.
*Wid.* Marry, hang you!
*Mar.* And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!
[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *Officers and Soldiers.*
*Wid.* The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.
*Hel.* I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,

[6] —— *Yond's that same knave,*
*That leads him to these* places;] The *places* are, apparently, where he
*— brokes with all that can in such a suit*
*Corrupt the tender honour of a maid.* STEEVENS.

I will

I will beſtow ſome precepts on this * virgin,
Worthy the note.

*Both.* We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.

*Camp before* Florence.

*Enter* BERTRAM, *and the two* French *Lords.*

1. *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

2. *Lord.* If your lordſhip find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your reſpect.

1. *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

*Ber.* Do you think, I am ſo far deceiv'd in him?

1. *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to ſpeak of him as my kinſman, he's a moſt notable coward, an infinite and endleſs liar, an hourly promiſe breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordſhip's entertainment.

2. *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; leſt, repoſing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at ſome great and truſty buſineſs, in a main danger, fail you

*Ber.* I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2. *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him ſo confidently undertake to do.

1. *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will ſuddenly ſurprize him; ſuch I will have, whom, I am ſure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood wink him ſo, that he ſhall ſuppoſe no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of our adverſaries, when we bring him to our own

* — *in this*—] Old Copy—*of* this. Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

tents:

tents: Be but your lordſhip preſent at this examination; if he do not, for the promiſe of his life, and in the higheſt compulſion of baſe fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power againſt you, and that with the divine forfeit of his ſoul upon oath, never truſt my judgment in any thing.

2. *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he ſays, he has a ſtratagem for't: when your lordſhip ſees the bottom of his [7] ſucceſs in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore [8] will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment [9], your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

*Enter* PAROLLES.

1. *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his deſign; let him fetch off his drum in any hand [1].

*Ber.* How now, monſieur? this drum ſticks ſorely in your diſpoſition.

2. *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

7 — *of* his—] Old Copy—of *this*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

8 — *of* ore—] Old Copy—of *ours*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

9 *If you give him not* John Drum's entertainment,] Holinſhed, in his deſcription of Ireland, ſpeaking of Patrick Sarſefield, (mayor of Dublin in the year 1551,) and of his extravagant hoſpitality, ſubjoins, that no gueſt had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family: ſo that his "porter or any other officer, durſt not for both his eares, give the ſimpleſt man that reſorted to his houſe, *Tom Drum his entertaynement*, which is, to hale a man in by the heade, and thruſt him out by both the ſhoulders." THEOBALD.

A contemporary writer has uſed this expreſſion in the ſame manner that our author has done; ſo that there is no reaſon to ſuſpect the word *John* in the text to be a miſprint: "In faith good gentlemen, I think we ſhall be forced to give you right *John* Drum's entertainment, [i. e. to treat you very ill,] for he that compoſed the book we ſhould preſent, hath—ſnatched it from us at the very inſtant of entrance." Introduction to *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, a comedy, 1601. MALONE.

1 — *in any hand.*] The uſual phraſe is—*at any hand*, but *in any hand* will do. It is uſed in Holland's *Pliny*, p. 426:—"he muſt be a free citizen of Rome *in any hand*." Again, p. 508, 553, and 546. STEEVENS.

*Par.*

*Par.* But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum ſo loſt!—There was excellent command! to charge in with our horſe upon our own wings, and to rend our own ſoldiers.

2 *Lord* That was not to be blamed in the command of the ſervice; it was a diſaſter of war that Cæſar himſelf could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

*Ber.* Well, we cannot greatly condemn our ſucceſs: ſome diſhonour we had, in the loſs of that drum; but it is not to be recover'd.

*Par.* It might have been recover'd.

*Ber.* It might; but it is not now.

*Par.* It is to be recover'd: but that the merit of ſervice is ſeldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet* [2].

*Ber.* Why, if you have a ſtomach to't, monſieur, if you think your myſtery in ſtratagem can bring this inſtrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you ſpeed well in it, the duke ſhall both ſpeak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatneſs, even to the utmoſt ſyllable of your worthineſs.

*Par.* By the hand of a ſoldier, I will undertake it.

*Ber.* But you muſt not now ſlumber in it.

*Par.* I'll about it this evening: and I will preſently pen down my dilemmas [3], encourage myſelf in my certainty, put myſelf into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

*Ber.* May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

*Par.* I know not what the ſucceſs will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

[2] *I would have that drum or another, or* hic jacet.] i. e. *Here lies*;—the uſual beginning of epitaphs. I would (ſays Parolles) recover either the drum I have loſt, or another belonging to the enemy; or *die in the attempt.* MALONE.

[3] — *I will preſently pen down my* dilemmas—] By this word, Parolles is made to inſinuate that he had ſeveral ways, all equally certain of recovering his drum. For a *dilemma* is an argument that concludes both ways WARBURTON.

I think, Paro les means, that he will pen down his plans on the one ſide, and the probable obſtructions he was to meet with on the other. MASON.

*Ber.*

*Ber.* I know, thou art valiant; and, to the poſſibility of thy ſoldierſhip [4], will ſubſcribe for thee. Farewel.

*Par.* I love not many words. [*Exit.*

1. *Lord.* No more than a fiſh loves water [5].—Is not this a ſtrange fellow, my lord? that ſo confidently ſeems to undertake this buſineſs, which he knows is not to be done; damns himſelf to do, and dares better be damn'd than to do't?

2. *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will ſteal himſelf into a man's favour, and, for a week, eſcape a great deal of diſcoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

*Ber.* Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that ſo ſeriouſly he does addreſs himſelf unto?

1. *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almoſt emboſs'd him [6], you ſhall ſee his fall to-night; for indeed, he is not for your lordſhip's reſpect.

2. *Lord.* We'll make you ſome ſport with the fox, ere we caſe him [7]. He was firſt ſmoked by the old lord Laſeu: when his diſguiſe and he is parted, tell me what a ſprat you ſhall find him; which you ſhall ſee this very night.

4 — *poſſibility of thy ſoldierſhip,*—] *I will ſubſcribe* (ſays Bertram) *to the* poſſibility *of your ſoldierſhip.* He ſuppreſſes that he ſhould not be ſo willing to vouch for its *probability.* STEEVENS.

I believe, Bertram means no more than that he is confident Parolles will do all that ſoldierſhip can effect. He was not yet certain that he was "a hilding." MALONE.

5 *I love not many* words.

1. Lord. *No more than a fiſh loves water.*] Here we have the origin of this boaſter's name, which, without doubt, (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved,) ought in ſtrict propriety to be written—*Paroles.* But our author certainly intended it otherwiſe; having made it a triſyllable:

"Ruſt ſword, cool bluſhes, and *Parolles* fire."

He probably did not know the true pronunciation. MALONE.

6 — *we have almoſt* emboſs'd *him,*] To *imboſs* a deer is to incloſe him in a wood. Milton uſes the ſame word:

"Like that ſelf-begotten bird
"In th' Arabian woods *imboſt,*
"Which no ſecond knows or third." JOHNSON.

It is probable that Shakſpeare was unacquainted with this word in the ſenſe which Milton affixes to it, viz, from *emboſcare,* Ital. to encloſe in a thicket.

When a deer is run hard and foams at the mouth, in the language of the field, he is ſaid to be *emboſs'd.* STEEVENS.

7 — *ere we* caſe him.] i. e. before we ſtrip him naked. JOHNSON.

1. *Lord.*

1. *Lord.* I muſt go look my twigs; he ſhall be caught.
*Ber.* Your brother, he ſhall go along with me.
1. *Lord.* As't pleaſe your lordſhip: I'll leave you *. [*Exit.*
*Ber.* Now will I lead you to the houſe, and ſhow you
The laſs I ſpoke of.
2. *Lord.* But, you ſay, ſhe's honeſt.
*Ber.* That's all the fault: I ſpoke with her but once,
And found her wond'rous cold; but I ſent to her,
By this ſame coxcomb that we have i'the wind,
Tokens and letters, which ſhe did re-ſend;
And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature;
Will you go ſee her?
2. *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VII.

Florence. *A Room in the Widow's Houſe.*

*Enter* HELENA, *and* Widow.

*Hel.* If you miſdoubt me that I am not ſhe,
I know not how I ſhall aſſure you further,
But I ſhall loſe the grounds I work upon [8].
*Wid.* Though my eſtate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with theſe buſineſſes;
And would not put my reputation now
In any ſtaining act.

* — *I'll leave you*] This line is given in the old copy to the *ſecond* lord, there called Captain G, who goes out; and the *firſt* lord, there called Captain E, remains with Bertram. The whole courſe of the dialogue ſhews this to have been a miſtake. See p. 429:

"1. *Lord.* [i. e. Captain E.] I, with a troop of Florentines," &c. MALONE.

[8] *But I ſhall loſe the grounds I work upon.*] i. e. by diſcovering herſelf to the count. WARBURTON.

*Hel.* Nor would I wiſh you.
Firſt, give me truſt, the count he is my huſband;
And, what to your ſworn counſel [9] I have ſpoken,
Is ſo, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you ſhall borrow,
Err in beſtowing it.

*Wid.* I ſhould believe you;
For you have ſhew'd me that, which well approves
You are great in fortune.

*Hel.* Take this purſe of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found. The count he wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton ſiege before her beauty,
Reſolves to carry her; let her, in fine, conſent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis beſt to bear it,
Now his important blood [1] will nought deny
That ſhe'll demand: A ring the county * wears,
That downward hath ſucceeded in his houſe,
From ſon to ſon, ſome four or five deſcents
Since the firſt father wore it: this ring he holds
In moſt rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not ſeem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

*Wid.* Now I ſee
The bottom of your purpoſe.

*Hel.* You ſee it lawful then: It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere ſhe ſeems as won,
Deſires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herſelf moſt chaſtly abſent: after this [2],
To marry her, I'll add three thouſand crowns
To what is paſt already.

9 — *to your ſworn counſel*—] To your private knowledge, after having required from you an oath of ſecrecy. JOHNSON.

1 — *his* important *blood*—] *Important* here, and elſewhere, is *importunate*. JOHNSON.

*Important* from the Fr. *Emportant*. TYRWHITT.

* — *the* county—] See p. 12, n. 4; and *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. ſc iv. MALONE.

2 — *after* this,] The latter word was added to complete the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

*Wid.*

*Wid.* I have yielded:
Inſtruct my daughter how ſhe ſhall perſéver,
That time, and place, with this deceit ſo lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With muſicks of all ſorts, and ſongs compos'd
To her unworthineſs: it nothing ſteads us,
To chide him from our eaves; for he perſiſts,
As if his life lay on't.

*Hel.* Why then, to-night
Let us aſſay our plot; which, if it ſpeed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act[3];
Where both not ſin, and yet a ſinful fact:
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*

3 *Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,*
*And lawful meaning* &c.] Bertram's meaning is wicked in a lawful deed, and Helen's meaning is lawful in a lawful act; and neither of them ſin: yet on his part it was a ſinful act, for his meaning was to commit adultery, of which he was innocent, as the lady was his wife. TOLLET.

The firſt line relates to Bertram. The *deed* was *lawful*, as being the duty of marriage, owed by the huſband to the wife; but his *meaning* was *wicked*, becauſe he intended to commit adultery. The ſecond line relates to Helena; whoſe *meaning* was *lawful*, in as much as ſhe intended to reclaim her huſband, and demanded only the rights of a wife. The *act* or *deed* was *lawful* for the reaſon already given. The ſubſequent line relates to them both. The *fact* was *ſinful*, as far as Bertram was concerned, becauſe he intended to commit adultery; yet neither he nor Helena *actually* ſinned: not the wife, becauſe both her intention and action were innocent; not the huſband, becauſe he did not *accompliſh* his intention; he did not commit adultery.—This note is partly Mr. Heath's. MALONE.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Without the* Florentine *Camp.*

*Enter firſt* Lord, *with five or ſix Soldiers in ambuſh.*

1. *Lord.* He can come no other way but by the hedge-corner: When you ſally upon him, ſpeak what terrible language you will; though you underſtand it not yourſelves, no matter: for we muſt not ſeem to underſtand him; unleſs ſome one among us, whom we muſt produce for an interpreter.

1. *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1. *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1. *Sold.* No, ſir, I warrant you.

1. *Lord.* But what linſy-woolſy haſt thou to ſpeak to us again?

1. *Sold.* Even ſuch as you ſpeak to me.

1. *Lord.* He muſt think us ſome band of ſtrangers i'the adverſary's entertainment [4]. Now he hath a ſmack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we muſt every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we ſpeak one to another; ſo we ſeem to know, is to know ſtraight our purpoſe [5]: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you muſt ſeem very politick. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a ſleep, and then to return and ſwear the lies he forges.

4 — *ſome band of ſtrangers in the adverſary's entertainment.*] That is, *foreign troops in the enemy's pay.* JOHNSON.

5 — *ſo we ſeem to know, is to know* &c.] I think the meaning is—Our ſeeming to know what we ſpeak one to another, is *to make him to* know our purpoſe immediately; to diſcover our deſign to him. *To know*, in the laſt inſtance, ſignifies *to make known.* Sir Thomas Hanmer very plauſibly reads—to *ſhow* ſtraight our purpoſe. MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter* PAROLLES.

*Par.* Ten o'clock: within theſe three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What ſhall I ſay I have done? It muſt be a very plauſible invention that carries it: They begin to ſmoke me; and diſgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1. *Lord.* This is the firſt truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*aſide.*

*Par.* What the devil ſhould move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impoſſibility, and knowing I had no ſuch purpoſe? I muſt give myſelf ſome hurts, and ſay, I got them in exploit: Yet ſlight ones will not carry it; they will ſay, Came you off with ſo little? and great ones I dare not give; Wherefore? what's the inſtance[6]? Tongue, I muſt put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myſelf another of Bajazet's mule[7], if you prattle me into theſe perils.

1. *Lord.* Is it poſſible, he ſhould know what he is, and be that he is? [*aſide.*

*Par.* I would, the cutting of my garments would ſerve the turn; or the breaking of my Spaniſh ſword.

1. *Lord.* We cannot afford you ſo. [*aſide.*

*Par.* Or the baring of my beard; and to ſay, it was in ſtratagem.

1. *Lord.* 'Twould not do. [*aſide.*

*Par.* Or to drown my clothes, and ſay, I was ſtript:

1. *Lord.* Hardly ſerve. [*aſide.*

*Par.* Though I ſwore I leap'd from the window of the citadel—

1. *Lord.* How deep? [*aſide.*

*Par.* Thirty fathom.

1. *Lord.* Three great oaths would ſcarce make that be believed. [*aſide.*

6 —*the inſtance?*] The *proof.* JOHNSON.

7 —*of Bajazet's* mule,] Dr. Warburton would read—*mute.* MALONE.

As a *mule* is as dumb by nature, as the mute is by art, the reading may ſtand. In one of our old Turkiſh hiſtories, there is a pompous deſcription of Bajazet riding on a *mule* to the Divan. STEEVENS.

*Par.*

*Par.* I would, I had any drum of the enemy's; I would ſwear, I recover'd it.

1. *Lord.* You ſhall hear one anon. [*aſide.*

*Par.* A drum now of the enemy's! [*Alarum within.*

1. *Lord. Throca movouſus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

*All. Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

*Par.* O, ranſom, ranſom:—Do not hide mine eyes.

[*They ſeize and blindfold him.*

1. *Sold. Boſkos thromuldo boſkos.*

*Par.* I know, you are the Muſkos' regiment,
And I ſhall loſe my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him ſpeak to me,
I will diſcover that which ſhall undo
The Florentine.

1. *Sold. Boſkos vauvado:*—I underſtand thee, and can ſpeak thy tongue:—*Kerelybonto:*—Sir, betake thee to thy faith, for ſeventeen poniards are at thy boſom.

*Par.* Oh!

1. *Sold.* O, pray, pray, pray.—
*Manka revania dulche.*

1. *Lord. Oſcorbi dulchos volivorcho.*

1. *Sold.* The general is content to ſpare thee yet;
And, hood-wink'd as thou art, will lead thee on,
To gather from thee: haply, thou may'ſt inform
Something to ſave thy life.

*Par.* O, let me live,
And all the ſecrets of our camp I'll ſhew,
Their force, their purpoſes: nay, I'll ſpeak that
Which you will wonder at.

1. *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?

*Par.* If I do not, damn me.

1. *Sold. Acordo linta* —
Come on, thou art granted ſpace.

[*Exit, with* PAROLLES *guarded.*

1. *Lord.* Go, tell the count Rouſillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.

2. *Sold.* Captain, I will.

1. *Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourſelves;—
Inform 'em [8] that.

[8] *Inform 'em*—] Old Copy—Inform *on*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

2. *Sold.*

2 *Sold.* So I will, ſir.
1 *Lord.* Till then I'll keep him dark, and ſafely lock'd.
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

Florence. *A Room in the Widow's Houſe.*

*Enter* BERTRAM, *and* DIANA.

*Ber.* They told me, that your name was Fontibell.
*Dia.* No, my good lord, Diana.
*Par.* Titled goddeſs;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair ſoul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you ſhould be ſuch a one
As you are now, for you are cold and ſtern [9];
And now you ſhould be as your mother was,
When your ſweet ſelf was got.
*Dia.* She then was honeſt.
*Ber.* So ſhould you be.
*Dia.* No:
My mother did but duty; ſuch, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
*Ber.* No more of that!
I pr'ythee, do not ſtrive againſt my vows [1]:

I was

9 *You are no maiden, but a* monument:
— *for you are* cold *and* ſtern;] Our author had here probably in his thoughts ſome of the *ſtern* monumental figures with which many churches in England were furniſhed by the rude ſculptors of his own time. He has again the ſame alluſion in *Cymbeline:*

"And be her ſenſe but as a *monument*,
"Thus *in a chapel lying.*" MALONE.

1 *I pr'ythee, do not ſtrive againſt my vows:*] *Againſt his vows*, I believe, means *againſt his determined reſolution never to cohabit with Helena*; and this *vow*, or *reſolution*, he had very ſtrongly expreſſed in his letter to the counteſs. STEEVENS.

So,

I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own ſweet conſtraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of ſervice.

*Dia.* Ay, ſo you ſerve us,
Till we ſerve you: but when you have our roſes,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourſelves,
And mock us with our bareneſs.

*Ber.* How have I ſworn?

*Dia.* 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain ſingle vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we ſwear not by [2],
But take the Higheſt to witneſs: Then, pray you, tell me,
If I ſhould ſwear by Jove's great attributes [3],
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To ſwear by him whom I proteſt to love,
That I will work againſt him [4]: Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions; but unſeal'd;
At leaſt, in my opinion.

So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, a tragedy by Webſter, 1612:

"Henceforth *I'll never lie with thee*,
"My *vow* is fix'd." MALONE.

2 *What is not holy, that we ſwear not by*,] The ſenſe is, We never ſwear by what is not holy, but ſwear by, or take to witneſs, the Higheſt, the Divinity.—The tenor of the reaſoning contained in the following lines perfectly correſponds with this: If I ſhould ſwear by Jove's great attributes, that I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths, when you found by experience that I loved you ill, and was endeavouring to gain credit with you in order to ſeduce you to your ruin? No, ſurely; but you would conclude that I had no faith either in Jove or his attributes, and that my oaths were mere words of courſe. For that oath can certainly have no tye upon us, which we ſwear by him we profeſs to love and honour, when at the ſame time we give the ſtrongeſt proof of our diſbelief in him, by purſuing a courſe which we know will offend and diſhonour him. HEATH.

3 *If I ſhould ſwear by Jove's great attributes*,] In the print of the old folio, it is doubtful whether it be *Jove's* or *Love's*, the characters being not diſtinguiſhable. If it is read *Love's*, perhaps it may be ſomething leſs difficult. I am ſtill at a loſs. JOHNSON.

4 *To ſwear by him whom I proteſt to love*, &c.] This paſſage likewiſe appears to me corrupt. She ſwears not *by* whom ſhe *loves*, but by Jupiter. I believe we may read—*To ſwear to him*. There is, ſays ſhe, no *holding*, no conſiſtency, in ſwearing to one that *I love him*, when I ſwear it only to *injure* him. JOHNSON.

This appears to me a very probable conjecture. Mr. Heath's explanation, which refers the words—"whom I proteſt to love"—to *Jove*, can hardly be right. Let the reader judge. MALONE.

*Ber.*

*Ber.* Change it, change it;
Be not ſo holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thyſelf unto my ſick deſires,
Who then recover: ſay, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, ſhall ſo perſéver.

*Dia.* I ſee, that men make hopes, in ſuch a ſcene,
That we'll forſake ourſelves [6]. Give me that ring.

*Ber.* I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

*Dia.* Will you not, my lord!

*Ber.* It is an honour 'longing to our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i' the world
In me to loſe.

[6] *I ſee, that men make hopes, in ſuch a* ſcene,
*That we'll forſake ourſelves.*] i. e. I perceive that while our lovers are making profeſſions of love, and *acting* their aſſumed parts in this kind of amorous *interlude*, they entertain hopes that we ſhall be betrayed by our paſſions to yield to their deſires. So, in *Much ado about Nothing:* "The ſport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no ſuch matter,—that's the *ſcene* that I would ſee," &c. Again, in the *Winter's Tale:*

" ——— It ſhall be ſo my care
" To have you royally appointed, as if
" The *ſcene* you play, were mine."

The old copy reads:

I ſee, that men make *ropes* in ſuch a *ſcarre*, &c.

which Mr. Rowe altered to—make *hopes* in ſuch *affairs*; and all the ſubſequent editors adopted his correction. It being entirely arbitrary, any emendation that is nearer to the traces of the unintelligible word in the old copy, and affords at the ſame time an eaſy ſenſe, is better entitled to a place in the text

A corrupted paſſage in the firſt ſketch of the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, ſuggeſted to me the emendation now introduced in the text. In the fifth act Fenton deſcribes to the hoſt his ſcheme for marrying Anne Page:

And in a robe of white this night diſguiſed
(Wherein fat Falſtaff had [r. hath] a mighty *ſcare*)
Muſt Slender, take her, &c.

It is manifeſt from the correſponding lines in the folio, that *ſcare* was printed by miſtake for *ſcene*; for in the folio the paſſage runs—

" ——— fat Falſtaff
" Hath a great *ſcene*." MALONE.

*Dia.* Mine honour's ſuch a ring:
My chaſtity's the jewel of our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'the world
In me to loſe: Thus your own proper wiſdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Againſt your vain aſſault.

*Ber.* Here, take my ring:
My houſe, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

*Dia.* When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;
I'll order take, my mother ſhall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor ſpeak to me:
My reaſons are moſt ſtrong; and you ſhall know them,
When back again this ring ſhall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our paſt deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

*Ber.* A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee.
[*Exit.*

*Dia.* For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may ſo in the end.—
My mother told me juſt how he would woo,
As if ſhe ſat in his heart; ſhe ſays, all men
Have the like oaths: he had ſworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,
When I am bury'd. Since Frenchmen are ſo braid [7],
Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
Only, in this diſguiſe, I think't no ſin
To cozen him that would unjuſtly win. [*Exit.*

7 — *Since Frenchmen are ſo* braid,] *Braid* ſignifies *crafty* or *deceitful.* Bpæd is an Anglo-Saxon word, ſignifying *fraus, aſtus.* STEEVENS.

SCENE

## SCENE III.

*The* Florentine *Camp.*

*Enter the two* French *Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

1. *Lord*[3]. You have not given him his mother's letter?

2. *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour ſince: there is ſomething in't that ſtings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almoſt into another man.

1. *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for ſhaking off ſo good a wife, and ſo ſweet a lady.

2. *Lord.* Eſpecially he hath incurr'd the everlaſting diſpleaſure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to ſing happineſs to him. I will tell you a thing, but you ſhall let it dwell darkly with you

1. *Lord.* When you have ſpoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2. *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a moſt chaſte renown; and this night he fleſhes his will in the ſpoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himſelf made in the unchaſte compoſition.

[3] 1. *Lord*] The latter editors have with great liberality beſtowed lordſhip upon theſe interlocutors, who, in the original edition, are called with more propriety *capt.* E. and *capt.* G. JOHNSON.

Theſe two perſonages may be ſuppoſed to be two young French Lords ſerving in the Florentine camp, where they now appear in their military capacity. In the firſt ſcene where the two French Lords are introduced, taking leave of the king, they are called in the original edition, Lord E, and Lord G.

G. and E. were, I believe, only put to denote the players who performed theſe characters. In the liſt of actors prefixed to the firſt folio, I find the names of Gilburne and Eccleſtone, to whom theſe inſignificant parts probably fell. Perhaps, however, theſe performers firſt repreſented the French lords, and afterwards two captains in the Florentine army; and hence the confuſion of the old copy. In the firſt ſcene of this act, one of theſe captains is called throughout, 1. *Lord E.* The matter is of no great importance. MALONE.

1. *Lord.*

1. *Lord.* Now God delay our rebellion; as we are ourſelves, what things we are!

2. *Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And as in the common courſe of all treaſons, we ſtill ſee them reveal themſelves, till they attain to their abhorr'd ends [9]; ſo he, that in this action contrives againſt his own nobility, in his proper ſtream o'erflows himſelf [1].

1. *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us [2], to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We ſhall not then have his company to-night?

2. *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1. *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him ſee his company [3] anatomized; that he might take a meaſure of his own judgments [4], wherein ſo curiouſly he had ſet this counterfeit [5].

9 — *till they attain to their abhorr'd ends*;] This may mean—they are perpetually talking about the miſchief they intend to do, till they have obtained an opportunity of doing it. STEEVENS.

1 — *in his proper ſtream o'erflows himſelf.*] That is, *betrays his own ſecrets in his own talk.* The reply ſhews that this is the meaning. JOHNSON.

2 *Is it not* meant damnable *in us*,] I once thought that we ought to read—Is it not *moſt* damnable; but no change is neceſſary. Adjectives are often uſed as adverbs by our author and his contemporaries. So, in the *Winter's Tale:*

" That did but ſhew thee, of a fool, inconſtant,
" And *damnable* ungrateful."

Again, in *Twelfth Night:*

" — and as thou draweſt, ſwear *horrible*—."

Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor:*

" Let the ſuppoſed fairies pinch him *ſound*."

Again, in Maſſinger's *Very Woman:*

" I'll beat thee *damnable*." MALONE.

3 — *his* company—] i. e. his *companions.* The word is ſo uſed in *King Henry V.* MALONE.

4 — *he might take a meaſure of his own judgments,*] This is a very juſt and moral reaſon. Bertram, by finding how erroneouſly he has judged, will be leſs confident, and more eaſily moved by admonition. JOHNSON.

5 — *wherein ſo curiouſly he had ſet this* counterfeit.] Parolles is the perſon whom they are going to anatomize. *Counterfeit*, beſides its ordinary ſignification,—[a perſon pretending to be what he is not,] ſignified alſo, in our author's time, a falſe coin, and a picture. The word *ſet* ſhews that it is here uſed in the firſt and the laſt of theſe ſenſes. MALONE.

2. *Lord.*

2. *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his preſence muſt be the whip of the other.

1. *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of theſe wars?

2. *Lord.* I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1. *Lord.* Nay, I aſſure you, a peace concluded.

2. *Lord.* What will count Rouſillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1. *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2. *Lord.* Let it be forbid, ſir! ſo ſhould I be a great deal of his act.

2. *Lord.* Sir, his wife, ſome two months ſince, fled from his houſe; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with moſt auſtere ſanctimony, ſhe accompliſh'd: and, there reſiding, the tenderneſs of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her laſt breath, and now ſhe ſings in heaven.

2. *Lord.* How is this juſtified?

1. *Lord.* The ſtronger part of it by her own letters; which make her ſtory true, even to the point of her death: her death itſelf, which could not be her office to ſay, is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2. *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1. *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2. *Lord.* I am heartily ſorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1. *Lord.* How mightily, ſometimes, we make us comforts of our loſſes!

2. *Lord.* And how mightily, ſome other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, ſhall at home be encounter'd with a ſhame as ample.

1. *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whip'd them not; and our crimes would deſpair, if they were not cheriſh'd by our virtues.—

*Enter a* Servant.

How now? where's your maſter?

*Serv.* He met the duke in the ſtreet, ſir, of whom he hath taken a ſolemn leave; his lordſhip will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2. *Lord.*

2. *Lord.* They ſhall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

*Enter* BERTRAM.

1. *Lord.* They cannot be too ſweet for the king's tartneſs. Here's his lordſhip now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

*Ber.* I have to-night diſpatch'd ſixteen buſineſſes, a month's length a-piece, by an abſtract of ſucceſs: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his neareſt; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between theſe main parcels of diſpatch, effected many nicer needs: the laſt was the greateſt, but that I have not ended yet.

2. *Lord.* If the buſineſs be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haſte of your lordſhip.

*Ber.* I mean, the buſineſs is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But ſhall we have this dialogue between the fool and the ſoldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module[6]; he has deceived me, like a double-meaning propheſier.

2. *Lord.* Bring him forth: [*Exeunt ſoldiers.*] he has ſat in the ſtocks all night, poor gallant knave.

*Ber.* No matter; his heels have deſerved it, in uſurping his ſpurs ſo long[*]. How does he carry himſelf?

[6] — *bring forth this counterfeit* module;] *Module* being the *pattern* of any thing, may be here uſed in that ſenſe. Bring forth this fellow, who, by *counterfeit* virtue pretended to make himſelf a *pattern*. JOHNSON.

It appears from Minſheu that *module* and *model* were ſynonimous. In *K. Richard II. model* ſignifies a thing faſhioned after an archetype:

"Who was the *model* of thy father's life."

Again, in another play:

"The *model* of our chaſte loves, my young daughter."

Our author, I believe, uſes the word here in the ſame ſenſe:—Bring forth this counterfeit *repreſentation* of a ſoldier. MALONE.

[*] — *in uſurping his powers ſo long*] The puniſhment of a *recreant* or coward, was to have his ſpurs hacked off. MALONE.

1. *Lord.*

1. *Lord.* I have told your lordſhip already; the ſtocks carry him. But to anſwer you as you would be underſtood; he weeps, like a wench that had ſhed her milk: he hath confeſs'd himſelf to Morgan, whom he ſuppoſes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very inſtant diſaſter of his ſetting i'the ſtocks: And what, think you, he hath confeſs'd?

*Ber.* Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confeſſion is taken, and it ſhall be read to his face: if your lordſhip be in't, as, I believe you are, you muſt have the patience to hear it.

*Re enter Soldiers, with* PAROLLES.

*Ber.* A plague upon him! muffled! he can ſay nothing of me; huſh! huſh!

1. *Lord.* Hoodman comes!—*Porto tartaroſſa.*

1. *Sold.* He calls for the tortures; What will you ſay without 'em?

*Par.* I will confeſs what I know without conſtraint: if ye pinch me like a paſty, I can ſay no more.

1. *Sold. Boſko chimurcho.*

2. *Lord. Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1. *Sold.* You are a merciful general:—Our general bids you anſwer what I ſhall aſk you out of a note.

*Par.* And truly, as I hope to live.

1. *Sold. Firſt demand of him how many horſe the duke is ſtrong.* What ſay you to that?

*Par.* Five or ſix thouſand; but very weak and unſerviceable: the troops are all ſcatter'd, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1. *Sold.* Shall I ſet down your anſwer ſo?

*Par.* Do; I'll take the ſacrament on't, how and which way you will.

*Ber.* All's one to him[7]. What a paſt-ſaving ſlave is this!

[7] *All's one to him.*] In the old copy theſe words are given by miſtake to Parolles. The preſent regulation, which is clearly right, was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

1. *Lord.*

1. *Lord.* You are deceived, my lord; this is monſieur Parolles, the gallant militariſt, (that was his own phraſe,) that had the whole theorick [8] of war in the knot of his ſcarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2. *Lord.* I will never truſt a man again, for keeping his ſword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1. *Sold.* Well, that's ſet down.

*Par.* Five or ſix thouſand horſe, I ſaid,—I will ſay true,—or thereabouts, ſet down,—for I'll ſpeak truth.

1. *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

*Ber.* But I con him no thanks for't [9], in the nature he deliver it [1].

*Par.* Poor rogues, I pray you, ſay.

1. *Sold.* Well, that's ſet down.

*Par.* I humbly thank you, ſir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1. *Sold. Demand of him, of what ſtrength they are a-foot.* What ſay you to that?

*Par.* By my troth, ſir, if I were to live this preſent hour [2], I will tell true. Let me ſee: Spurio, a hundred and fifty, Sebaſtian ſo many, Corambus ſo many, Jaques ſo many; Guiltian, Coſmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: ſo that the muſter file, rotten and ſound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thouſand poll; half of the which dare not ſhake the ſnow from off their caſſocks [3], leſt they ſhake themſelves to pieces.

[8] — *the whole* theorick] i. e. the whole *theory*. So, in Montaigne's *Eſſaies* tranſlated by J. Florio, 1603: "They know the *theorique* of all things, but you muſt ſeek who ſhall put it in practice." MALONE.

[9] — *I con him no thanks for't*,—] To *con thanks* may exactly anſwer the French *ſcavoir gré*. To *con* is to know. STEEVENS.

[1] — *in the nature he delivers it.*] He has ſaid truly that our numbers are about five or ſix thouſand; but having deſcribed them as "weak and unſerviceable," &c. I am not much obliged to him. MALONE.

[2] — *if I were to* live *this preſent hour*, &c.] I do not underſtand this paſſage. Perhaps (as an anonymous correſpondent obſerves) we ſhould read "— if I were to live *but* this preſent hour. STEEVENS.

Perhaps he meant to ſay—if I were to *die* this preſent hour. But fear may be ſuppoſed to occaſion the miſtake, as poor frighted Scrub cries, "Spare all I have, and take my *life*." TOLLET.

[3] — *off their* caſſocks,] *Caſſock* ſignifies a horſeman's looſe coat, and is uſed in that ſenſe by the writers of the age of Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

*Ber.*

*Ber.* What ſhall be done to him?

1. *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions [4], and what credit I have with the duke.

1. *Sold.* Well, that's ſet down. *You ſhall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honeſty, and expertneſs in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not poſſible with well-weighing ſums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt.* What ſay you to this? what do you know of it?

*Par.* I beſeech you, let me anſwer to the particular of the intergatories [5]: Demand them ſingly.

1. *Sold.* Do you know this captain Dumain?

*Par.* I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice from Paris, from whence he was whip'd for getting the ſheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not ſay him nay [6].

[Dumain *lifts up his hand in anger.*

*Ber.* Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1. *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

*Par.* Upon my knowledge, he is, and louſy,

1. *Lord.* Nay, look not ſo upon me; we ſhall hear of your lordſhip [7] anon.

1. *Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

*Par.* The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o'the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1. *Sold.* Marry, we'll ſearch.

*Par.* In good ſadneſs, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1. *Sold.* Here 'tis; here's a paper; Shall I read it to you?

*Par.* I do not know, if it be it, or no.

[4] — *my* conditions,—] i. e. my diſpoſition and character. MALONE.

[5] — *of the* intergatories:] i. e. *interrogatories.* The word was frequently ſo written in our author's time. MALONE.

[6] — *he was whip'd for getting the ſheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not ſay him nay.*] *Innocent* does not here ſignify a perſon without guilt or blame; but means, in the good-natured language of our anceſtors, an *ideot* or *natural* fool. Agreeably to this ſenſe of the word is the following entry of a burial in the pariſh Regiſter of *Charlewood in Surrey:* "Thomas Sole, an *innocent* about the age of fifty years and upwards, buried 19th September, 1605." WHALLEY.

*Par.*

*Ber.* Our interpreter does it well.

1. *Lord* Excellently.

1. *Sold.* Dian, *The count's a fool, and full of gold.*—

*Par.* That is not the duke's letter, ſir; that is an advertiſement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rouſillon, a fooliſh idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttiſh: I pray you, ſir, put it up again.

1. *Sold* Nay, I'll read it firſt by your favour.

*Par.* My meaning in't, I proteſt, was very honeſt in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and laſcivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

*Ber.* Damnable, both ſides rogue!

1. Sold. *When he ſwears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;*
*After he ſcores, he never pays the ſcore:*
*Half won, is match well made; match and well make it*[8];
*He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;*
*And ſay, a ſoldier,* Dian, *told thee this,*
*Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiſs*[9]:

*For*

7 —*your* lordſhip—] The old copy has *Lord*. In the Mſs. of our author's age they ſcarcely ever write *Lordſhip* at full length. MALONE.

7 *Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold.*] After this line there is apparently a line loſt, there being no rhime that correſponds to *gold*. JOHNSON.

I believe this line is incomplete. The poet might have written:

Dian.

*The count's a fool, and full of golden* ſtore—or *ore*;

and this addition rhimes with the following alternate verſes. STEEVENS.

May we not ſuppoſe the former part of the letter to have been proſe, as the concluding words are? The ſonnet intervenes.

The feigned letter from Olivia to Malvolio, is partly proſe, partly verſe. MALONE.

8 *Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it:*] Gain half of what he offers, and you are well off; if you yield to him, make your bargain ſecure. MALONE.

9 *Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiſs:*] Mr. Theobald and the ſubſequent editors read—"boys are *but* to kiſs" I do not ſee any need of change, nor do I believe that any oppoſition was intended between the words *mell* and *kiſs*. Paroles wiſhes to recommend himſelf to Diana, and for that purpoſe adviſes her to grant her favours to *men*, not to *boys*. —He himſelf calls his letter, "An advertiſement to Diana to take heed of the allurement of one count Rouſillon, a fooliſh idle *boy*"

To *mell* is uſed by our author's contemporaries in the ſenſe of *medling*, without the indecent idea which Mr. Theobald ſuppoſed to be couched under the word in this place. So, in Hall's *Satires*, 1597: "Hence,

*For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,*
*Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.*

*Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,*

PAROLLES.

*Ber.* He ſhall be whip'd through the army, with this rhime in his forehead.

2. *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, ſir, the manifold linguiſt, and the armipotent ſoldier.

*Ber.* I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 *Sold.* I perceive, ſir, by the general's looks [1], we ſhall be fain to hang you.

*Par.* My life, ſir, in any caſe: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, ſir, in a dungeon, i'the ſtocks, or any where, ſo I may live.

1. *Sold.* We'll ſee what may be done, ſo you confeſs freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have anſwer'd to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour; What is his honeſty?

*Par.* He will ſteal, ſir, an egg out of a cloiſter [2]; for rapes and raviſhments he parallels Neſſus. He profeſſes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he is ſtronger than Hercules. He will lie, ſir, with ſuch volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenneſs is his beſt virtue; for he will be ſwine-drunk; and in his ſleep he does little harm, ſave to his bed clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in ſtraw. I have but little more to ſay, ſir, of his honeſty: he has every thing that an honeſt man ſhould not have; what an honeſt man ſhould have, he has nothing.

1. *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

"Hence, ye profane; *mell* not with holy things."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. 1:

"With holy father fits not with ſuch things to *mell*." MALONE.

[1] — *by* the *general's looks*,] The old copy has—by *your*. The emendation was made by the editor of the third folio, and the miſprint probably aroſe from ye in the Mſ. being taken for y^r. MALONE.

[2] — *an egg out of a cloiſter*;] Perhaps the meaning is, *He will ſteal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however holy.* JOHNSON.

*Ber.*

*Ber.* For this deſcription of thine honeſty? A pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

1. *Sold.* What ſay you to his expertneſs in war?

*Par.* Faith, ſir, he has led the drum before the Engliſh tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his ſoldierſhip I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd Mile-end [3], to inſtruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1. *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villainy ſo far, that the rarity redeems him.

*Ber.* A pox on him! he's a cat ſtill [4].

1. *Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to aſk you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

*Par.* Sir, for a *quart d'ecu* [5] he will ſell the fee-ſimple of his ſalvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the intail from all remainders, and a perpetual ſucceſſion for it perpetually.

1. *Sold.* What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2. *Lord.* Why does he aſk him of me [6]?

1. *Sold.* What's he?

*Par.* E'en a crow of the ſame neſt; not altogether ſo great as the firſt in goodneſs, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the beſt that is: In a retreat he out-runs any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1. *Sold.* If your life be ſaved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

3 — *at a place there call'd Mile-end* ] See a note on *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act III. ſc. ii. MALONE.

4 — *he's a cat ſtill.*] The count had ſaid, that formerly a cat was the only thing in the world which he could not endure; but that now Parolles was as much the object of his averſion as that animal. After Parolles has gone through his next liſt of falſhoods, the count adds, "he's more and more a cat,"—ſtill more and more the object of my averſion than he was. As Parolles proceeds ſtill further, one of the Frenchmen obſerves, that the ſingularity of his impudence and villainy redeems his character.—Not at all, replies the count; "he's a cat ſtill;" he is as hateful to me as ever. There cannot therefore, I think, be any doubt that Dr. Johnſon's interpretation, "— throw him how you will, he lights upon his legs,"—is founded on a miſapprehenſion. MALONE.

5 — *for a* quart d'ecu—] The fourth part of the ſmaller French crown; about eight pence of our money. MALONE.

6 *Why does he aſk him of me?*] This is nature. Every man is on ſuch occaſions more willing to hear his neighbour's character than his own. JOHNSON.

*Par.*

*Par.* Ay, and the captain of his horſe, count Rouſillon.

1. *Sold.* I'll whiſper with the general, and know his pleaſure.

*Par.* I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to ſeem to deſerve well, and to beguile the ſuppoſition[7] of that laſcivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who would have ſuſpected an ambuſh where I was taken? [*aſide.*

1. *Sold.* There is no remedy, ſir, but you muſt die: the general ſays, you, that have ſo traiterouſly diſcovered the ſecrets of your army, and made ſuch peſtiferous reports of men very nobly held, can ſerve the world for no honeſt uſe; therefore you muſt die. Come, headſman, off with his head.

*Par.* O Lord, ſir; let me live, or let me ſee my death!

1. *Sold.* That ſhall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*unbinding him.*

So, look about you; Know you any here?

*Ber.* Good-morrow, noble captain.

2. *Lord* God bleſs you, captain Parolles.

1. *Lord.* God ſave you, noble captain.

2. *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Laſeu? I am for France.

1. *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the ſonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rouſillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt* BERTRAM, Lords, *&c.*

1. *Sold.* You are undone, captain; all but your ſcarf, that has a knot on't yet.

*Par.* Who cannot be cruſh'd with a plot?

1. *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received ſo much ſhame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, ſir; I am for France too; we ſhall ſpeak of you there. [*Exit.*

*Par.* Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burſt at this: Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and ſleep as ſoft
As captain ſhall: ſimply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himſelf a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to paſs,
That every braggart ſhall be found an aſs.

[7] — *to beguile the ſuppoſition*—] That is, *to deceive the opinion*, to make the count think me a man that *deſerves well*. JOHNSON.

Ruſt, ſword! cool, bluſhes! and, Parolles, live
Safeſt in ſhame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place, and means, for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.

Florence. *A Room in the Widow's Houſe.*

*Enter* HELENA, Widow, *and* Diana.

*Hel.* That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greateſt in the chriſtian world
Shall be my ſurety; 'fore whoſe throne, 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a deſired office,
Dear almoſt as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's boſom would peep forth,
And anſwer, thanks: I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marſeilles [8]; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You muſt know,
I am ſuppoſed dead: the army breaking,
My huſband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be, before our welcome.

*Wid.* Gentle madam,
You never had a ſervant, to whoſe truſt
Your buſineſs was more welcome.

*Hel.* Nor you [*], miſtreſs,
Ever a friend, whoſe thoughts more truly labour

[8] *His grace is at* Marſeilles; &c.] From this line, and others, it appears that *Marſeilles* was pronounced by our author as a word of three ſyllables. The old copy has here *Marcellæ*, and in the laſt ſcene of this act *Marcellus*. MALONE.

[*] *Nor you,*] Old Copy—Nor *your*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

To

To recompenſe your love; doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive [9]
And helper to a huſband. But O ſtrange men!
That can ſuch ſweet uſe make of what they hate,
When ſaucy truſting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night [1]! ſo luſt doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter:—You, Diana,
Under my poor inſtructions yet muſt ſuffer
Something in my behalf.
*Dia.* Let death and honeſty
Go with your impoſitions [2], I am yours
Upon your will to ſuffer.
*Hel.* Yet, I pray you,—
But with the word, the time will bring on ſummer [3],
When briars ſhall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as ſweet as ſharp [4]. We muſt away;
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us [5]:

9 — *my* motive] *Motive* for aſſiſtant. WARBURTON.
Rather for *mover*. So, in the laſt act of this play:

" —— all impediments in fancy's courſe
" Are *motives* of more fancy." MALONE.

1 *When* ſaucy *truſting of the cozen'd thoughts*
*Defiles the pitchy night!*] *Saucy* may very properly ſignify *luxurious*, and by conſequence *laſcivious*. JOHNSON.
So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" —— as to remit
" Their *ſaucy* ſweetneſs, that do coin heaven's image
" In ſtamps that are forbid." MALONE.

2 — *your impoſitions*,] i. e. your commands. MALONE.

3 *But* with the word, *the time will bring on ſummer*,] *With the word*, i. e. an inſtant of time. WARBURTON.
I would read:

Yet I *'fray* you
But with the word: the time will bring &c.

And then the ſenſe will be, " I only frighten you by mentioning the word *ſuffer*; for a ſhort time will bring on the ſeaſon of happineſs and delight." BLACKSTONE.

4 *When briars ſhall have leaves as well as thorns,*
*And be as ſweet as ſharp.*] The meaning of this obſervation is, that as briars have *ſweetneſs* with their *prickles*, ſo ſhall theſe *troubles* be recompenſed with *joy*. JOHNSON.

5 *Our waggon is prepar'd, and* time *revives us*;] *Time* revives us, may mean, it *rouſes* us. So, in another play of our author:

" —— I would *revive* the ſoldiers' hearts,
" Becauſe I found them ever as myſelf." STEEVENS.

*All's well that ends well:* ſtill the fine's [6] the crown;
Whate'er the courſe, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

*Enter* Counteſs, LAFEU, *and* Clown.

*Laf* No, no, no, your ſon was miſled with a ſnipt-taffata fellow there; whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour [7]: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your ſon here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I ſpeak of.

*Count.* I would, I had not known him [8]! it was the death of the moſt virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praiſe

6 — *the* fine's—] i. e. the end. So, in the *London Prodigal*, 1605:

" Nature hath done the laſt for me, and there's the *fine.*"

Alſo, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy:*

" The *end is crown* of every work well done."

*All's well that ends well*, is one of Camden's proverbial ſentences. MALONE.

7 — *whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour:*] Whoſe evil qualities are of ſo deep a dye, as to be ſufficient to corrupt the moſt innocent, and to render them of the ſame diſpoſition with himſelf. Parolles is the perſon meant. Dr. Warburton thinks that there is an alluſion here to Mrs. Turner, (the infamous accomplice of the Earl of Somerſet, in the poiſoning of Sir Thomas Overbury,) " who was hanged at Tyburn in 1613, in a *yellow ruff* of her own invention." But the play was probably written ſeveral years before that event. MALONE.

The general cuſtom of that time, of colouring *paſte* with ſaffron, is alluded to. So, in the *Winter's Tale:* " I muſt have ſaffron to colour the warden pyes." WARBURTON.

8 *I would, I had not known him!*] This dialogue ſerves to connect the incidents of Parolles with the main plan of the play. JOHNSON.

for

for creating: if ſhe had partaken of my fleſh, and coſt me the deareſt groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

*Laf.* 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thouſand ſallads, ere we light on ſuch another herb.

*Clown.* Indeed, ſir, ſhe was the ſweet-marjoram of the ſallet, or, rather, the herb of grace.

*Laf.* They are not ſallet-herbs, you knave, they are noſe-herbs.

*Clown.* I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, ſir; I have not much ſkill in graſs [9].

*Laf.* Whether doſt thou profeſs thyſelf; a knave, or a fool?

*Clown.* A fool, ſir, at a woman's ſervice, and a knave at a man's.

*Laf.* Your diſtinction?

*Clown.* I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his ſervice.

*Laf.* So you were a knave at his ſervice, indeed.

*Clown.* And I would give his wife my bauble, ſir, to do her ſervice [1].

*Laf.* I will ſubſcribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

*Clown.* At your ſervice.

*Laf.* No, no, no.

*Clown.* Why, ſir, if I cannot ſerve you, I can ſerve as great a prince as you are.

*Laf.* Who's that? a Frenchman?

[9] — *in* graſs.] The old copy, by an evident error of the preſs, reads —*grace*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. The word *ſallet* in the preceding ſpeech was alſo ſupplied by him. MALONE.

[1] — *I would give his wife my* bauble, *ſir, to do her ſervice.*] Part of the furniture of a *fool* was a *bauble*, which though it be generally taken to ſignify any thing of ſmall value, has a preciſe and determinable meaning. It is, in ſhort, a kind of truncheon with a head carved on it, which the *fool* anciently carried in his hand. SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

In the STULTIFERA NAVIS, 1497, are ſeveral repreſentations of this inſtrument, as well as in *Cocke Lorelles Bote*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde. An ancient proverb in Ray's collection points out the materials of which theſe *baubles* were made: "If every fool ſhould wear a bauble, jewel would be dear." See figure 12, in the plate at the end of the *Second Part of King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's explanation. STEEVENS.

*Clown.* Faith, ſir, he has an Engliſh name [2]; but his phiſnomy is more hotter in France, than there [3].

*Laf.* What prince is that?

*Clown.* The black prince, ſir, *alias*, the prince of darkneſs; *alias*, the devil.

*Laf.* Hold thee, there's my purſe: I give thee not this to ſuggeſt thee [4] from thy maſter thou talk'ſt of; ſerve him ſtill.

*Clown.* I am a woodland fellow, ſir, that always loved a great fire; and the maſter I ſpeak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, ſure, he is the prince of the world [5], let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the houſe with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: ſome, that humble themſelves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

*Laf.* Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee ſo before, becauſe I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horſes be well look'd to, without any tricks.

*Clown.* If I put my tricks upon 'em, ſir, they ſhall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

*Laf.* A ſhrewd knave, and an unhappy [6].

*Count.* So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himſelf much ſport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his ſaucineſs; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will [7].

*Laf.* I like him well; 'tis not amiſs: and I was about to tell you, Since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my

2 — *an Engliſh* name;] The old copy reads—*maine*. STEEVENS. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

3 — *his phiſnomy is more hotter in France, than there.*] The alluſion is, in all probability, to the *Morbus Gallicus*. STEEVENS.

4 — *to* ſuggeſt *thee*—] To *ſuggeſt* anciently ſignified to *ſeduce*. STEEVENS.

5 — *But*, ſure, *he is the prince of the world*,] I think we ſhould read —*But* ſince *he is* &c. and thus Sir T. Hanmer. STEEVENS.

6 — *unhappy* ] That is, *miſchievouſly waggiſh, unlucky*. JOHNSON.

7 — *he has no* pace, *but runs where he will* ] Should not we read—no *place*, that is, no *ſtation*, or *office* in the family. TYRWHITT.

A *pace* is a certain or preſcribed walk; ſo we ſay of a man meanly obſequious, that he has learned his *paces*, and of a horſe who moves irregularly, that he has *no paces*. JOHNSON.

lord

lord your ſon was upon his return home, I moved the king my maſter, to ſpeak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majeſty, out of a ſelf-gracious remembrance, did firſt propoſe: his highneſs hath promiſed me to do it: and, to ſtop up the diſpleaſure he hath conceived againſt your ſon, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyſhip like it?

*Count.* With very much content, my lord, and I wiſh it happily effected.

*Laf.* His highneſs comes poſt from Marſeilles, of as able body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in ſuch intelligence hath ſeldom fail'd.

*Count.* It rejoices me, that I hope I ſhall ſee him ere I die. I have letters, that my ſon will be here to-night: I ſhall beſeech your lordſhip, to remain with me till they meet together.

*Laf.* Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might ſafely be admitted.

*Count.* You need but plead your honourable privilege.

*Laf.* Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

*Re-enter* Clown.

*Clown.* O madam, yonder's my lord your ſon with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a ſcar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

*Laf.* A ſcar nobly got, or a noble ſcar, is a good livery of honour: ſo, belike, is that *.

*Clown.* But it is your carbonado'd face [8].

* Laf. *A ſcar nobly get*, &c.] This ſpeech in the ſecond folio and the modern editions is given to the counteſs, and perhaps rightly. It is more probable that ſhe ſhould have ſpoken thus favourably of Bertram, than Lafeu. In the original copy, to each of the ſpeeches of the counteſs *Lad.* or *La.* [i. e. *Lady*] is prefixed; ſo that the miſtake was very eaſy. MALONE.

[8] — *your* carbonado'd *face.*] *Carbonado'd* means ſcotched like a piece of meat for the gridiron. STEEVENS.

The word is again uſed in *King Lear.* Kent ſays to the Steward,

"I'll *carbonado* your ſhanks for you." MALONE.

*Laf.* Let us go ſee your ſon, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble ſoldier.

*Clown.* 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and moſt courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

Marſeilles. *A Street.*

*Enter* HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA, *with two Attendants.*

*Hel.* But this exceeding poſting, day and night,
Muſt wear your ſpirits low: we cannot help it;
But, ſince you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do ſo grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

*Enter a gentle* Aſtringer [9].

This man may help me to his majeſty's ear,
If he would ſpend his power.—God ſave you, ſir.
*Gent.* And you.
*Hel.* Sir, I have ſeen you in the court of France.
*Gent.* I have been ſometimes there.

9 *Enter a gentle* Aſtringer.] An *eſtringer* or *aſtringer* is a falconer, and ſuch a character was probable to be met with about a court which was famous for the love of that diverſion. So, in *Hamlet:*

"We'll e'en to it like French *Falconers.*"

A *gentle aſtringer* is a *gentleman falconer.* The word is derived from *eſtercus* or *auſtercus*, a goſhawk, [from the French *auſtour*;] and thus, ſays Cowell in his *Law Dictionary:* "We uſually call a falconer who keeps that kind of hawk, an *auſtringer.*" STEEVENS.

*Hel.*

*Hel.* I do preſume, ſir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodneſs;
And therefore, goaded with moſt ſharp occaſions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The uſe of your own virtues, for the which
I ſhall continue thankful.
*Gent.* What's your will?
*Hel.* That it will pleaſe you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that ſtore of power you have,
To come into his preſence.
*Gent.* The king's not here.
*Hel.* Not here, ſir?
*Gent.* Not, indeed:
He hence remov'd laſt night, and with more haſte
Than is his uſe.
*Wid.* Lord, how we loſe our pains!
*Hel. All's well that ends well,* yet;
Though time ſeem ſo adverſe, and means unfit.—
I do beſeech you, whither is he gone?
*Gent.* Marry, as I take it, to Rouſillon;
Whither I am going.
*Hel.* I do beſeech you, ſir,
Since you are like to ſee the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I preſume, ſhall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you, with what good ſpeed
Our means will make us means[1].
*Gent.* This I'll do for you.
*Hel.* And you ſhall find yourſelf to be well thank'd,
What-e'er falls more.—We muſt to horſe again;—
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Our means will make us means.*] Shakſpeare delights much in this kind of reduplication, ſometimes ſo as to obſcure his meaning. Helena ſays, *they will follow with ſuch ſpeed as the means which they have will give them ability to exert.* JOHNSON.

SCENE

## SCENE II.

Rouſillon. *The inner Court of the Count's Palace.*

*Enter* Clown *and* PAROLLES.

*Par.* Good Mr. Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, ſir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with freſher clothes; but I am now, ſir, muddy'd in fortune's mood, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure [2].

[2] — *but I am now, ſir, muddy'd in fortune's* mood, *and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.*] By the whimſical *caprice* of Fortune, I am fallen into the mud, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her diſpleaſure. In *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, we meet with the ſame phraſe:

" ——— but *Fortune's mood*
" Varies again."

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

" When *fortune*, in her ſhift and change of *mood*,
" Spurns down her late belov'd."

Again, in *Julius Cæſar*:

" ——— *Fortune* is merry,
" And *in* this *mood* will give us any thing."

*Mood* is again uſed for *reſentment* or *caprice*, in *Othello*: " You are but now caſt in his *mood*, a puniſhment more in policy than in malice." Again, for *anger*, in the old *Taming of a Shrew*, 1607:

" ——— This brain-ſick man,
" That in his *mood* cares not to murder me."

Dr. Warburton in his edition changed *mood* into *moat*, and his emendation was adopted, I think, without neceſſity, by the ſubſequent editors. All the expreſſions enumerated by him,—" I will eat no *fiſh*,"—" he hath fallen into the unclean *fiſhpond* of her diſpleaſure," &c.—agree ſufficiently well with the text, without any change. Parolles having talked metaphorically of being *muddy'd* by the diſpleaſure of fortune, the clown, to render him ridiculous, ſuppoſes him to have actually fallen into a *fiſh pond*. MALONE.

*Clown.*

*Clown* Truly, fortune's diſpleaſure is but ſluttiſh, if it ſmell ſo ſtrongly as thou ſpeak'ſt of: I will henceforth eat no fiſh of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind [3].

*Par.* Nay, you need not to ſtop your noſe, ſir; I ſpake but by a metaphor.

*Clown.* Indeed, ſir, if your metaphor ſtink, I will ſtop my noſe; or againſt any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

*Par.* Pray you, ſir, deliver me this paper.

*Clown.* Foh! pr'ythee, ſtand away; A paper from fortune's cloſe-ſtool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himſelf.

*Enter* LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, ſir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a muſk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fiſhpond of her diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is muddy'd withal: Pray you, ſir, uſe the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decay'd, ingenious, fooliſh, raſcally knave. I do pity his diſtreſs in my ſmiles of comfort [4], and leave him to your lordſhip. [*Exit* Clown.

*Par.* My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly ſcratch'd.

*Laf.* And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that ſhe ſhould ſcratch you, who of herſelf is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her [5]? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you: Let the juſtices make you and fortune friends; I am for other buſineſs.

*Par.* I beſeech your honour, to hear me one ſingle word.

*Laf.* You beg a ſingle penny more: come, you ſhall ha't; ſave your word [6].

*Par.* My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

[3] — *allow the wind.*] i. e. ſtand to the windward of me. STEEVENS.

[4] *I do pity his diſtreſs in my* ſmiles *of comfort.*] The meaning is, I teſtify my pity for his diſtreſs, by encouraging him with a gracious ſmile. The old reading [which Dr. Warburton changed to *ſimiles*] may ſtand. HEATH.

[5] — *under* her?] *Her*, which is not in the firſt copy, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[6] — *ſave your word.*] i. e. you need not aſk;—here it is. MALONE.

*Laf.*

*Laf.* You beg more than one word then [7].—Cox' my paſſion! give me your hand:—How does your drum?

*Par.* O my good lord, you were the firſt that found me.

*Laf.* Was I, in ſooth? and I was the firſt that loſt thee.

*Par.* It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in ſome grace, for you did bring me out.

*Laf.* Out upon thee, knave! doſt thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets ſound.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you laſt night: though you are a fool and a knave, you ſhall eat [8]; go to, follow.

*Par.* I praiſe God for you. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*The ſame. A Room in the Count's Palace.*

*Flouriſh. Enter* King, Counteſs, LAFEU, *Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.*

*King.* We loſt a jewel of her; and our eſteem [9]
Was made much poorer by it: but your ſon,
As mad in folly, lack'd the ſenſe to know
Her eſtimation home [1].

7 *You beg more than* one word *then.*] A quibble is intended on the word *Paroles*, which in French is plural, and ſignifies *words*. *One*, which is not found in the old copy, was added, perhaps unneceſſarily, by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

8 — *you ſhall eat*;] Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falſtaff, and ſeems to be the character which Shakſpeare delighted to draw, a fellow that had more wit than virtue. Though juſtice required that he ſhould be detected and expoſed, yet his *vices ſit ſo fit in him* that he is not at laſt ſuffered to ſtarve. JOHNSON.

9 — eſteem] *Eſteem* is here *reckoning* or *eſtimate*. Since the loſs of *Helen* with her *virtues* and *qualifications*, our *account* is *ſunk*; what we have to *reckon* ourſelves king of, is much *poorer* than before. JOHNSON.

1 — *home.*] That is, *completely, in its full extent*. JOHNSON.
So, in *Macbeth:* "That thruſted *home*," &c. MALONE.

*Count.*

*Count.* 'Tis paſt, my liege:
And I beſeech your majeſty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i'the blade of youth [2];
When oil and fire, too ſtrong for reaſon's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

*King.* My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all:
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to ſhoot.

*Laf.* This I muſt ſay,—
But firſt I beg my pardon,—The young lord
Did to his majeſty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himſelf
The greateſt wrong of all: he loſt a wife,
Whoſe beauty did aſtoniſh the ſurvey
Of richeſt eyes [3]; whoſe words all ears took captive;
Whoſe dear perfection, hearts that ſcorn'd to ſerve,
Humbly call'd miſtreſs.

*King.* Praiſing what is loſt,
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither;—
We are reconcil'd, and the firſt view ſhall kill
All repetition [4]:—Let him not aſk our pardon;



[2] — blade *of youth*:] In the *ſpring* of *early life*, when the man is yet *green*. *Oil* and *fire* ſuit but ill with *blade*, and therefore Dr. Warburton reads—*blaze* of youth. JOHNSON.

This very probable emendation was firſt propoſed by Mr. Theobald, who has produced theſe two paſſages in ſupport of it:

" ——— I do know
" When the blood *burns*, how prodigal the ſoul
" Lends the tongue vows. Theſe *blazes*" &c. *Hamlet.*

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" For Hector, in his *blaze* of wrath," &c. MALONE.

[3] *Of* richeſt *eyes*:] Shakſpeare means that her beauty had aſtoniſhed thoſe, who, having ſeen the greateſt number of fair women, might be ſaid to be the *richeſt* in ideas of beauty. So, in *As you like it:*

" — to have ſeen much and to have nothing, is to have *rich eyes* and poor hands." STEEVENS.

[4] — *the firſt view ſhall kill*
*All repetition:*] *The firſt interview ſhall put an end to all recollection of the paſt.* Shakſpeare is now haſtening to the end of the play, finds his matter ſufficient to fill up his remaining ſcenes, and therefore, as on other ſuch occaſions, contracts his dialogue and precipitates his action. Decency required that Bertram's double crime of cruelty and diſobedience, joined likewiſe with ſome hypocriſy, ſhould raiſe more reſentment; and that though his mother might eaſily forgive him, his king ſhould more pertinaciouſly vindicate his own authority and Helen's merit.

Of

The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incenſing relicks of it: let him approach,
A ſtranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he ſhould.

*Gent.* I ſhall, my liege. [*Exit* Gentleman.

*King.* What ſays he to your daughter? have you ſpoke?

*Laf.* All that he is hath reference to your highneſs.

*King.* Then ſhall we have a match. I have letters ſent me,
That ſet him high in fame.

*Enter* BERTRAM.

*Laf.* He looks well on't.

*King.* I am not a day of ſeaſon,
For thou may'ſt ſee a ſun-ſhine and a hail
In me at once: But to the brighteſt beams
Diſtracted clouds give way; ſo ſtand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

*Ber.* My high repented blames[5],
Dear ſovereign, pardon me.

*King.* All is whole;
Not one word more of the conſumed time.
Let's take the inſtant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'ſt decrees
The inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them: You remember
The daughter of this lord?

*Ber.* Admiringly, my liege: At firſt
I ſtuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durſt make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impreſſion of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his ſcornful perſpective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or expreſs'd it ſtol'n;

Of all this Shakſpeare could not be ignorant, but Shakſpeare wanted to conclude his play. JOHNSON.

5 *My* high repented blames,] *High-repented blames*, are faults repented of to the height, to the utmoſt. Shakſpeare has *high-fantaſtical* in *Twelfth Night*. STEEVENS.

Extended

Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a moſt hideous object: Thence it came,
That ſhe, whom all men prais'd, and whom myſelf,
Since I have loſt, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The duſt that did offend it.

*King.* Well excus'd:
That thou didſt love her, ſtrikes ſome ſcores away
From the great compt: But love, that comes too late,
Like a remorſeful pardon ſlowly carried,
To the great ſender turns a ſour offence,
Crying, That's good that's gone: our raſh faults
Make trivial price of ſerious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our diſpleaſures, to ourſelves unjuſt,
Deſtroy our friends, and after weep their duſt:
Our own love waking cries to ſee what's done,
While ſhameful hate ſleeps out the afternoon [6].
Be this ſweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main conſents are had; and here we'll ſtay
To ſee our widower's ſecond marriage-day.

*Count.* Which better than the firſt, O dear heaven bleſs!
Or, ere they meet in me, O nature, ceaſe [7]!

*Laf.* Come on, my ſon, in whom my houſe's name
Muſt be digeſted, give a favour from you,
To ſparkle in the ſpirits of my daughter,

[6] *Our* own *love waking cries to ſee what's done,*
*While ſhameful hate* &c.] The meaning may be, that *hatred* ſtill continues to *ſleep* at eaſe, while *love* is weeping. JOHNSON.

I cannot comprehend this paſſage as it ſtands, and have no doubt that we ſhould read—Our *old* love waking, &c. *Extinctus amabitur idem.*

Our *own* love can mean nothing but our ſelf-love, which would not be ſenſe in this place; but *our* old *love waking* means, our former love being revived. MASON.

This conjecture appears to me extremely probable; but *waking* will not, I think, here admit of Mr. Maſon's interpretation, *being revived*; nor indeed is it neceſſary to his emendation. It is clear from the ſubſequent line that *waking* is here uſed in its ordinary ſenſe. Hate *ſleeps* at eaſe, unmoleſted by any remembrance of the dead, while old love, reproaching itſelf for not having been ſufficiently kind to a departed friend, "*wakes* and weeps;" crying, 'that's good that's gone.'
MALONE.

[7] *Which better than the firſt, O dear heaven, bleſs!*
*Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, ceaſe!*] Theſe two lines in the old copy are attributed to the king. The preſent regulation, which is evidently right, was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

That

That ſhe may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a ſweet creature; ſuch a ring as this,
The laſt that e'er I took her leave [8] at court,
I ſaw upon her finger.

*Ber.* Hers it was not.

*King.* Now, pray you, let me ſee it; for mine eye,
While I was ſpeaking, oft was faſten'd to't.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever ſtood
Neceſſity'd to help, that [9] by this token
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what ſhould ſtead her moſt?

*Ber.* My gracious ſovereign,
Howe'er it pleaſes you to take it ſo,
The ring was never hers.

*Count.* Son, on my life,
I have ſeen her wear it; and ſhe reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

*Laf.* I am ſure, I ſaw her wear it.

*Ber.* You are deceiv'd, my lord, ſhe never ſaw it:
In Florence was it from a caſement thrown me [1],
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble ſhe was, and thought
I ſtood ingag'd [2]; but when I had ſubſcrib'd

To

[8] *The laſt that e'er I took her leave*—] The laſt time that I ſaw her, when ſhe was leaving the court. Mr Rowe and the ſubſequent editors read—that e'er *ſhe* took &c. MALONE.

[9] *I* bade *her, if her fortunes ever ſtood*
*Neceſſity'd to help*, that—] Our author here, as in many other places, ſeems to have forgotten in the cloſe of the ſentence how he began to conſtruct it. The meaning however is clear, and I do not ſuſpect any corruption. MALONE.

[1] *In Florence was it from a caſement thrown me.*] Bertram ſtill continues to have too little virtue to deſerve Helen. He did not know indeed that it was Helen's ring, but he knew that he had it not from a window. JOHNSON.

[2] — *noble ſhe was, and thought*
*I ſtood* ingag'd;] The firſt folio reads—*ingag'd*, which perhaps may be intended in the ſame ſenſe with the reading propoſed by Mr. Theobald, [*ungag'd*] i. e *not engaged*; as Shakſpeare in another place uſes *gag'd* for *engaged*. *Merchant of Venice*, Act I. ſc. i. TYRWHITT.

*Gaged* is uſed by other ancient writers, as well as by Shakſpeare, for *engaged*. So, in a *Paſtoral*, by Daniel, 1605:

"Not that the earth did *gage*
"Unto the huſbandman
"Her voluntary fruits, free without fees."

*Ingaged*

To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not anſwer in that courſe of honour
As ſhe had made the overture, ſhe ceas'd,
In heavy ſatisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

*King.* Plutus himſelf,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine [3],
Hath not in nature's myſtery more ſcience,
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: Then if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourſelf,
Confeſs 'twas hers [4], and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: ſhe call'd the ſaints to ſurety,
That ſhe would never put it from her finger,
Unleſs ſhe gave it to yourſelf in bed,
(Where you have never come,) or ſent it us
Upon her great diſaſter.

*Ber.* She never ſaw it

*King.* Thou ſpeak'ſt it falſely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'ſt conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain ſhut out: If it ſhould prove
That thou art ſo inhuman,—'twill not prove ſo;—
And yet I know not:—thou didſt hate her deadly,

*Ingaged* in the ſenſe of *unengaged*, is a word of exactly the ſame formation as *inhabitable*, which is uſed by Shakſpeare and the contemporary writers for *uninhabitable*. MALONE.

The plain meaning is, ſhe ſaw me receive the ring, and thought me engaged to her. JOHNSON.

3 *Plutus himſelf,*

*That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,*] Plutus the grand alchemiſt, who knows the *tincture* which confers the properties of gold upon baſe metals, and the *matter* by which *gold* is *multiplied*, by which a ſmall quantity of gold is made to communicate its qualities to a large maſs of metal.

In the reign of Henry the Fourth, a law was made to forbid *all men thenceforth to* multiply *gold, or uſe any craft of* multiplication. Of which law, Mr. Boyle, when he was warm with the hope of tranſmutation, procured a repeal. JOHNSON.

4 ——— *Then*, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourſelf,
*Confeſs 'twas hers*,] i. e. confeſs the ring was hers, for you know it as well as you know that you are yourſelf. EDWARDS.

The true meaning of this expreſſion is, *If you know that* your faculties are ſo ſound, as *that you have the proper conſciouſneſs of your own actions*, and are able to recollect and relate what you have done, *tell me*, &c. JOHNSON.

And

And ſhe is dead; which nothing, but to cloſe
Her eyes myſelf, could win me to believe,
More than to ſee this ring.—Take him away.—
[*Guards ſeize* Bertram.
More fore-paſt proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little[5].—Away with him;—
We'll ſift this matter further.

*Ber.* If you ſhall prove
This ring was ever hers, you ſhall as eaſy
Prove that I huſbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet ſhe never was. [*Exit* Bertram, *guarded.*

*Enter a* Gentleman.

*King.* I am wrap'd in diſmal thinkings.

*Gent.* Gracious ſovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come ſhort
To tender it herſelf[6]. I undertook it,
Vanquiſh'd thereto by the fair grace and ſpeech
Of the poor ſuppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her buſineſs looks in her
With an importing viſage; and ſhe told me,
In a ſweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highneſs with herſelf.

*King.* [reads.]—*Upon his many proteſtations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I bluſh to ſay it, he won me. Now is the count Rouſillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He ſtole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to this country for juſtice: Grant it*

5 *My fore-paſt proofs, howe'er the matter fall,*
*Shall tax my fears of little vanity,*
*Having vainly fear'd too little.*] The *proofs which I have already had*, are ſufficient to ſhew that my *fears* were not *vain* and irrational. I have rather been hitherto more eaſy than I ought, and have *unreaſonably* had *too little fear*. JOHNSON.

6 *Who hath, for four or five removes, come ſhort* &c.] Who hath miſſed the opportunity of preſenting it in perſon to your majeſty, either at Marſeilles, or on the road from thence to Rouſillon, in conſequence of having been four or five removes behind you. MALONE.

*Removes* are *journies* or *poſt ſtages*. JOHNSON.

*me,*

*me, O king; in you it beſt lies; otherwiſe a ſeducer flouriſhes, and a poor maid is undone.*

DIANA CAPULET.

*Laf.* I will buy me a ſon-in-law in a fair, and toll for this[7]. I'll none of him.

*King.* The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu.
To bring forth this diſcovery.—Seek theſe ſuitors:—
Go, ſpeedily, and bring again the count.—
[*Exeunt* Gentleman, *and ſome Attendants.*
I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully ſnatch'd.

*Count.* Now, juſtice on the doers!

*Enter* BERTRAM, *guarded.*

*King.* I wonder, ſir, ſince wives are monſters to you[8],
And that you fly them as you ſwear them lordſhip[9],
Yet you deſire to marry.—What woman's that?

[7] *I will buy me a ſon-in-law in a fair, and* toll *for this.*] The meaning, I think, is I will purchaſe a ſon-in law at a fair, and get rid of this worthleſs fellow, by *tolling* him *out of it.* To *toll* a perſon *out of a fair* was a phraſe of the time. So, in Camden's *Remaines*, 1605: "At a Bartholomew Faire at London there was an eſcheator of the ſame city, that had arreſted a clothier that was outlawed, and had ſeized his goods, which he had brought into the faire, *tolling him out of the faire*, by a traine."

And *toll for this* may however mean—and I will ſell this fellow in a fair, as I would a horſe, publickly entering in the *toll-book* the particulars of the ſale. For the hint of this latter interpretation I am indebted to Dr. Percy. I incline, however, to the former expoſition. MALONE.

The words ſeem to mean, I'll buy me a new ſon-in-law &c. and toll *the bell* for this, i. e. look upon him as a dead man. STEEVENS.

The following paſſage in *King Henry IV.* P. II. may be adduced in ſupport of Mr. Steevens's interpretation of this paſſage: "Come, thou ſhalt go to the wars in a gown,—and I will take ſuch order that thy friends ſhall *ring for thee.*"

Here Falſtaff certainly means to ſpeak equivocally; and one of his ſenſes is, "I will take care to have thee knocked in the head, and thy friends ſhall ring thy funeral knell." MALONE.

[8] *I wonder, ſir, ſince wives* &c.] The old copy reads—I wonder, ſir, *ſir*, wives &c. The indiſputable emendation, now adopted, was propoſed by Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

[9] —*as you ſwear them* lordſhip,] I ſuppoſe *lordſhip* is put for that *protection*, which the huſband in the marriage-ceremony promiſes to the wife. TYRWHITT.

*As*, I believe, here ſignifies *as ſoon as.* MALONE.

*Re-enter*

*Re-enter* Gentleman, *with* Widow, *and* Diana.

*Dia.* I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My ſuit, as I do underſtand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.
*Wid.* I am her mother, ſir, whoſe age and honour
Both ſuffer under this complaint we bring,
And both ſhall ceaſe [1], without your remedy.
*King.* Come hither, count: Do you know theſe women?
*Ber.* My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?
*Dia.* Why do you look ſo ſtrange upon your wife?
*Ber.* She's none of mine, my lord.
*Dia.* If you ſhall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and thoſe are mine;
You give away myſelf, which is known mine;
For I by vow am ſo embody'd yours,
That ſhe, which marries you, muſt marry me,
Either both, or none.
*Laf.* Your reputation [*to* Ber.] comes too ſhort for my daughter, you are no huſband for her.
*Ber.* My lord, this is a fond and deſperate creature,
Whom ſometime I have laugh'd with: let your highneſs
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would ſink it here
*King.* Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!
*Dia.* Good my lord,
Aſk him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.
*King.* What ſay'ſt thou to her?
*Ber.* She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gameſter to the camp [2].

[1] — *ſhall* ceaſe,] i. e. deceaſe, die. So, in *King Lear*: "Fall and *ceaſe*." I think the word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in a former ſcene in this comedy. STEEVENS.

[2] — *a common* gameſter *to the camp.*] A *gameſter* was formerly uſed to ſignify a *wanton*. So, in *Pericles*, p. 125, edit. 1780, Lyſimachus aſks Marina, Were you a *gameſter* at five or at ſeven? MALONE.

*Dia.*

*Dia.* He does me wrong, my lord; if I were ſo,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whoſe high reſpect, and rich validity [3],
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o'the camp,
If I be one.

*Count.* He bluſhes, and 'tis it [4]:
Of ſix preceding anceſtors, that gem
Conferr'd by teſtament to the ſequent iſſue,
Hath it been own'd, and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thouſand proofs.

*King.* Methought, you ſaid [5],
You ſaw one here in court could witneſs it.

*Dia.* I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an inſtrument; his name's Parolles.

*Laf.* I ſaw the man to-day, if man he be.

*King.* Find him, and bring him hither.

*Ber.* What of him?
He's quoted for a moſt perfidious ſlave [6],
With all the ſpots o'the world tax'd and deboſh'd;
Whoſe nature ſickens but to ſpeak a truth [8]:
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will ſpeak any thing?

*King.* She hath that ring of yours.

*Ber.* I think, ſhe has: certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i'the wanton way of youth:
She knew her diſtance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerneſs with her reſtraint,

[3] *Whoſe high reſpect, and rich* validity,] *Validity* means *value*. So, in *King Lear*:

"No leſs in ſpace, *validity*, and pleaſure."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"Of what *validity* and pitch ſoever." STEEVENS.

[4] —'*tis* it:] The old copy has—'tis *hit*. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. In many of our old chronicles I have found *hit* printed inſtead of *it*. Hence probably the miſtake here. Mr. Pope reads—and 'tis *his*. MALONE.

[5] *Methought, you ſaid,*] The poet has here forgot himſelf. Diana has ſaid no ſuch thing. BLACKSTONE.

[6] *He's* quoted *for a moſt perfidious ſlave,*] *Quoted* has the ſame ſenſe as *noted*. STEEVENS.

[8] —but *to ſpeak a truth*:] i. e. *only* to ſpeak a truth. TYRWHITT.

As

As all the impediments in fancy's courſe
Are motives of more fancy [9]; and, in fine,
Her inſuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: ſhe got the ring;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

*Dia.* I muſt be patient;
You, that turn'd off [1] at firſt ſo noble a wife,
May juſtly diet me [2]. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will loſe a huſband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

*Ber.* I have it not.

*King.* What ring was yours, I pray you?

*Dia.* Sir, much like
The ſame upon your finger.

*King.* Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

*Dia.* And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

*King.* The ſtory then goes falſe, you threw it him
Out of a caſement.

*Dia.* I have ſpoke the truth.

9 — *all impediments in fancy's courſe*
*Are motives of more fancy*; &c.] *Every thing that obſtructs her is an occaſion by which love is heightened. And, to conclude, her ſolicitation concurring with her faſhionable appearance*, ſhe got the ring. I am not certain that I have attained the true meaning of the word *modern*, which, perhaps, ſignifies rather *meanly pretty*. JOHNSON.

I believe *modern* means *common*. The ſenſe will then be this.—*Her ſolicitation concurring with her appearance of being common*, i. e. with the appearance of her *being to be had*, as we ſay at preſent. Shakſpeare uſes the word *modern* frequently, and always in this ſenſe. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon's laſt interpretation is certainly the true one. I think with Mr. Steevens that *modern* here, as almoſt every where in Shakſpeare, means *common, ordinary*; but do not ſuppoſe that Bertram here means to call Diana a common gameſter, though he has ſtyled her ſo in a former paſſage. MALONE.

1 *You, that turn'd off*—] The old copy reads—You that *have* &c. The latter word was probably caught by the compoſitor's eye from a preceding line. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

2 *May juſtly* diet *me.*] *May juſtly loath* or *be weary of me*, as people generally are of a regimen or preſcribed *diet*. Such, I imagine, is the meaning. Mr. Collins thinks, ſhe means, "May juſtly make me faſt, by depriving me (as Deſdemona ſays) of the rites for which I love you." MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter* PAROLLES.

*Ber.* My lord, I do confeſs the ring was hers.
*King.* You boggle ſhrewdly, every feather ſtarts you.—
*Dia.* Ay, my lord.
*King.* Tell me ſirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the diſpleaſure of your maſter,
(Which, on your juſt proceeding, I'll keep off,)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?
*Par.* So pleaſe your majeſty, my maſter hath been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.
*King.* Come, come, to the purpoſe; Did he love this woman?
*Par.* 'Faith, ſir, he did love her; But how[3]?
*King.* How, I pray you?
*Par.* He did love her, ſir, as a gentleman loves a woman,
*King.* How is that?
*Par.* He lov'd her, ſir, and lov'd her not.
*King.* As thou art a knave, and no knave:—What an equivocal companion is this?
*Par.* I am a poor man, and at your majeſty's command.
*Laf.* He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.
*Dia.* Do you know, he promiſed me marriage?
*Par.* 'Faith, I know more than I'll ſpeak.
*King.* But wilt thou not ſpeak all thou know'ſt?
*Par.* Yes, ſo pleaſe your majeſty: I did go between them, as I ſaid; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promiſing her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to ſpeak of, therefore I will not ſpeak what I know.

[3] — *he did love her*; But how?] *But how* perhaps belongs to the king's next ſpeech:

*But how*, how, I pray you?

This ſuits better with the king's apparent impatience and ſolicitude for Helena. MALONE.

*King.*

*King.* Thou haſt ſpoken all already, unleſs thou canſt ſay they are marry'd: But thou art too fine in thy evidence[4]; therefore ſtand aſide.—This ring, you ſay, was yours?

*Dia.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

*Dia* It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

*King.* Who lent it you?

*Dia.* It was not lent me neither.

*King.* Where did you find it then?

*Dia.* I found it not.

*King.* If it were yours by none of all theſe ways,
How could you give it him?

*Dia.* I never gave it him,

*Laf.* This woman's an eaſy glove, my lord; ſhe goes off and on at pleaſure.

*King.* This ring was mine, I gave it his firſt wife.

*Dia.* It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

*King.* Take her away, I do not like her now;
To priſon with her: and away with him.—
Unleſs thou tell'ſt me where thou had'ſt this ring,
Thou dieſt within this hour.

*Dia.* I'll never tell you.

*King.* Take her away.

*Dia.* I'll put in bail, my liege.

*King.* I think thee now ſome common cuſtomer[5].

*Dia.* By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

*King.* Wherefore haſt thou accus'd him all this while?

*Dia.* Becauſe he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows, I am no maid, and he'll ſwear to't:
I'll ſwear, I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no ſtrumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or elſe this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to* LAFEU.

*King.* She does abuſe our ears; to priſon with her.

*Dia.* Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal ſir;
[*Exit* Widow.
The jeweller, that owes the ring is ſent for,

4 *But thou art* too fine *in thy evidence*;] *Too fine* is, too full of fineſſe; too artful. A French expreſſion;—*trop fine*. So, in Sir Henry Wotton's celebrated *Parallel:* "We may rate this one ſecret, as it was *finely* carried, at 4000*l.* in preſent money." MALONE.

5 — *cuſtomer.*] i. e. a common woman. So, in *Othello:*

"I marry her!—what?—a *cuſtomer!*" STEEVENS.

And

And he ſhall ſurety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himſelf,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himſelf, my bed he hath defil'd[6];
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though ſhe be, ſhe feels her young one kick;
So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick:
And now behold the meaning.

*Re enter* Widow, *with* HELENA.

*King.* Is there no exorciſt[7],
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I ſee?
*Hel.* No, my good lord;
'Tis but a ſhadow of a wife you ſee,
The name and not the thing.
*Ber.* Both, both; O, pardon!

[6] *He knows himſelf*, &c.] This dialogue is too long, ſince the audience already knew the whole tranſaction; nor is there any reaſon for puzzling the king and playing with his paſſions; but it was much eaſier than to make a pathetical interview between Helen and her huſband, her mother, and the king. JOHNSON.

[7] —*exorciſt*,] This word is uſed, not very properly, for *enchanter*. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare invariably uſes the word *exorciſt* to imply a perſon who can raiſe ſpirits, not in the uſual ſenſe of one that can lay them. So, Ligarius in *Julius Cæſar* ſays,

"Thou, like an *exorciſt*, haſt conjur'd up
"My mortified ſpirit." MASON.

Such was the common acceptation of the word in our author's time. So Minſhieu in his DICT. 1617: "An *Exorciſt*, or *Conjurer*."—So alſo, "To *conjure* or *exorciſe* a ſpirit."

The difference between a *Conjurer*, a *Witch*, and an *Inchanter*, according to that writer, is as follows:

"The *Conjurer* ſeemeth by praiers and invocations of God's powerfull names, to compell the Divell to ſay or doe what he commandeth him. The *Witch* dealeth rather by a friendly and voluntarie conference or agreement between him or her and the Divell or Familiar, to have his or her turne ſerved, in lieu or ſtead of blood or other gift offered unto him, eſpecially of his or her ſoule.—And both theſe differ from *Inchanters* or *Sorcerers*, becauſe the former two have perſonal conference with the Divell, and the other medlles but with medicines and ceremonial formes of words called *charmes*, without apparition." MALONE.

*Hel.*

*Hel.* O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here's your letter; This it ſays,
*When from my finger you can get this ring,*
*And are* * *by me with child,*—This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won!

*Ber.* If ſhe, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

*Hel.* If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce ſtep between me and you!—
O, my dear mother, do I ſee you living?

*Laf.* Mine eyes ſmell onions, I ſhall weep anon:—Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief: So, I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll make ſport with thee: Let thy courteſies alone, they are ſcurvy ones.

*King.* Let us from point to point this ſtory know,
To make the even truth in pleaſure flow:—
If thou be'ſt yet a freſh uncropped flower, [*to* Diana.
Chooſe thou thy huſband, and I'll pay the dower;
For I can gueſs, that, by thy honeſt aid,
Thou kept'ſt a wife herſelf, thyſelf a maid.—
Of that, and all the progreſs, more and leſs,
Reſolvedly more leiſure ſhall expreſs:
All yet ſeems well; and, if it end ſo meet,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet.

*Advancing.*

*The king's a beggar, now the play is done*[8]:
All is well ended, *if this ſuit be won,*
*That you expreſs content; which we will pay,*
*With ſtriſe to pleaſe you, day exceeding day:*

* *And* are—] The old copy reads—And *it.* Mr. Rowe made the emendation. MALONE.

8 *The* king's *a* beggar, *now the play is done:*] Though theſe lines are ſufficiently intelligible in their obvious ſenſe, yet perhaps there is ſome alluſion to the old tale of *The King and the Beggar*, which was the ſubject of a ballad, and, as it ſhould ſeem from the following lines in *K. Richard II.* of ſome popular interlude alſo:

"Our *ſcene* is altered from a ſerious thing,
"And now chang'd to—*the beggar and the king.*" MALONE.

Ours

*Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts* [9];
*Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts* [1]. [Exeunt.

9 *Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts*;] The meaning is: Grant *us then your patience*; hear us without interruption. *And* take *our parts*; that is, ſupport and defend us. JOHNSON

1 This play has many delightful ſcenes, though not ſufficiently probable, and ſome happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowledge of human nature. Parolles is a boaſter and a coward, ſuch as has always been the ſport of the ſtage, but perhaps never raiſed more laughter or contempt than in the hands of Shakſpeare.

I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generoſity, and young without truth; who marries Helen as a coward, and leaves her as a proſligate: when ſhe is dead by his unkindneſs, ſneaks home to a ſecond marriage; is accuſed by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himſelf by falſehood, and is diſmiſſed to happineſs.

The ſtory of Bertram and Diana had been told before of Mariana and Angelo, and, to confeſs the truth, ſcarcely merited to be heard a ſecond time. JOHNSON.

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